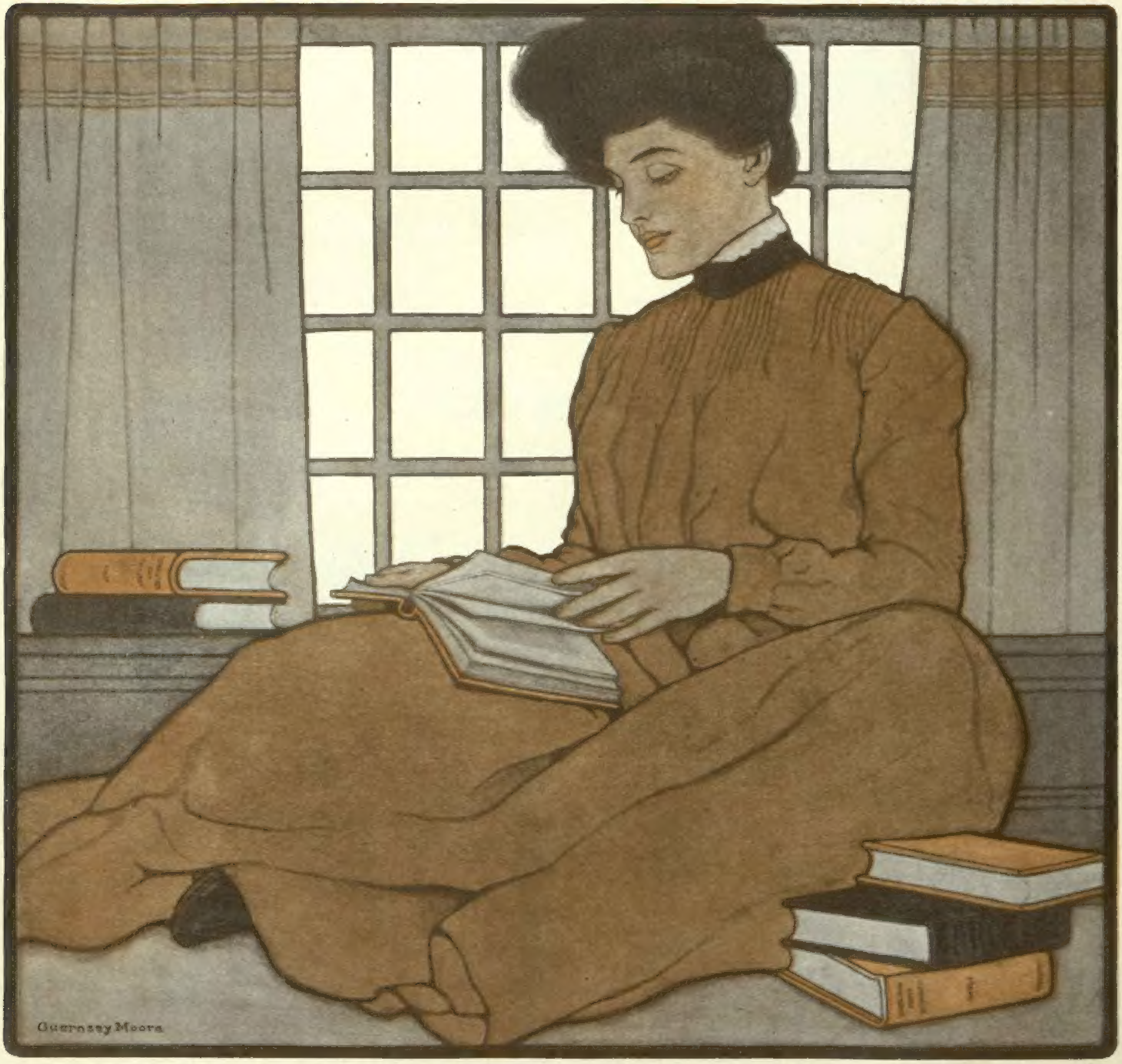
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

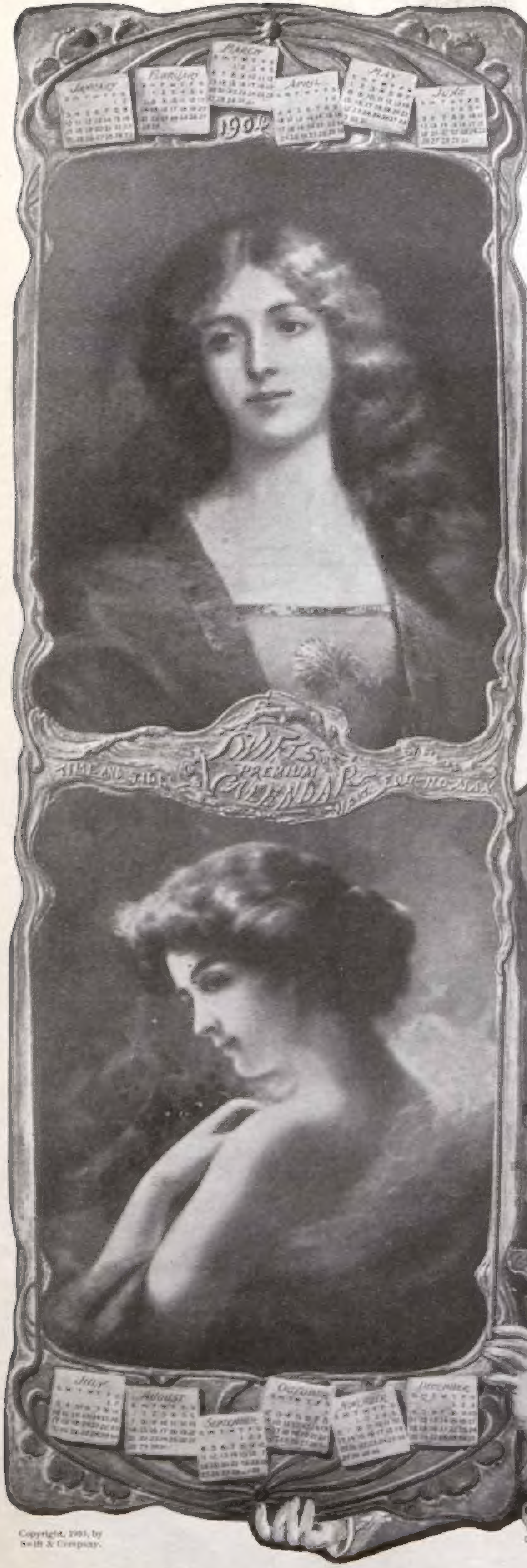
An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

NOVEMBER 7, 1903 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



AUTUMN STORY NUMBER

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA


January
February
March
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June
1904
Time and Tide
Swift's Premium Calendar
Wait for no Man
July
August
September
October
November
December

Swift's

Premium Calendar

(Size 10 x 30 inches)

1904 consists of two exquisite ideal heads—one by Antonio Torres, the young Spanish artist; the other by Galli, the noted Frenchman. Although neither subject has a title, each is particularly appropriate for the year of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, in that the portrait by Torres may be said to represent a beauty of the Napoleonic era; that of Galli a modern type. 1904

While the work of Galli is well known, Torres is a new name to appear in Parisian art circles. Born in Barcelona thirty years ago, Torres, by his skill, adds luster to a name famous in the history of art in Spain, and in his work reveals exceptional quality in conception and execution.

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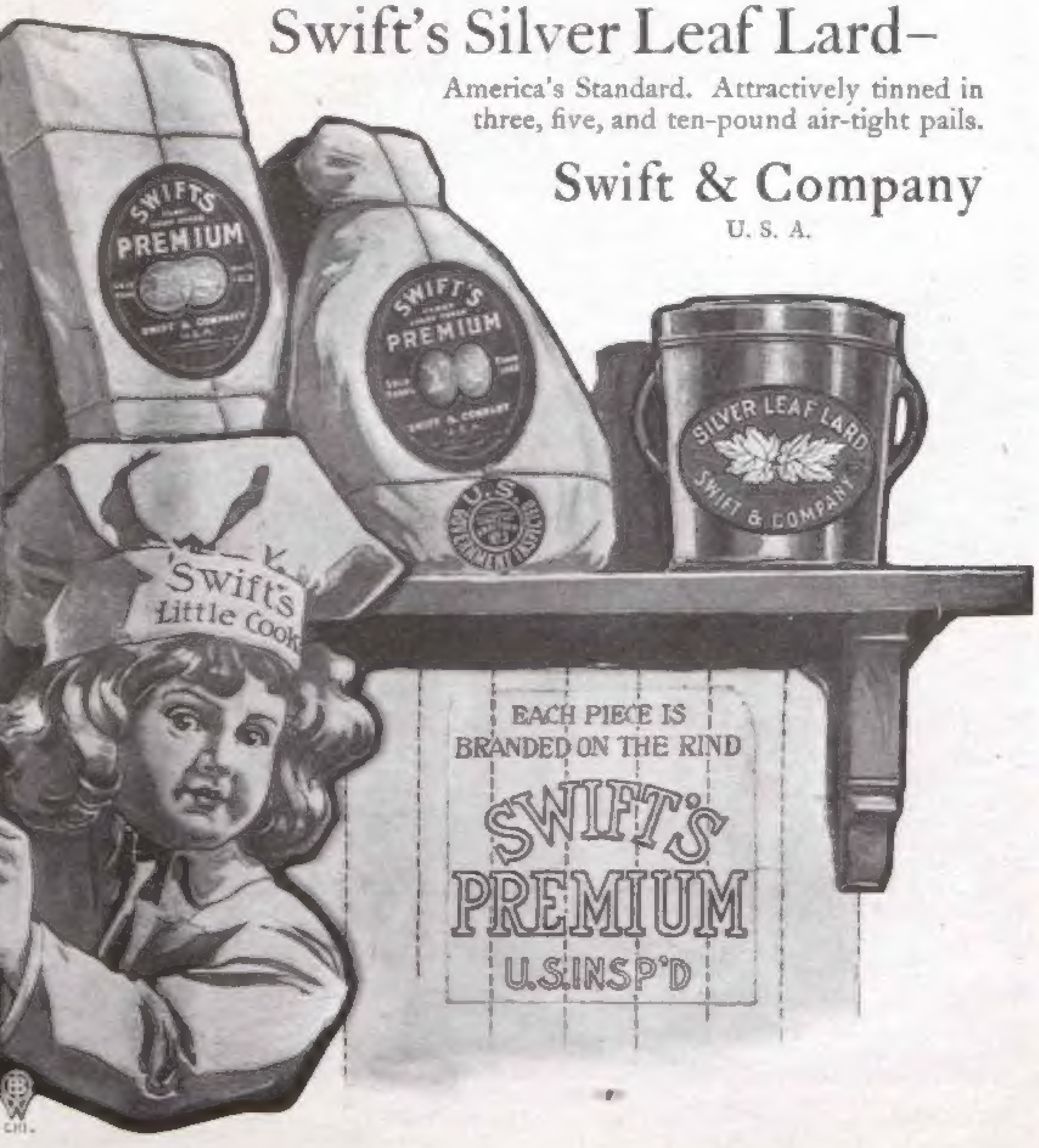
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THE ARIADNE RECORDS

By Mary Tracy Earle

ARIADNE FROST lived with her aunts, Miss Fidelia and Miss Lovice, on a sort of hilltop of genealogical knowledge from which they kept watch of the great, branching, modern parts of the Frost family. Ariadne was thirty years old and had spent most of her life reading local histories and town documents for her aunts, that the life course of all the antique Frosts might be duly charted for the benefit of their descendants. Besides this, she wrote to Frosts in California and Alaska and Florida, telling them in Miss Fidelia's name that a letter written by the great-great-grandmother of this one, or a curious will dictated by the great-great-grandfather of that one, had been discovered, and that the present writer would take pleasure in sending a copy of it to this one or to that; the aunts always took for granted that these distant wanderers had carried a vivid interest in their ancestors along with them, and Ariadne, who doubted it, was touched by the way in which remote, unknown people usually rose to the assumption of interest. She could imagine that their spoken comments on her letters were not always as polite as the final answers tried to be, and sometimes when one of their letters came from some far-off, uncouth place, in masculine, blunt chirography, she could hear a man's voice asking:

"Who the devil is my cousin, Fidelia Frost?"

There were pilgrims to be received as well as letters to be written, for occasionally a traveling Frost came to burn a candle at the altar. One day Ariadne looked out of a window and saw some one coming up the walk. He was different from most callers, for he was evidently neither a genealogical maiden aunt nor the daughter of any great event. He had not the air of a nervous parent anxious to hand down an impeccable pedigree. Bachelor was written large down his long, lean figure and across his inscrutable face. He advanced rapidly, yet with an unaccountable effect of being in full retreat. No stretch of fancy could suppose him to be bringing candles to set burning, and Ariadne lingered behind her curtain, wondering if, in spite of the general denial and aloofness of his expression, he might be coming to find out who the devil was Fidelia Frost.

The maid who opened the door to him came to her a moment later, bringing his card and saying that he had asked for Miss Fidelia; but as neither Miss Fidelia nor Miss Lovice was ready to receive him, they asked her to go down.

The card read, "Mr. John Leffingwell," and Ariadne felt quite confident that if her memory were more retentive she would place the Leffingwells as a ramification of the Frosts, but she purposely cultivated a bad memory, to have room for a current of fancy through her head. As she went downstairs she weighed the chances of the Leffingwells having entered the connection in the fifth generation from Pardon II, or the third generation from Uriah IV. She thought there had been a Leffingwell among the early settlers of Hackett, the village surrounding the family altar of the Frosts.

The present representative of the Leffingwells loomed out of his corner as she went into the parlor, and, while she explained that she was not Miss Fidelia, he stood extremely upright and uncomfortable, seeming to wait with resignation for her to seat herself, so that he could resume his chair.

"Did you come for an ancestor?" she asked, sitting down. "We keep a large assortment—mostly Frosts."

His face remained quite immobile—distinctly the face of a person who was not present at the interview—but his voice had a dry note in it. "I don't want any new ancestor," he said, "but there is one of mine playing hookey, and at odd times I try to scare him up. You don't happen to know, do you, what Captain John Leffingwell was doing between the years 1683 and 1695?"

Ariadne considered a moment whimsically. "Are you quite sure that it's any concern of yours?" she asked. "If he disappeared perhaps he had his reasons. I am a private detective, employed in dogging the steps of my ancestors, but I'm not sure that it's an honorable profession. If you have any business of your own, perhaps you had better attend to it and let your remote grandfather alone."

"Ah," Leffingwell said, "but you see this is really my affair. He had got hold of my name before I was ready for it, and was carrying it around with him. I want to know what he did with it. I'm very particular about my name."

He towered out of his chair again, for Miss Lovice had appeared at the door. Ariadne explained that the present comer was only a step nearer to being Miss Fidelia than she herself had been, and Leffingwell listened with his oddly detached and resigned expression, which suggested that possibly his shoes pinched when he stood up.

"My sister will be down in a moment," Miss Lovice said, fluttering into a chair; for out of her far-away youth she had brought the ability of making even black silk flutter. "As I passed her door she told me to ask you if you are the great-great-grandson of Matthew Leffingwell, fourth, of Hackett. Matthew IV moved to Ohio with a large family."

"I am John VIII of the Virginia Leffingwells," he answered. "The Virginia line goes straight back, without a break in the Johns, to John I, Captain Leffingwell, the founder of our branch of the family. What I wish to find is some trace of Captain John between the years 1683 and 1695. I think he is the same John Leffingwell who left England for the Colonies in 1683, but I have no proof. There is no record of where my ancestor came from to Virginia in 1695. I can only connect him by supposition with the English family. There are twelve blank years."

Ariadne, reminded of the many blank years in her own existence, would have liked to say that John I probably spent them in tolerable comfort, but the interview had passed out of her hands now and become a serious affair. Miss Lovice's cheeks grew redder and her black eyes sparkled with interest.

"How baffling!—but if you search long enough you will find a clue," she declared. "Is there any record, Ariadne, of when the first Leffingwell came to Hackett?"

"Not in my head," the niece answered, shaking it. She had seldom taken so great a liberty with a genealogical question.

Miss Fidelia came in then, and the guest rose once more with the same curious stiffness; it seemed to Ariadne that at his third attempt he should have arisen with greater ease, at less cost; he was not at all her idea of a Virginia cavalier, and while Miss Fidelia was taking up the question of the unrecorded years of John I, she was thinking that, if John VIII had ever been at home in any place he could scarcely be so little at home here. Yet he talked with a readiness in surprising contrast to his manner—much as if a high gate-post should prove itself quick-witted. She could even fancy a hidden sense of humor in the staid zest with which he accompanied Miss Fidelia along genealogical trails.

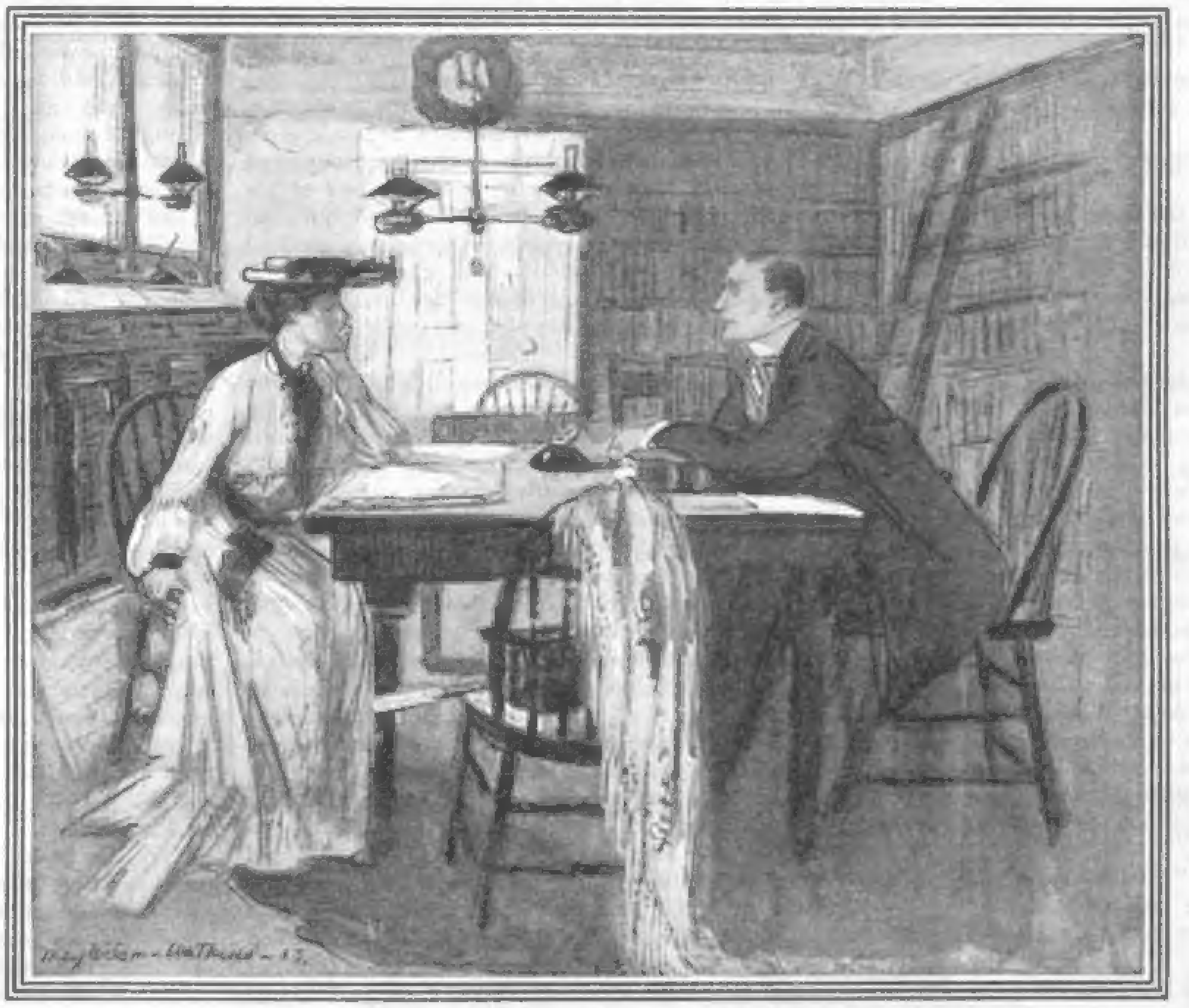
It proved that the Leffingwells had come from England to Hackett in 1669, and though their names appeared often in the memoirs of the village, they were all Matthews and Ralphs and Nathans and Philips—there was no sign of a John among them.

"But it seems to me there must have been a John," Miss Fidelia declared encouragingly. "It is quite unnatural that there should be a large family like that without a John, and I can almost remember having seen the name in some old record. 'John Leffingwell'—I am convinced that I have seen it."

"When I heard of the Hackett Leffingwells," said the grandson of the mysterious Captain, "I formed a theory that the man I am looking for was their cousin and that he came direct from England to Hackett in 1683, lived among them for several years, and then for some cause moved to Virginia. Perhaps he was too gay a boy for New England. So far, though I've come across nothing to corroborate the idea, I've not found anything to disprove it, and I never give up a theory so long as it has a leg left under it."

"If you care to search through my collections," Miss Fidelia offered graciously. "And it would give me pleasure to introduce you to the town and county clerks who would allow you to look through the old records. My niece is making an exhaustive study of them, gleaning information to begin the genealogies of the families into which the Frosts have intermarried."

Again John VIII got to his feet. "Thank you," he answered, and with a few words as to their convenience in the matter of hours, he inclined his head briefly to each of the Frosts and bade them good-day.



"IF I WERE TO FANCY MYSELF FALLING IN LOVE I SHOULD TELL THE LADY THAT SHE NEED EXPECT NOTHING OF ME UNTIL I HAD SETTLED THE QUESTION OF JOHN I"

Even Miss Fidelia showed a little pique at the terseness of his acknowledgments. "I never knew a Leffingwell who was effusive," she said musingly as she watched him stride away between the box borders. "I feel convinced that he is related to the Hackett line."

The county clerk's office was in the second story of the court-house; it looked out over the tree-hidden village of Hackett and received the sweet air from hay fields and orchards. The county clerk had many idle days when he gossiped most of the time in other offices, leaving his quarters in possession of the genealogists. The old records breathed a sincere and quaint, although somewhat musty, past. After she had closed them Ariadne could speak of herself as a detective, but there were times when, as she read, the drama of long-finished lives unfolded itself from slight evidence, and her ancestors came visibly before her, a people full of the dignity of principle, passionate under a cold exterior, imaginative enough to place the welfare of the spirit above all other welfare, stern, erring, trivial in small things, great in large. At such times she was strongly conscious of the current of life which sets downward from the founders of a race to its ultimate representatives; her intrinsically modern character seemed merely a deceptive sheath to hide, but to protect, the old vitality within.

"I understand," she said one day to Leffingwell.

He closed the record he was reading, putting a mark between the leaves.

"I supposed you did," he said, "but what do you understand?"

"I understand why you are dogging the steps of John I. Did I ever tell you that there was an Ariadne I, and that I am the eighth Ariadne Frost? Odd, isn't it?—John VIII and Ariadne VIII searching the same records. But I know all about Ariadne I. Her story is told to us all. It's a family heirloom, and goes with the name."

"How does it happen that the whole name has been kept?" he asked. "It's not so easy to hand a woman's name down as a man's. If it goes from mother to daughter the surname changes."

"You have to know the story to see why and how it has been done," she answered. "There was terrible trouble with the Indians—a massacre—and the first Ariadne saved the lives of her brothers at the cost of her own. Her eldest brother was married and during the danger his first child was born—a girl. He named her Ariadne, and when she was christened he made a vow that if a son was born to him afterward he would charge him to name his eldest daughter Ariadne, and to charge *his* eldest son to do the same, and to pass the charge down along the main line of descent, so that there should always be an Ariadne Frost. And it has been done," she added. "Through all these generations his vow has been kept. And for that, as much as for the first Ariadne, I am proud of my name."

"It *is* pretty fine," he said quietly. "And it makes you feel small, doesn't it—just one young woman somewhat under medium height to show for over two centuries of loyalty to a grateful impulse?"

"How did you know that?" she asked. "Do I carry the thought written on me?"

He smiled, his mask of a face yielding to a singular sweetness. "I found it in searching among the Johns," he answered. "It's egotistical, I suppose, to keep passing your own name down to your successors, but there's self-respect and faithfulness in it, and some of my grandfathers made it a hard name to live up to. I shall never be satisfied, though, till I find what John I did with those twelve years."

Ariadne was amused and yet somewhat annoyed by the persistence with which he brought anything they might chance to say back to the twelve years which the old captain had managed to hide so well. She looked at the stiff, lank figure across the table from her and felt a great wish to investigate the thoughts which there must be methodically packed away, tier upon tier, in his odd but neatly kept mind. She could imagine that even the outgrown boyish thoughts which a thriftless person would have cast aside were put safely away among those of more recent date, to be taken down and used some time—on a rainy day or when some set of recent ideas was undergoing changes.

"But suppose he had spent the time in some dishonorable way?" she said. "Or would you like him to be a black sheep, so that living up to his name wouldn't be too difficult?"

He lifted his eyebrows. "Would you be glad of a black sheep among the Ariadne's?"

"Oh, but there was one," she answered quickly.

"I'm sorry for that," he said.

"Some people might say that what she did was a very small thing," she explained, flushing at the graveness of his tone, "but it was a very mean thing, and we others have never forgiven it. For three generations a package of souvenirs of the first Ariadne had been handed down to her namesakes, and it was understood that they were to go with the name. But this one kept them to give to her own daughters and refused to give them back. Her daughters were like her. They would not give them back nor tell which one had them, and now nobody knows where they are. My aunts have been trying all their lives to get trace of them, but they seem to be lost. Any one among a hundred cousins might have them by this time. They all say that they will return them if they find them, but you know how little that means."

"Why don't you start out and look for them?" he asked. "You'd find them packed away in a chest in somebody's garret—but the people who are responsible never will find them; they don't care."

"I suppose that's the trouble with me, too," she said, smiling. "When I think of them I feel angry at the meanness that stole them, but that's all. I don't really care much for the things themselves—you see, I don't even know what they are. We always call them the Ariadne Records. There are a few old letters, I believe, and perhaps a brooch and a sampler—I'm not sure. I'd like to have them, but it doesn't seem a very vital need."

"It would be to me," Leffingwell declared. "After all, what do you know about her except that she saved her brothers? She was brave in emergency, but do you have any idea what she was like at ordinary times? If I were her namesake I should want to know what else she had done, and whether or not she gave up a happy life when she died. You see, it's this way; we can't see into the future except by studying the past. They predict weather for to-morrow by comparing the movement of the storm centres for yesterday and to-day. Well, that's the way a genealogist could predict character if he worked scientifically, and that's one of the things I'm trying to get at in looking up John I."

Ariadne had learned to take some liberties with his theories during the weeks they had spent together at the clerk's office. He had brought forward a new one each day, and always with the same air of sharing with her one of his gravest interests. But none of them had seemed quite so delightfully absurd as this suggestion for a genealogical character bureau. She laughed outright, challenging him with a face from which ten years of her age had suddenly slipped away to make room for dimples and mockery.

"Oh, how you deceive yourself," she said. "You've gone into this from sheer idleness, because you didn't know how to pass your time, and now you try to call it a scientific search! Confess that the idea came into your head just now while we were talking!"

He laughed, and for a moment his face was stirred to life as she had never seen it; merriment looked through his eyes, and something more than merriment, so that she found herself trembling and frightened beneath her laughter, as she might if a solemn image had suddenly stirred toward her. "Confess!" she repeated, clinging to her gay tone.

She was not sure that he moved, but his glance at least retreated. "You are quite mistaken," he said in a peculiarly explicit tone. "This is a matter in which I am entirely serious. At present this search of mine takes precedence of everything else, and you can understand what I mean if I tell you frankly that I put it ahead of things which most men put ahead of everything. If I were to fancy myself falling in love I should tell the lady that she need expect nothing of me until I had settled the question of John I."

"Oh," Ariadne said, "that would be very wise of you." She felt the color sink out of her face and could have lashed herself to bring it back. She gathered her papers together nervously, as if to go, but spread them out again and forced herself to laugh. "You are the most amazingly serious man I ever heard of," she said. "I'm appalled now to think of having asked if you hoped he was dishonorably employed."

He smiled with distinct relief. "You had a close call," he admitted, and with that they went back to their books.

Ariadne was not in her place opposite him the next morning, and for a week she absented herself from the clerk's office. It seemed self-conscious to avoid Leffingwell, as if she fancied that his love-making could have anything to do with her, but his manner had left her so little room for doubt that from day to day she put off facing him. Her life had been curiously devoid of personal relations with men, because the men of her class in Hackett were all a century or two old and sleeping peacefully in the graveyards, where they could not afford her that practice of give and take which ranges between flirtation and the capacity for elusive attack and defense which constitutes social poise. A warning which another woman would have secretly resented, apparently ignored, and eventually punished without seeming to go out of her way, threw Ariadne's life completely out of balance, confining her at home against her will.

At the end of the week Leffingwell called. Her aunts chanced to be out and the maid brought his card to her. With all her morbid feeling toward him she smiled slightly at the bit of pasteboard. In such a small place as Hackett, no one less stiff than he would have continued to waste his formalities after the first visit, and this trifling expression of his character brought to mind all her earlier amused interest in him; she remembered how she had watched from her window as he came stalking into her life with his queer look of going the other way; she remembered every word they had said to each other while they were waiting for her aunts. She had good cause to feel that this would be the last time she should ever see him, and she determined to make it as much like the first time as she could.

Yet there was a shyness about her which there had not been before. She lingered a moment in the doorway as he rose in his familiar wooden manner.

"Did you come for an ancestor?" she asked.

He crossed the room and took her hand. "No, I came for a friend," he said. "May I make you an apology—perhaps I should say an explanation?"

"No, please don't," she answered.

"But I must." He placed a chair for her and they sat down. "You are avoiding me. I am keeping you from your work over in the clerk's office, and it's not fair."

"I am very tired; you don't know how many months I've been reading there."

"But I know you'd be there still if I hadn't spoken as I did the other day."

She lifted her eyebrows. "What day?"

"The last day you were there. The day when I said that if I fancied I was falling in love I should warn the lady that she need expect nothing of me until I had settled the question of John I."

"And you thought that *that* could offend me?" she asked, looking at him out of very bright eyes around which there was a curiously strained expression. "You imagined that I needed such a warning and would take it to myself?"

"I meant it for you," he said simply. "I had enjoyed our talks together—I thought perhaps you had; it came across me all at once that——" He leaned toward her and his face took a sweeter look than she had ever seen on it; he flushed an even color over all of his thin face, but his eyes held hers with a gentle refusal to evade embarrassment or to accept evasions. "It came to me that perhaps we were falling in love with each other and I wanted to stop it—at least to put it off. I wanted more time to think about it. You see, I spoke more on my own account than yours."

She was silent, revolving the queer situation and preparing herself to speak of it with a frankness equal to his. It was so very different from anything she had dreamed when her thoughts had wandered far afield from ancestors to lovers, that her first impulse had been to deny her understanding of anything he had said or might say; but his sincerity commanded hers.

"You were in too much of a hurry," she told him after a while; "you didn't stop to realize that I had not been following your train of thought. We were laughing together and suddenly you leaned back and warned me—it was like a blow in my face."

"I began to see that afterward, when you didn't come back," he said. "I was very sorry and here I am telling you so. Does that make it all right between us?"

She looked at him and smiled a little. He was leaning toward her very earnestly and on his face there was an honesty and a friendship which she could poorly spare, peculiarly guarded though she had found it to be with precautions. "Yes," she answered slowly, "we will say that it is all right between us."

"Will say?" he echoed. "I don't like that. What I mean is this—will everything be just as it was before?"

"Oh, not quite," she said. "Things never get quite back to where they were before. You will soon be going away and we shall not see each other again probably, but I shall always think of you with—with friendship. You have interested me very much. I am glad you came here."

"Then why never see each other again? Friendship between people who never see each other is not much good. All this simply means that you've not forgiven me." He got up and walked about the room, stopping now and then to examine an engraving or a bit of stiff, old-fashioned bric-à-brac, apparently with all the care-free interest of a child. At last he came back to her. "What can I do to set myself right?" he asked. "I wish you knew me better. I wish you knew how cautious I am—somehow it's ingrained in me always to be on my guard. And then I've lived my own life so long—I'm so settled in my habits—I couldn't let myself go all at once. I was afraid for my happiness and for yours. The idea came across me like a flash that I must find some way to put it all off until I'd had time to get used to the thought of it; I wanted to put myself under bonds not to do anything hasty, and I simply clutched at my search for John I and tried to put it between us, because it was the biggest side-interest of my life. I really didn't mean it as a warning for you, only I like truth and straightforwardness, and I thought it would be better all round if everything were quite plain between us."

She smiled at him again. "I think everything is sufficiently plain now," she said.

"And we are real friends, with the chance of being something more if——"

"If you find out about John I?"

He nodded almost solemnly. "We'll put it so—if I find out about John I and he was honorably employed. Do you agree?"

She put out both her hands to him with a pathetic gesture. "I think you have lived almost as unnatural and lonely a life as I have," she said. "Yes—we are real friends."

He raised her hands to his lips, and as he bent above them the understanding came to him that no other woman would have been so generous, that no other would have comprehended so well. "It is so good," he said, "that there can be such frankness between us."

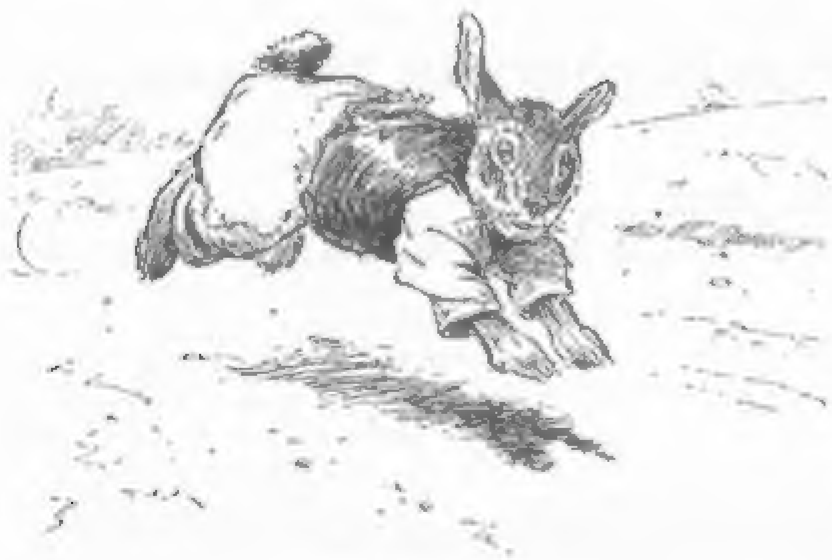
She drew her hands away from him, and the long line of her ancestors seemed [illegible] rise before her in reproof, pointing to

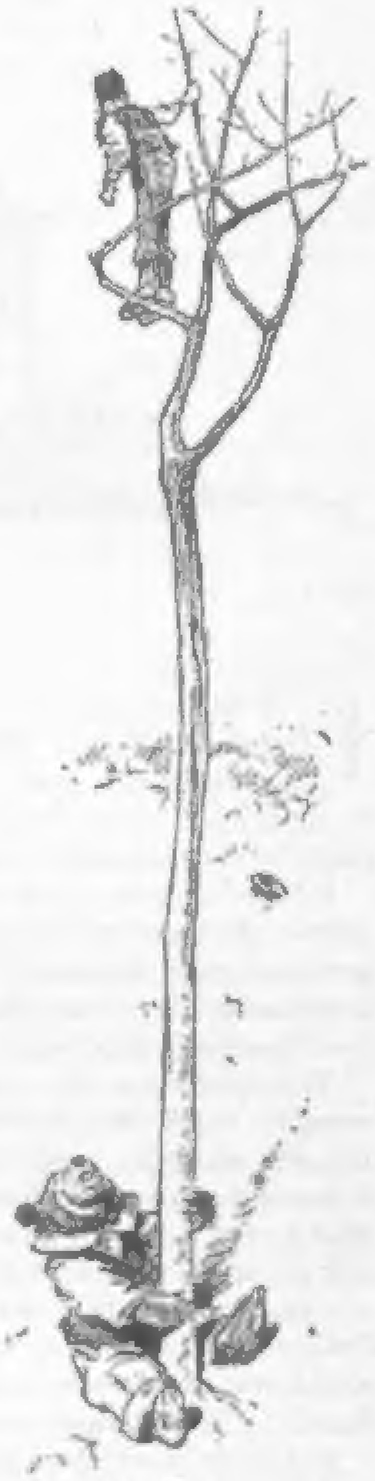
(*Concluded on Page 30*)

AN UNCLE REMUS RHYME

De 'Gater an' de Rabbit Gizzard

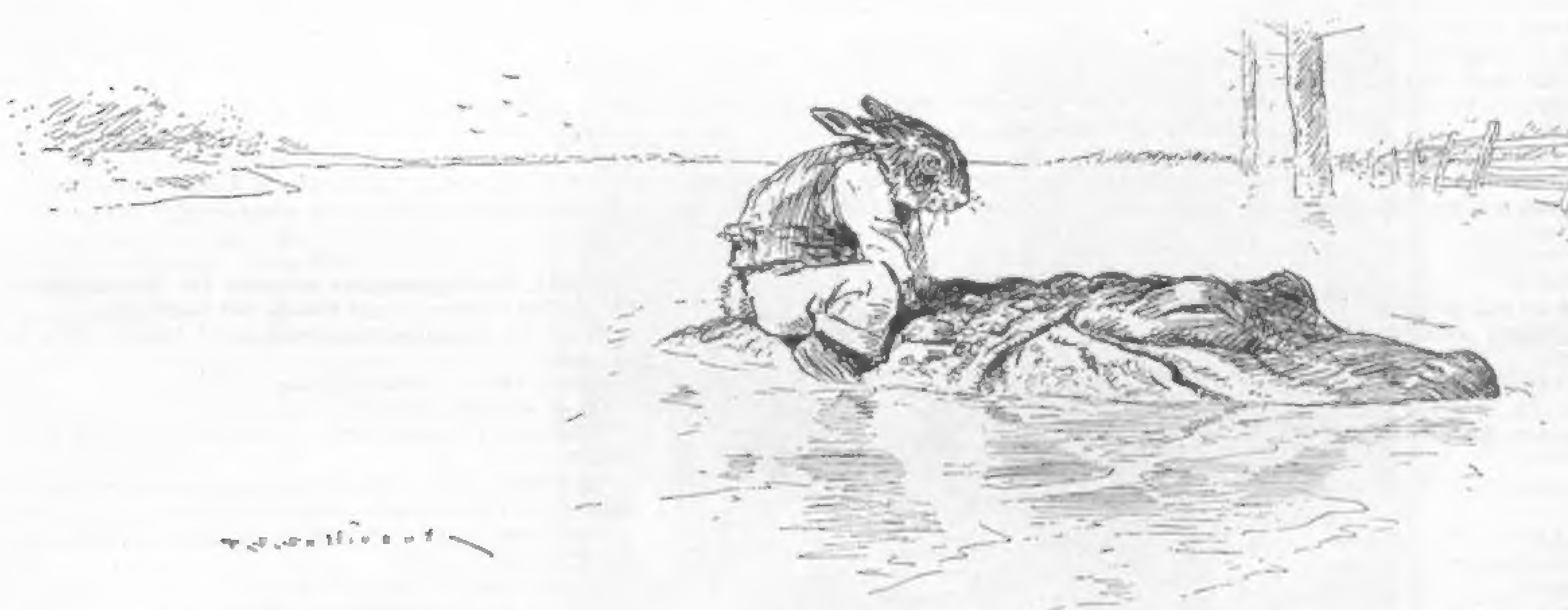
By Joel Chandler Harris





Mr. Rabbit come gallopin' home fum de frolic,
But a look at de creek make him feel sollumcolic,
Kaze de creek in a night done turn ter a river,
An' de water look so wet it make him shiver;
He holler, an' holler, an' holler at de ferry —
'Twuz run by a man which his name wuz Jerry —
But de creek so high, de ferry wa'n't dar,
An' Jerry wuz treed by ol' Brer B'ar.

He holler twel he wake up ol' Brer Yalligater,
Which he dine on pine-knots an' sweet pertater;
Brer 'Gater stuck his nose fum de muddy water,
An' ax Brer Rabbit how wuz his daughter;
Brer Rabbit he say dat dey ain't no tellin',



Kaze when he lef' home her head wuz a-swellin';
Some er Brer Fox chillun come by an' rocked her,
An' he hatter rush off atter de doctor.

An' on top er dat, here de creek come a-risin',
It beat anything he yever lay eyes on:
"Brer Rabbit," sez de 'Gater, "you sho is a rover,
But dis one time I'll put you over."
Brer Rabbit, he chaw twel his jaw waz jimber—
"Brer 'Gater," he say, "yo' tail mighty limber."
"It's made dat-a-way," sez de Yalligater,
"We er all j'inted up accordin' ter natur."

Brer Rabbit he 'low, "I speck dat's so, suh,
An' mo' dan dat, I b'lieve I'll go, suh.
I'll git on yo' back ef you'll come a leetle closer;
I'm a-dreadin' er de water mo' an' mo', suh."

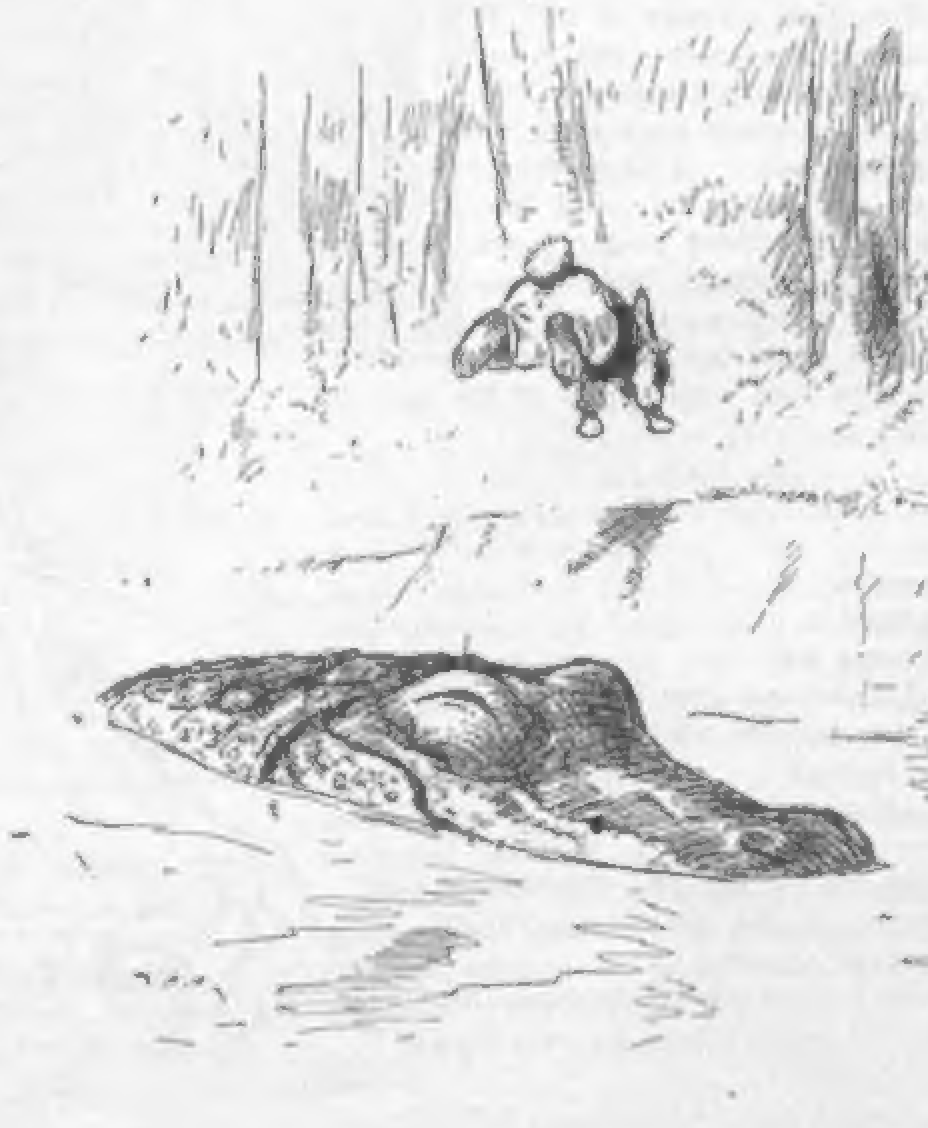
Yalligater float up, ez light ez a feather,
Wid a word here an' dar about de weather,
An' how col' de water wuz down in de slushes,
An' a grin on his mouf dat showed all his tushes.

Brer Rabbit he say ter de grinnin' Yalligater,
"I'll be much erbleeged ef you'll show me de way ter
Ride on yo' back." "Des jump kinder straddlin';
You do de pantin', and I'll do de paddlin'."
An' right thoo de water dey went skimmin':
Brer Rabbit a-pantin', an' de Yalligater swimmin';
Brer Rabbit he say, "Yo' sho got yo' han' in,
But ef I ain't mistooken, you er passin' de lan'in'."

"You got good eyes," sez Brer Yalligater,
"I been waitin' long, an' I ain't a good waiter:
You ain't fergot dat day in de stubble,
When you make me shake han's wid red-hot trouble —
When you got me in de dry-grass, an' sot it afire,
An' I squenched myse'f by rollin' in de mire."
Brer Rabbit he sot dar a-shakin' an' a-shiverin',
An' mo' dan dat, he was quakin' an' quiverin'.

"I been so sick, I wuz nigh ter dyin',
An' de doctor come an' foun' me cryin';
He look me over fum A ter Izzard,
An' he say dat I needs some Rabbit Gizzard."
Now, all dis make Brer Rabbit feel funny,
But he up an' 'low, "I'm de man fer yo' money:
De folks all say I'm a quare ol' creetur,
Kaze I'm long been a-huntin' fer de Gizzard-Eater.

"I got a big un, but she done gun me trouble
Sence de doctor found dat she is double:
I'm a-tellin' you sump'n what I ain't had oughter,



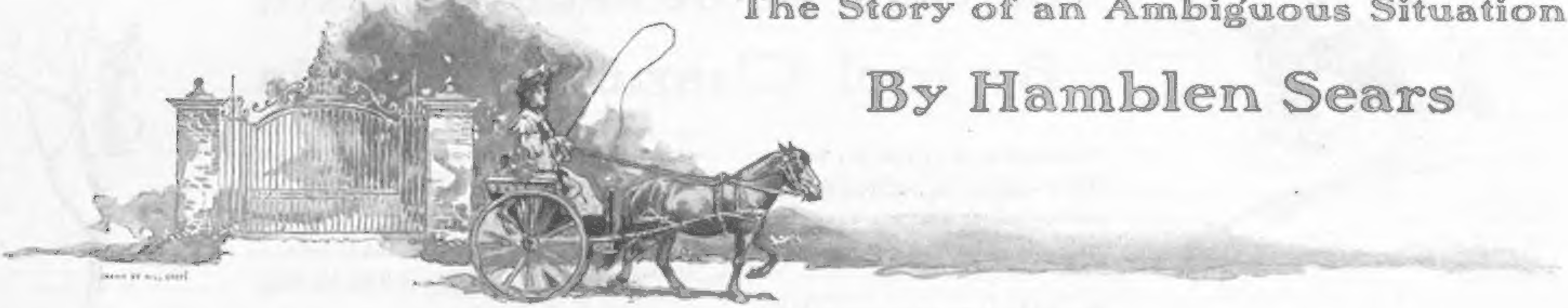
But she has ter come out eve'y time I cross water;
De doctor say my skin won't hol' me
Ef my gizzard smell water — dat what he tol' me;
An' las' night I hid 'er in a hick'ry holler,
An' I'll take you dar ef you'll des but foller."

Brer 'Gater ain't hurt wid too much sense —
He can't write his name, an' he can't clim' a fence—
An' he steer fer de bank whar all de trees is,
Whar de Owl shake her wings an' wake up de breezes;
He swum an' he steered twel he got ter de dry-lan',
Brer Rabbit fetched a jump an' lit on de high-lan',
Wid "Good-by, Brer 'Gater! you wanter change yo' habits —
Ef you bleege ter eat Gizzards, des hunt yer Unc' Rabbit's!"

The Unexplained Relation

The Story of an Ambiguous Situation

By Hamblen Sears



IT WAS just short of four o'clock of the fifteenth of October when a little two-wheeled cart pulled up at the Braveur's just across a couple of lawns from the Naugatuck Club. Out jumped Mrs. Braveur, so preoccupied that she forgot to give Snap, the pony, his lump of sugar.

In the hall she found a letter, and without stopping to take off her gloves or even to sit down, she opened it. Immediately consternation appeared on her face. Then she plumped down on a chair, the letter lying in her lap.

"Goodness gracious!" said she aloud. "Goodness me!"

The door from the veranda opened and pell-mell over one another came the children—Jimmy, Dick and little Mabel, ten, six and two respectively. There was a rush for mother and all began talking at once. It was a nice little family—that group. Tiny Mabel with white dress and poke bonnet all covered with rosebuds. Mrs. Braveur, apparently not six years older than her first-born, also in white with rosebuds; rosebuds on the furniture; rosebuds on the white curtains; rosebuds—real ones, in vases—a sort of rosebud family, all white and clean and wholesome.

But these were stern times, however.

"Mabel, sweetheart, run to nurse now, and you boys, too. Mother's terribly busy—come, run along quick! See who goes first!" And as more wheels sounded outside she fell to saying, "Goodness me! What shall I do! What *shall* I do!" In walked the person who was responsible for Lucy and children and rosebuds and all.

"Oh, Jim!" cried the little lady. "*What* shall I do?"

"What! where?" said he, somewhat startled.

"Ethel is coming to-night!" and she plumped into the chair again.

"Well, you asked her, didn't you?"

"Of course, but it was for next week!"

"What's the difference? She'll see the polo now."

"But George Winthrop is coming to stay with us while the rest of the team goes to the club."

"Well, well, there are two rooms in the house, aren't there?"

"Don't be vulgar, dear! Perhaps you don't know that Ethel and George scarcely speak now!"

"Good Lord! I thought you had 'em married a few weeks ago."

"I know, but something—nobody knows what—has happened, and instead of being engaged to him she won't even recognize him."

"This'll be a good time to make up."

"You're such an idiot, Jim. Think of it! Think of it! Both of them in the same house—— Oh, Annette, please get me some tea, I'm—I'm nearly crazy over this."

"Come," said Jim; "have tea in your room and faint up there without mussing the house." And up they went.

From across the lawn, up the veranda and into the house walked a smooth-faced, light-haired young giant. He put down his bag and looked around. Nobody seemed to be about. He tried the drawing-room; then the billiard-room. Wheels sounded again on the drive. He moved back into the hall and came face to face with a girl of the age the gods and some mortals love.

The four eyes met.

"You! here?"

"Seems like it."

"You knew I was coming!"

"I never even suspected it."

"You might have known it!"

"I suppose so, but I didn't get your letter."

"My letter! I never wrote you a letter."

"Then how should I know?"

"Will you go away, sir, or shall I?"

"I can't! I've come——"

"Then I will." And the big hat and veil and the pretty silken gown swept up the stairway escorting an iceberg to Lucy Braveur's room.

"Holy smoke!" muttered the other as he sank into a chair.

II

BRAVEUR fled from the room as soon as he heard the rustle of an approaching gown.

"I'm so delighted, Ethel, dear," said Lucy, as she kissed the iceberg, trying to gain time by talking fast. "You've come just in time——"

"I should think I had——"

"To—to see the polo to-morrow. Jim's men, the Naugatucks, are going to play the Beltmoor team—I only got your note——"

"Lucy Braveur, do you know who is downstairs this minute?"

"No," surprised. "Who?"

"George Winthrop."

"Oh, yes! he's coming—he's one of the Beltmoor team—he's staying here with us over Sunday—he's——"

"He's a brute, Lucy! he's—he isn't—isn't nice. He isn't a gentleman—I—oh, what shall I do?"

"Don't cry, dear; tell me——"

"Cry? I wouldn't think of crying." Though the veil got up over the big hat with the aid of trembling fingers, disclosing pretty lips that were set hard together and a little chin that quivered never so little.

Then Lucy came to herself. She moved over and put her arms around the girl's neck.

"Tell me all about it, dear." And the iceberg melted on her shoulder. "Tell me all about it."

From the shoulder came a sob. "I can't! I can't!"

A door creaked and Lucy, turning softly, saw the somewhat scared countenance of her Jim. She made a terrible grimace and the door creaked the second time. All was still again. The iceberg continued to melt.

"What is the trouble?"

"He took an—I saw him at a—Oh! I can't! I can't! It's too common, too vulgar! Lucy——" And she straightened up with the big hat ridiculously awry. "Lucy, I won't stay—I must——"

"You can't get out of it now."

"Why?"

"He'll see you run."

"If he had any decency he'd run himself."

"But he can't, child! Listen. The Altons and the Eatons and two or three others are coming to dine to-night. There'll be a dozen. You needn't see him at all, and to-morrow he'll be away all day."

"I can't! I can't!"

"Listen, Ethel"—and Lucy, little rosebud Lucy, had an idea. "Stay and—and just shame him for doing what—what he did—though I don't know what he did."

"It was dreadful!"

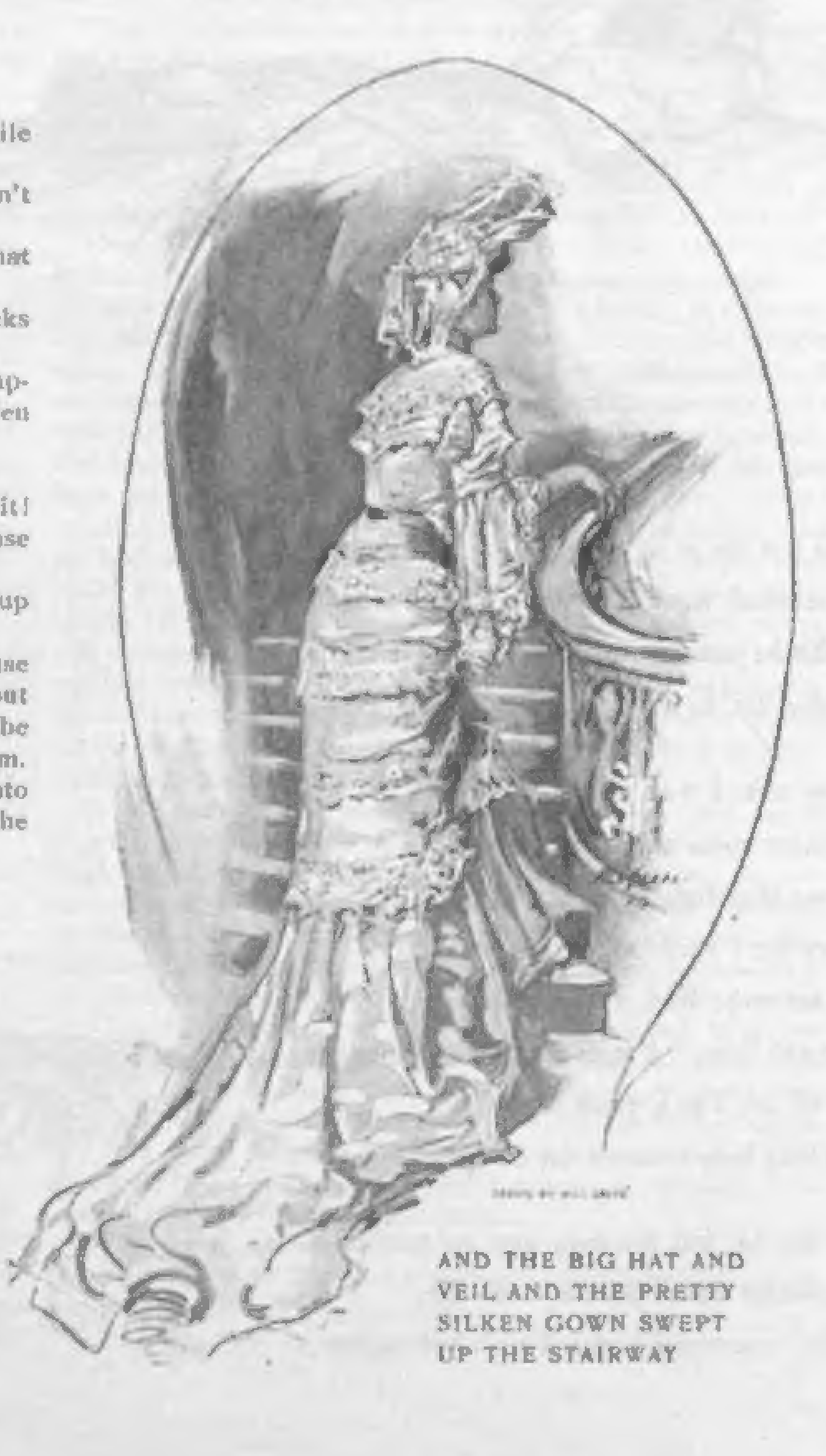
"Of course it was."

"So vulgar!"

"Of course. But it only makes it worse to run away."

A sudden lowering of temperature and consequent cessation of melting iceberg. The pretty face with its crooked hat became firm again. There was a glint in the brown eyes.

"I'll do it. You'll see! Just wait." And she fled to her room, unpacked her trunk in feverish haste, and spent two hours putting on her best gown and making herself as bewitching as ever was fair young womanhood before.



AND THE BIG HAT AND VEIL AND THE PRETTY SILKEN GOWN SWEPT UP THE STAIRWAY

III

AS THE people came down to dinner Jim Braveur looked at Ethel an instant and then turned to his wife.

"Look out for sparks, Lu," said he. "There's going to be a row."

"Why, what?" whispered Lucy.

"Look at Ethel Aspinwall's face."

"There can't be any trouble. She's on the other side of the table."

"All right, little woman; but mark my words, she'll squelch him to a pancake, or my name is Mud."

"Jim, dear, if you could only avoid vulgar language you'd be a nice man."

"Seems to me vulgarity's in the air."

"I begin to think all men are vulgar beasts."

For the first half-hour everybody talked to his neighbor and Lucy began to breathe easier. Jim, with the basis of a good dinner in him, felt pretty well and forgot the whole business in hand. Then, beginning to realize that it was about time to send the conversation from one side of the table to the other, he caught a remark of Miss Aspinwall on the double life of men that seemed to offer the desired opportunity.

Then out spoke Jimmy the blunderer.

"Oh, come now, Ethel." And of course everybody listened. "A man is a peculiar being and sometimes he does do things that wouldn't appear well in print, but they have no harm in them."

It was a fair challenge. Ethel straightened. Lucy looked scared. Winthrop began to eat fast.

"There is no excuse," said Miss Aspinwall in clear tones, "for a gentleman's being vulgar."

"Whew! more vulgarity. What do you call vulgar?"

Ethel's brown eyes glistened.

"Anything that isn't gentlemanly."

"Such as?" asked Jim, while Lucy tried in vain to get a signal to him.

"Suppose Lucy, for instance, happened to go into a restaurant and discover you dining with—with an—an actress!"

"Heavens!" cried Jim, trying with indifferent success to suppress a smile.

"How dreadful!" said Lucy in a low tone.

"Very vulgar!" said Bert Alton with a sanctimonious expression.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Alton and Mrs. Eaton in unison.

"Right in a public restaurant!" continued Ethel with a pink spot on either cheek.

"It would be all right in a private house, I suppose?"

"Jim, dear!" murmured Lucy.

"You know, Jim Braveur, that wherever it happens it is just a sign of — of something awful!"

"Horrible," said Jim. "Isn't it, George?"

"Not particularly," said George coolly. "I like dining with actresses."

"Why, George Winthrop!" cried the scandalized Lucy, now thoroughly aroused.

"But then, George isn't married."

"But he was — that is, he might — I mean he may be some time," gasped Lucy. She could have bitten off her tongue.

"George," said Jim, "give us more details. Are they nice girls — these ——"

"Jim, aren't you ashamed," from the other end of the table.

"Let's take a hypothetical case," said George, looking at Jim in an argumentative way.

"Well?"

"You're unmarried, do you see?"

"He isn't any such thing," cried Lucy. Everybody laughed.

"Impossible, George," said Jim. "I'm in the bosom of my family."

"Marriage has nothing to do with it," cried a fair girl across the table, carefully addressing Braveur.

"Well, suppose you're unmarried, anyway," began George again.

"Lu, do you mind my being unmarried for a minute?"

"I don't think you're very nice," said Lucy, still making signals.

"George," said Jim, "take somebody else. I'm not nice."

"I don't mean you, goose, I mean ——"

"Marriage?"

"Of course not. I mean — I mean — er — actresses and things!"

"George," said Jim solemnly, "leave out the things, anyway. Actresses are bad enough, Heaven knows!"

"Well, suppose ——"

"One minute, please," interrupted the host. "Lu, are you sure the children are asleep. I wouldn't like Mabel to hear this. It may be dreadful!"

"Oh, dry up, Braveur!" cried Alton. "This is an important matter. Go ahead, Winthrop. Suppose what?"

"Suppose — er — say John Brown — my friend John Brown — unmarried ——"

"Could he be engaged?" asked the innocent host.

"Shut up, Jim! Brown has a friend — Smith — whose sister is an actress — she plays here in New York — is well known — always lively and pretty ——"

"Careful of details, George," advised Jim.

"At home there is only herself and Smith. Smith drinks. Sister pays the bills ——" Miss Aspinwall began to move a little in her chair and — did she sniff? — "Smith drinks and wastes the money. Then — Smith dies."

"How dreadful," whispered tender-hearted Lucy, stealing a melting look at the iceberg that got frozen in transit.

"Right on top Miss — Miss — er — Smith loses her job because she didn't turn up at the theatre — taking care of the skunk Smith — money all gone — brother dead — job lost — followed by melancholy and depression."

Everybody leaned forward, for there was something in Winthrop's face that gave spice to the Brown-Smith supposition. There might be tears in Mrs. Braveur's eyes, for Lucy was as tender as a child. Somebody else got interested in spite of herself.

"Melancholy and depression," prompted Jim.

"Just then my friend Brown comes along and discovers the situation ——"

"And gives the girl a new start? Money and so on? Good for him!"

"Not at all! Say there isn't any too much grub in the larder. Say he just thinks he'll give her a good fat meal and brace her up — and — and — you know." George smiled stupidly.

"George, you're a brick," said Jim.

"Rot," said that gentleman. "You asked me if a man might dine with an actress. I say yes, and give you a hypothetical case. That's all. I wouldn't mention such a thing, except that — that ——"

"Except what?" asked Jim, smiling.

"Nothing," said George.

There was an instant of silence and — was that another sniff?

IV

IN THE morning Winthrop, being more or less bothered in his mind, woke early, dressed and went downstairs. The Braveurs breakfasted in the movable feast fashion of Englishmen with all the things on a hot tin pan on the buffet. He went in — and found Miss Aspinwall seated alone at the table.

"Good-morning," said he.

"Good-morning," said she.

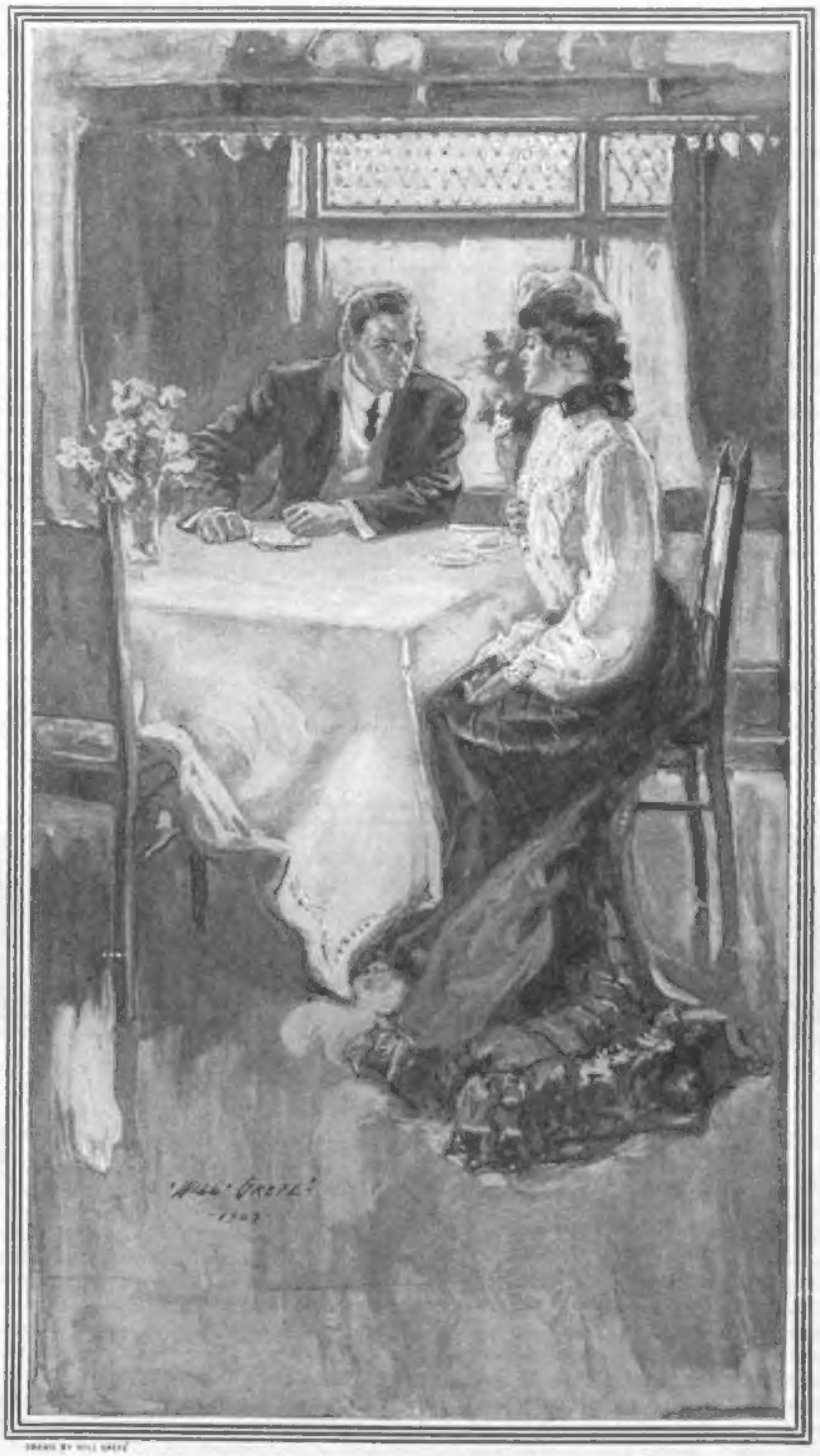
Silence. He hesitated.

"Shall I leave you alone?"

No answer for a moment. Then:

"I usually breakfast alone."

He turned to the door.



DRAWN BY WILL GREFE

"MISS ASPINWALL, I HAVE OFFENDED YOU IN SOME WAY AND I WISH TO APOLOGIZE"

"—But there's no reason why you should lose your breakfast ——"

He came back toward the table.

"— Even if I were inconvenienced ——"

He turned toward the door.

"— But I've finished — nearly."

He pivoted again, went over to the tin pan and got some oatmeal. Then he sat down opposite her. Silence for a while again.

"Miss Aspinwall, I have offended you in some way and I wish to apologize ——"

She looked straight at him, collected, clear-eyed and prettier than any woman has a right to be in the morning.

"You have not offended me. I simply do not care to include among my friends those who are given to vulgarity."

"That is the third time in twenty-four hours that you have called me vulgar. Frankly, I resent it."

"Then there is nothing more to be said."

"Nothing except that a gentlewoman would be expected to examine a case before judging so harshly."

"I know what I saw that night — I heard your own ridiculous explanation last night."

"Then, as you say, there's nothing more to be said."

"I think there is."

"But you said there wasn't."

"I said — I said ——"

"Furthermore, I made no explanation last night, and in all politeness I don't propose to until my self-imposed judge asks for it."

"I'm not your judge. I — I am not — I ——"

"Will you have some eggs?"

"No."

Nevertheless he brought some around to her side of the table, drew up the next chair, sat down and placed them before her.

"You'd better. I think they're good."

"How ridiculous! Do you suppose they'd give us bad eggs?"

"Anything might turn suddenly bad this morning."

She looked hard at her plate.

"Ethel! Won't you be fair and give me a —— Hang it! What a time of day for such talk," and he got up and strode across the room.

Suddenly she began to laugh excitedly. He looked at her in wonder, and saw her put her handkerchief to her eyes and sob and sob. He ran to her and took her hands from her face.

"Don't! Don't!" he cried. "I'm a brute; I am vulgar. Stop, Ethel! Stop!"

She drew her hands away and started to rise.

"St!" he whispered. "Here's some idiot." And in walked Lucy and Jim.

"Good-morning," said the latter, and then before any one knew more the screen door to the veranda opened and in rushed little Jimmy bursting with news.

"Oh, mother, I saw him holding her ha ——"

"Shut up, you!" roared his father. Winthrop set his teeth and started to make a grab at the boy. Over Ethel's face ran a bright glow that spread to her hair and neck as she sat looking at her plate.

"Lu," cried her spouse, "for Heaven's sake, hasn't that kid got some lessons this morning?"

"Yes, dear, but he must have his breakfast."

"Well, then, get Annette to stuff an omelet down his throat and keep him quiet."

"Oh, Jim!" And Lucy put her arm around her first-born, who felt somehow that his great news had miscarried.

Winthrop got up and walked out. The other three ate in silence for a moment and then Braveur caught a sign that he knew and, mumbling something, hurried out with a piece of toast in his hand.

On the veranda he accosted the moody Winthrop.

"Finished your breakfast?"

"Didn't begin."

"Nor I. It strikes me a man might have peace and quiet at least at breakfast. Let's go over to the club and get something solid." And they went.

V

IT WAS three and more in the afternoon. The match between Winthrop's Beltmoor team and the Naugatuck men was on. The first period was just over. On the grand stand at one side of the field sat those who lived near by; and on either side drags, brakes, motor cars, carts and all kinds of vehicles were filled with people. The grand stand itself made a brave little show of fair girls and young wives who gossiped outrageously the while they watched their husbands and brothers tear up and down the field. Little Mrs. Braveur kept her eyes on her Jim every minute, as she always did when he played polo, with a kind of sickening dread of what might happen. But she talked and laughed and gossiped with the rest. Ethel Aspinwall sat perfectly still, apparently cool and collected as usual.

Down came the two teams running hard along the boards after a good stroke. Jim Braveur rode his man off and Alton made a prodigious drive under full speed straight for the goal, following it up for a score.

"Wasn't that wonderful of Ben!" cried Mrs. Alton.

"Yes, splendid," said Lucy with tempered enthusiasm. "Of course Jim rode off his man and made it possible."

"But Freddie Peters isn't up to his game at all, is he?"

"No, he's playing dreadfully," agreed Lucy. Mrs. Peters was out of hearing at the other end of the stand.

"You like it, Ethel?" asked Lucy in a hostess-sort of voice.

"Yes," said Miss Aspinwall, her eyes fixed on the field where play had begun again.

"Mr. Winthrop plays beautifully," whispered Lucy. "But I do hope his lead will be cut down. I'm just mean enough to be glad they haven't so many ponies as our men, and so, of course, they won't do so well in the last period."

So the play went on until there came a cross-stroke and three men on each team made toward the grand stand for the ball. They came on with prodigious speed, Braveur and Winthrop in the lead, one trying to ride the other off—when something happened and Winthrop's pony fell and rolled over him.

There came one heartrending scream as only a woman can scream, an instant of silence, and then a growing murmur of exclamations and cries.

"What did it?" "Who was it?" "It's Mr. Winthrop!" "Is he dead?" "He doesn't move!" At all events Winthrop lay on his back on the turf with Braveur kneeling by him, his pony dashing across the field, and people running out to the ever-increasing circle from all points. On the stand everybody was talking and asking questions. One girl only sat perfectly still, without the least color in her face or lips, gazing with wide eyes down into the crowded circle. Lucy gave a tender little thanks in her heart that it had not been some one else and then turned to her friend.

"Ethel! Ethel darling!" she cried suddenly. "Don't look so! Perhaps he's only stunned. Ethel!"

"I must go down to him," whispered the young girl in an emotionless voice, "I must go down to him!"

"No, no, dear! Not here! Sit still. You couldn't go down there. Jim's there—he'll do all that can be done." And she gently forced her back into her seat.

Meantime they had lifted Winthrop and carried him to a trap, and the next moment Braveur came hurriedly to them, not stopping to answer the hundred questions put to him.

"Lu," he said, "you go home quick. Alton's man will take you. Get George's room ready at once."

"Is it bad, Jim?" she asked.

"I don't know. Blanchard is there and says he can't tell. He's unconscious—pony rolled on to him." Then he caught a strange light in his wife's eyes and suddenly turned and saw Ethel's face. "Oh, he's all right," he called in a different tone. "He's just stunned. We'll have him right as a trivet at home. Don't look so, Ethel!"

"I am going over there to him," said Ethel in that same monotonous tone.

"Not a bit of it!" cried Braveur. "You can't here! Come, buck up, girl! He'll live to kick yet. Get home, Lu, right away," he added and was gone.

But there was some delay, and when they did reach home Winthrop was in his room with Doctor Blanchard. Then came a struggle. The energetic Miss Aspinwall insisted on going in; Braveur insisted otherwise, and finally Lucy decided in the girl's favor.

"You let her go in, Jim. Mind me. I know. She'll collapse if you don't. She frightens me now, she's so calm. It's dreadful!" And in she went. The man lay on his bed moving slowly but constantly from side to side, quite unconscious, Blanchard working over him. The Doctor turned as the three came in and said brusquely:

"Get out of here, all of you!" But Ethel stayed and began quietly picking up Winthrop's clothes, folding them and putting them on a chair. In a moment Blanchard said:

"Get me some hot water and a sponge."

She had them in a moment.

And so they worked on for an hour—the man intent on his work, the frightened girl in her white lace gown and big hat—with never a word, but now and then a sharp order from the Doctor.

Then Winthrop opened his eyes and they cleared.

"Can you understand?" asked Blanchard quickly.

Winthrop nodded. Ethel stood stock still.

"Where is it?"

There was an unintelligible sound.

"What?" asked Blanchard sharply.

"He said 'back,'" whispered Ethel.

"Can you move your legs?"

The coverlet moved slightly.

"Good," said Blanchard, and then began more orders that required Braveur and his wife, and they all worked until a nurse arrived from town, when Ethel was taken away by force and compelled to eat something.

At nine o'clock the Doctor came downstairs and said that it was a bad strain of the back, but that so far as he could see nothing was broken and the spine was all right. "But it's a damnable game, Braveur, and you ought all to be hanged for playing it. It's only chance that the life wasn't squashed out of him. Now, young woman, you're a good 'un! But you go straight to bed."

"I don't need——"

"Don't you dare open your head to me! Drink that—there! Mrs. Braveur, if you don't take that girl's clothes off and put her to bed at once, I will. And then there'll be a scandal in the Naugatuck colony, for sure!"

VI

"ETHEL," said Lucy at sunset, two days later, "George asked me if you were still here."

"Did he?" asked that young lady.

"Yes, he did. Don't you think you might go in and see him once?"

"I am quite comfortable here."

"I—I don't think he quite understands your being in the room the other day and not going near him since."

"Well, I can't be responsible——"

Then up rose the good woman in Lucy's soul, and wrath blazed from her blue eyes.

"Ethel Aspinwall," said she, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself—ashamed of yourself! What do you mean by letting him see you there when he came to, and then not going near him again? It's outrageous! It's disgraceful! Go up to his room this minute and be a real woman for once!" And for once she did.

At the door she hesitated, and then knocked.

"Come in," said a voice that made her catch her breath.

Slowly she opened it; slowly she went in.

"Halloa," said the sick voice with a weak attempt at cheeriness, "come in and jolly the wreck."

"How do you feel?" asked Ethel in her best style.

"I can't feel at all. I can't even shake hands, but I'll be all right again yet."

She stood by his bed.

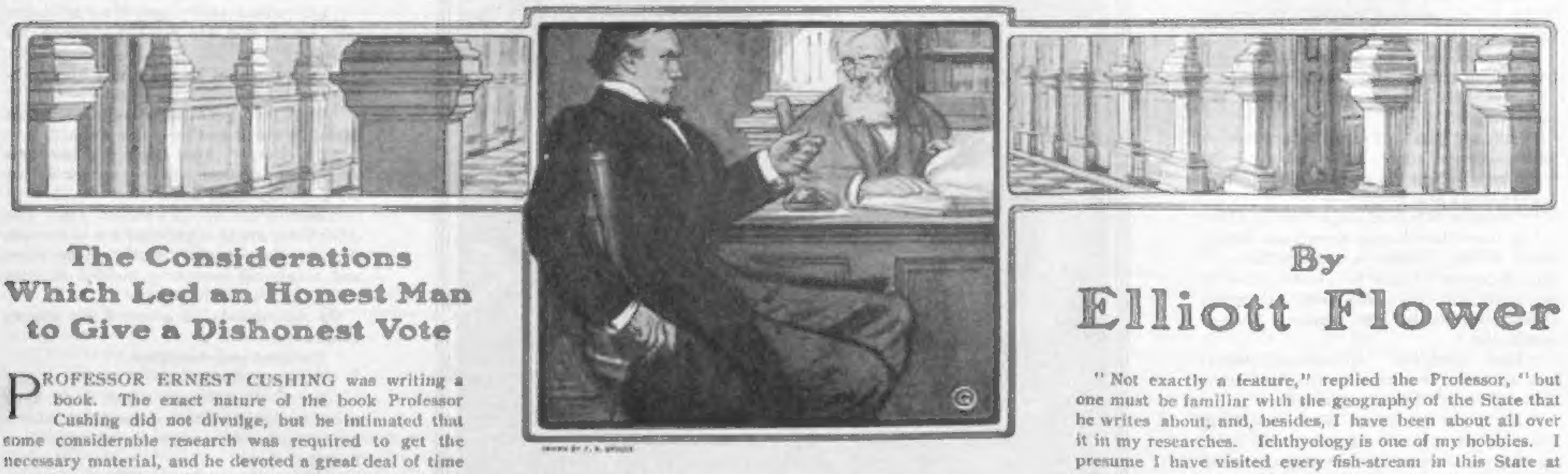
"Can I do anything for you?" still in her best style.

"Yes," said he.

"What is it?" And the best style was gone at once.

(*Concluded on Page 28*)

THE DEVIOUS WAY



The Considerations Which Led an Honest Man to Give a Dishonest Vote

By Elliott Flower

PROFESSOR ERNEST CUSHING was writing a book. The exact nature of the book Professor Cushing did not divulge, but he intimated that some considerable research was required to get the necessary material, and he devoted a great deal of time to poring over dusty volumes in the library at the State capital. Occasionally he sought advice. He desired light on some obscure point in the political history of the State, and he turned to any one who happened to be near for information. Where could he find a record of the desired facts? He seemed to think that every one at the capital, except himself, must be familiar with the library and all the departments.

"I don't know much about politics," he would explain, "but perhaps it is just as well. The expert in any line writes only for the experts: no other can understand him, for he cannot appreciate the ignorance of the general public. One must not be too far removed from the people he wishes to address. Now, I have a fair general knowledge of my subject—possibly an expert knowledge of some features of it—but the difficulties I experience in mastering many details should put me in sympathy with the unposted reader and enable me to write a popular book."

It was evident from this that his work had something to do with State political history, but other questions indicated researches in other directions also. However, there was nothing in this to disturb the legislators, or, in fact, any one with whom he came in contact, so they accepted him as a kindly, unsophisticated and interesting man with a hobby. And interesting he proved to be. He could talk entertainingly on many subjects, while his dreamy, unsuspicious nature made him a refreshing companion in a city where nearly all others were suspicious and severely practical.

In time Senator Horace Duncan came to regard him as a sort of protégé. The Senator rather enjoyed explaining the practical features of politics and statesmanship to him, for he was a modest and delightful listener, and his expressions of surprise and admiration at the extent of the Senator's knowledge in these directions were gratifying to the vanity of even a prominent man in State and party councils. The Professor's modesty and consideration for others would not permit him to seek the Senator out, but he plainly showed his pleasure when the Senator came to him in the library, and he frequently asked his advice about knotty points in his investigations. The Senator was a man of learning himself, and was in the habit of using the library more than any of his colleagues. Consequently there was a bond of sympathy between the two.

One day the Senator found the Professor studying a map of the State, and he asked jokingly if geography was to be a feature of the book also.

"Not exactly a feature," replied the Professor, "but one must be familiar with the geography of the State that he writes about, and, besides, I have been about all over it in my researches. Ichthyology is one of my hobbies. I presume I have visited every fish-stream in this State at one time or another. It is most interesting."

The Professor let his pencil run idly over the map, and finally made a dot near one corner of it.

"I spent two or three weeks there not long ago," he said, "and I was sorry I didn't have some money to invest. However, it's just as well. I probably should have lost it."

"Somebody try to sell you some land?" asked the Senator.

"Oh, no; but there is land to be had there, and it's sure to be worth a lot of money later, if one can afford to wait. I've been waiting all my life, so it would be easy for me—if I had the money. The thing to do is just to buy the land and forget about it for a few years. That's what a man I met up there told me. He was a most interesting fellow."

"A land shark, probably."

"Perhaps; but he was very convincing. Even an ignoramus like myself could grasp the situation. You see where the fork of the river comes." The Professor indicated with his pencil. "Well, there isn't anything but a little blacksmith's shop there now, but there's sure to be a city there some day. It's the best site for one anywhere in that vicinity, and proper development of the surrounding country is all that is needed."

"Any railroad?"

"No. That's the trouble. The character of the country makes it rather difficult of access, but they say a road is sure to come. It will go through that territory to reach the district beyond. And the people who make the big profits on such investments are the ones who get into the district before the railroads."

"That sounds like a real-estate prospectus," laughed the Senator. "The man you met there must have told you that."

"Perhaps he did," replied the Professor thoughtfully. "I don't remember."

"Railroads don't always go where you expect them to," continued the Senator, "and somehow cities do not always seek the best sites."

"I suppose you're right," admitted the Professor, "but I took an option on the land. I had reason to expect I should have quite a sum of ready money later, and it looked like a good chance to me."

"If you're after a get-rich-quick scheme," said the Senator, "you ought to be a member of the Legislature right now. There's a hen on."

"On what?" asked the Professor.

"I mean," laughed the Senator, "that there's a measure to be put through, if possible, on golden wings."

"Oh!" cried the Professor, his eyes brightening with excitement. "Bribery!"

"Yes," said the Senator, "although we don't always call it that."

"Tell me about it!" urged the Professor. "I am most interested in that subject. What's the measure? And how do they do it?"

"Bribery is indirect, rather than direct, in these days," explained the Senator. "They often reach a man through his financial, personal or political interests: there is only an implied bargain and no direct cash transaction. Of course it amounts to the same thing, but it's easier on a man's conscience and more difficult to detect."

"But this particular case," persisted the Professor. "What is it?"

"I don't know," replied the Senator, his brow clouding. "If I did I might find some way to block the game. Perhaps you've heard that lobbyists and schemers are just a little afraid of me."

"Oh, I am so utterly ignorant and out of the world that people seldom take the trouble to tell me anything," explained the Professor, "but I think I have heard the phrase 'aggressively honest' used to describe you."

"Possibly, possibly," returned the gratified Senator. "At any rate, the corruptionists fight shy of me, but I have been here long enough to know the signs of a 'job.' When anything big is on hand, it is in the air, in the atmosphere. You know it without knowing it—that is, you become morally certain that 'something is doing,' to use the popular phrase, without knowing just what it is. Activity in certain quarters is in itself a pretty good indication, and you feel the suppressed excitement of those who are in the secret."

"I hope it comes to light while I am here," said the Professor. "I should like to have an insight into the devious ways of politics and legislation."

Before the Senator could reply one of the library attendants interrupted them to give the Professor a note that had just been left for him. After a glance at it the Professor gave evidence of some excitement and hastily excused himself. He had overlooked an appointment, he said, but his face and actions, when he had left the library, did not indicate that he was pleased at being reminded of the fact. Indeed, he gave every indication of being angry: his lips formed harsh-sounding words, and he kept pounding his right fist into the palm of his left hand as if it were necessary to hit something to express his feelings.

When he reached his modest boarding-house quarters the gentle, kindly, easy-going Professor had been transformed into a man of energy and some passion.

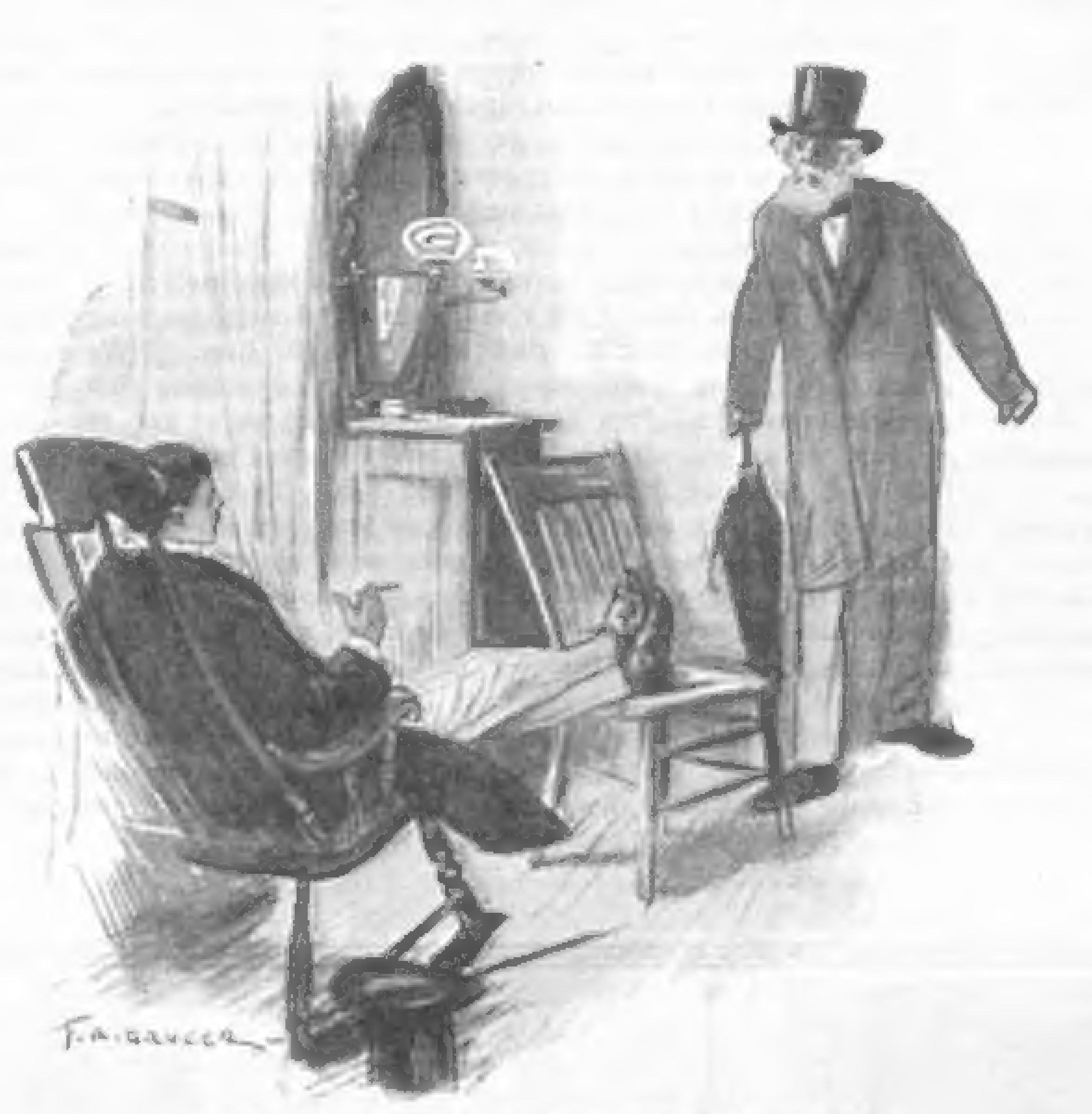
"What the deuce are you doing here?" he demanded of the visitor he found there—a visitor who had presumed, after the manner of an old friend, to make himself comfortable in a chair by the window.

"We were getting a little uneasy," replied the visitor. "Your reports were not very satisfactory."

"I told you this thing would take time, didn't I?" demanded the Professor.

"Yes," admitted the visitor, "but some of the boys are impatient. We've reached every one necessary except your man, and it ought not to take so long to get him. The rest of them think it's time for action—they want to get their hands on the good stuff—so Buckley thought I'd better show up here and see if things couldn't be hurried a little."

"They can't," asserted the Professor, "and there won't be any chance at all if any one learns that you have called on me. You've run a big risk of ruining the whole business. Just take a sensible view of the situation for a minute. The men already rounded up are of minor importance. There isn't one of them who is good for anything except his own vote, and some of them are not good for even that, if I fail to land Duncan. They're afraid of him. If he turns loose they'll hunt cover like scared rabbits, and all our work will have been for nothing. Under the most favorable circumstances they're good for just one vote each; he's good for a bunch of votes. If we can keep him quiet it will give courage to the weak sisters; if we can get him to vote right it will convince the befuddled ones who've been bamboozled into thinking the measure *may* be a fair and proper one. But if he votes wrong and turns his guns loose, the honest fools and the more cowardly of the knaves will be lost to us. He is the one man who can tear this thing wide open: no other has the necessary combination of courage, influence and ability. Now, you trot back to Buckley and tell him to let me alone or I'll throw the whole thing up. Does he think any one else stands a better chance of landing Duncan?"



"WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU DOING HERE?"

"Certainly not. You're the only man for the job, of course. But it seems to be just as uncertain now as it was the first day you landed here, and there ought to be some progress. We can't hold this thing back forever."

"Uncertain!" cried the Professor. "Of course it's uncertain, and it will continue uncertain up to the very minute of success or failure. This is no bargain-day affair! You people seem to have an idea that it's an auction sale and all we've got to do is to go in and bid! I tell you I'm working him the only way he can be worked, and when the conditions are right I'll let you know. It will be uncertain, even then. No one can tell what this fellow will do until he does it, but the odds are going to be in our favor. Now, sneak, and have things ready for me."

The Professor did not return to the library that day; but the following day he was there as usual, and he again gave some attention to the map.

"I don't believe I'm going to lose anything on that option, after all," he told the Senator. "I paid $200 for it, and the man who sent for me yesterday offered me $300 to transfer it to him."

"Did you let him have it?" asked the Senator interestedly.

"No," replied the Professor; "he was too anxious. Even I could see that. And, if there's money in it for him, why not for me? I have only a little myself, but if it's really good, I ought to be able to borrow some."

The Senator sat down beside him and examined the map closely, tracing out railroads and streams with his pencil. Then he got a map of the county that was made on a larger scale.

"What land is covered by your option?" he asked.

The Professor drew a line around it.

"That's a good bit of land," commented the Senator. "What's the price?"

"Ten thousand dollars, and I've got about $2000 of it."

"I didn't know you scientists ever had that much ready cash," remarked the Senator.

"A little legacy," explained the Professor. "I expected it would be considerably more, but it wasn't. I had that in mind when I got the option, but it isn't enough, and I got frightened besides. I don't know much about business, and I'd hate to lose it."

"What's the price of other land in the vicinity?" asked the Senator.

"Really, I don't know," replied the Professor, reddening a little at this confession. "It seemed to me cheap, and—well, frankly, I got the option and then forgot about it in my researches here until a letter reminded me of it."

"You have about as much business sense as most people in your line," laughed the Senator, "but perhaps I can be of some assistance to you. I'll look into the matter, and, if it's all right, I may go into the deal with you—if you'll let me in."

"I wish you would," said the Professor sincerely.

The result of the Senator's investigations rather surprised him. There was no land in that vicinity on the market. It was held by a few individuals that he never had heard of before in rather large tracts, and they did not seem disposed to sell. He failed to get even a satisfactory quotation.

"I believe there's some talk of putting a railroad through there," one real-estate man told him. "At any rate, there are some people who seem to be mighty anxious for that land just now, and no one wants to sell."

The Senator looked up the last recorded sale and found that the price quoted by the Professor was reasonable. He did not see how the purchase could fail to prove a fair investment in time, even if there should be nothing in it in the immediate future, and, though the situation was rather confusing, there was a possibility of a big profit at an early day. It would be a kindness to assist the good old Professor in protecting his option money, and there was reason to believe that the kindness would be rewarded in the end.

"I'll put up half the money to buy that land for half the profits," he told the Professor.

"Good!" was the reply. "Your $5000 and my $2000 will make all but $3000 of the necessary sum, and I guess I can borrow that. I can use my half interest as security, can't I?"

"When you get it," said the Senator. "You can't very well use a thing for security until you have title to it."

"I suppose not," returned the Professor thoughtfully, "but I guess I can arrange it."

However, a few days later he came to the Senator with another proposition. He had been unable to secure the loan, for he knew little of business and had no friends who were able to spare such a sum.

"If I had the ready cash I'd let you have it myself," said the Senator, "but $5000 is my limit just now. I suppose I might borrow it for you."

"Oh, that wouldn't be fair," asserted the Professor. "If you furnish the money you ought to get the profit. Why not do that?" as if the idea had just occurred to him. "My own $2000 is a pretty big investment for me."

The Senator demurred—the scheme was the Professor's, and he ought to have a half interest in it, if that were a possible thing—but the Professor convinced him that a fifth interest would be ample and just, under the circumstances: it would be more to him than the four-fifths would be to the Senator. He had intended, he said, to suggest this to the Senator when he found he could not raise the money himself.

The matter was finally arranged on this basis. As a matter of fact, the thing looked very enticing to the Senator. It was evident to him that some one was anxious to secure that land. In his investigations he had learned that he could make a few hundred dollars himself by getting the Professor's option for some unknown parties who were dealing through one of the real-estate men. So, having made sure that the Professor's option was valid, he borrowed $3000 to complete the needed sum, and the Professor bought the land, the necessary contract to protect the Senator's interests having been executed. The Senator did not appear in the transaction, so far as any third party was concerned. There was no reason why he should not, but it was simpler and easier to let the Professor complete the bargain. Then the Senator was given a deed to cover his share, but he did not have it recorded.

"There seems to be something good in it," remarked the Professor, when he surrendered the deed. "I've been offered $500 for a $15,000 option on it for ninety days."

"What's that!" cried the Senator. "Five hundred dollars for a ninety-day option at $15,000! There must be something back of all this. If there were any transportation facilities, I'd think some big manufacturing concern wanted to locate there. Was the offer put in writing?"

The Professor produced a letter verifying his statement.

"But why the option?" mused the Senator. "Why not an outright purchase now? I guess we'd better let things stand as they are until we see what's up, and then we can divide under the contract. We can't split up the land fairly until we know more, so I'll just keep this deed without recording it. But I'd certainly like to know what's in the wind."

When, a little later, $500 was offered for a ninety-day option at $20,000 the Senator's curiosity and cupidity were both aroused. This would mean one hundred per cent. profit on the investment, and a man who would put up $500 for an option must necessarily expect to take the property. All in all, it was a most extraordinary affair. He made some inquiries, but the offer came through a real-estate man who was not at liberty to reveal the identity of his principals. All he knew was that they would pay almost any price for that property under certain circumstances, and they felt sure enough that the circumstances would be favorable to risk $500 on an option.

It was only a few days after this that the Senator came to the Professor in great excitement.

"It's out!" he cried. "I know now why options on that land were in such demand. They want to put a railroad through. The bill has just been introduced in the House."

The Professor looked pleased.

"That will mean a lot of money for us, won't it?" he said.

The Senator looked at the Professor sharply, but it was impossible to suspect such a guileless fellow.

"Come with me," he said at last. "I want to talk with you."

"Is it so very important?" asked the Professor, closing his book regretfully. The Senator assured him that it was, and took him to his committee-room.

"If you were any one else," he explained, "I should think you were on the inside in this business, for you've put me in a mighty mean position."

"I'm sorry," asserted the Professor.

"I believe you," said the Senator, "but it doesn't alter the facts. If this bill goes through it means a lot of money to me on an investment that you know I went into innocently."

"Is there any reason why it shouldn't go through?" asked the Professor.

"It involves land-grants and special privileges that will be worth close to a million dollars to the people back of the scheme," explained the Senator, "and for these the State will get nothing."

"Oh!" said the Professor dismally; "then you can't vote for it."

"Not as I understand it now," said the Senator. He was pacing back and forth nervously, and he stopped to add: "But it's mighty hard to let a hundred per cent. profit get away."

"Is your vote necessary?" asked the Professor.

Again the Senator looked at the Professor sharply, but the latter seemed as innocent and guileless as before; and the question was only a natural one. The profit depended upon the passage of the bill, whether he voted for it or not. Silence alone might be effective.

When the Senator was sought out by a reporter he had nothing to say. As he had been looked to for a scathing arraignment of the measure, this was surprising.

"It has been very vigorously assailed in some quarters," suggested the reporter.

"I know, I know," replied the Senator, "but I am not sufficiently acquainted with the details of the measure to discuss it now. I may have something to say later."

This, being quoted in the papers, gave joy to many people. Senator Duncan, the aggressive opponent of all jobbery, was silent. The newspapers and some legislators said harsh things, but Senator Duncan refused to commit himself one way or another, and this gave courage to the timorous ones and almost convinced those who did not fully understand what the measure meant. Then some of the papers changed their tone: the development of that region would be of benefit to the State, and, in view of the conditions, encouragement and assistance might be proper. Perhaps the railroad people were asking too much, but there was no reason why something should not be conceded to them. Thus the issue became clouded. There was room for argument, and, when there is room for argument, an excuse can be found for almost any course by the man who cares to hunt for it. There were many people hunting.

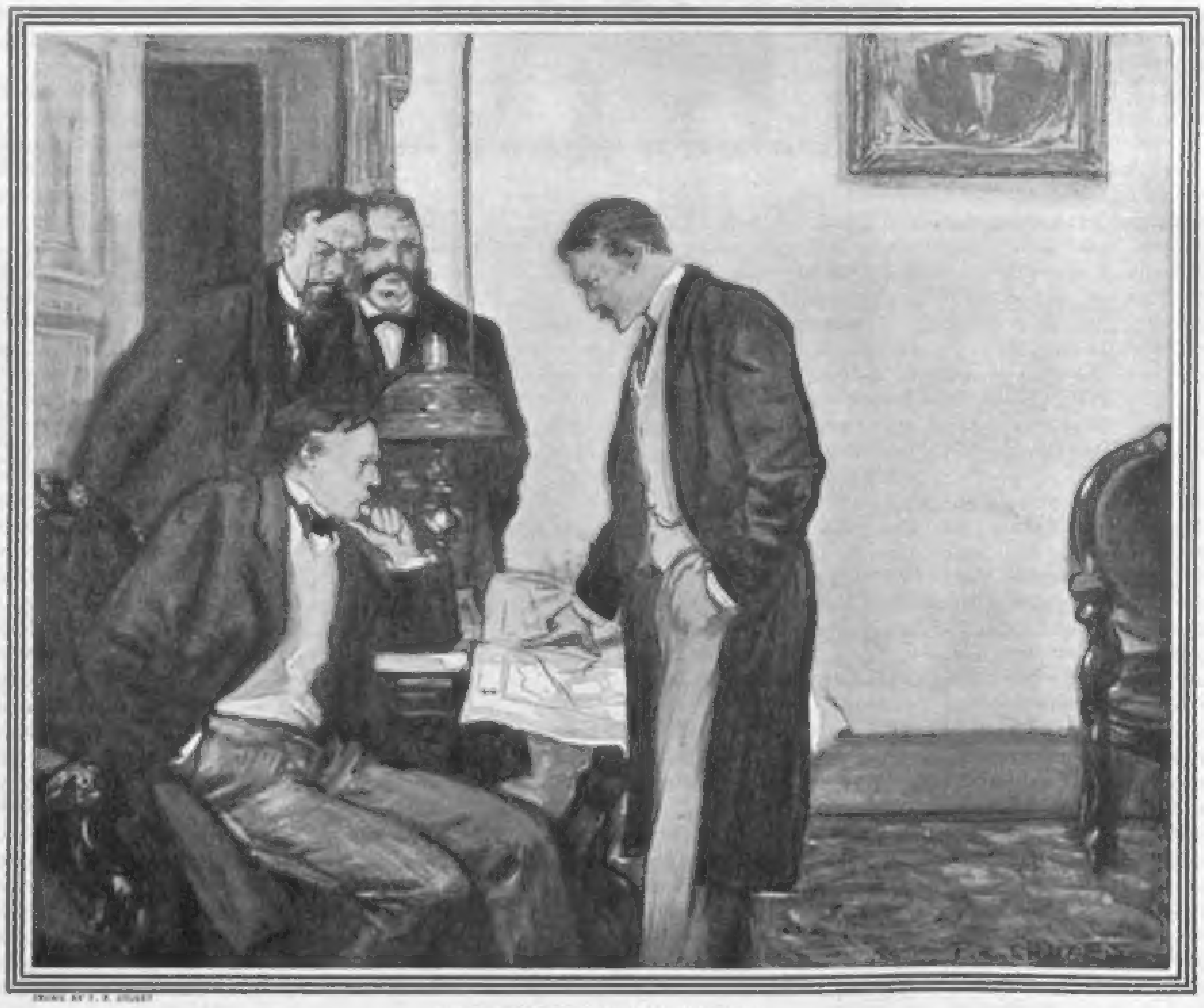
John Tuttle appeared and worked openly for the measure. Tuttle was the man who had annoyed the Professor by sending for him, but he kept away from the Professor now. His work, after the introduction of the measure, was open and above-board. He professed to see nothing but merit in the bill, and he argued cleverly and legitimately; but his letters explained more than his published interviews or his public arguments. "The outlook is bright," he wrote to Buckley. "Duncan's 'I have nothing to say' is worth more to us than another man's vote. If he continues silent there will be no trouble in the House and probably not much in the Senate. His course so far has amply justified our assurances that there was nothing to fear from him, and our stock is high in this town. The boys are satisfied we know what we're talking about, and the doubtful ones are so sure now that the thing is going through anyhow that they are getting anxious for seats in the wagon. You know how it is. So long as they can't stop it, they might as well be on the inside. No use letting honesty go to waste when there is 'something doing' that can't be helped. Well, if the Governor isn't tractable we'll need them all, including Duncan. I'm going to see Duncan in a day or so."

Two prominent business men of the capital city, having no connection with the legislature, were present at the interview when it took place, and they afterward asserted that there was not one improper word or suggestion in the whole course of it. Tuttle went over his arguments, giving the difficulties to be surmounted as a reason for the unusual demands.

"Though the land-grants we ask are valuable," he said, "the land that is going to be most benefited is beyond our reach. I confess frankly that we tried to get it, but somebody had an option on it."

"What land was that?" asked the Senator carelessly.

"Right at the fork of the river," replied Tuttle, marking the place on the map he had brought with him. "We planned to locate some shops there, and, of course, that means a town-site. Part of the land we want we've got, or at least we've got an option on it, which makes it the more important that we should get the rest of it. There's only a corner of one big tract, adjoining the land already within our reach, that we need, but I suppose we'll have to buy the whole tract; and, now that our plans are known, the price is pretty sure to be high—$30,000 or more, very likely, but we'll have to pay it. However, that doesn't interest you," continued Tuttle. "I mention it only because I want to be perfectly frank with you. All this is a mere incident in the larger plan. We want to get into the district beyond and make connections there that will be of advantage from the freight standpoint, and this is a short, although difficult, route. We can build cheaper in a more roundabout way, and we'll have to do it if the State can't see the importance of encouraging us. Now, here," and he went at the map again, "is our alternative route. By building to Scovil we can connect with the D. & N. and reach our objective point that way, but then we cross the State-line without touching the undeveloped corner of this State. It ought to be worth something to the State to have us go through that, especially as, when our line is once built the other way, there will be fewer inducements to any one else to build the more direct route. Do I make myself clear?"


DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

"DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?"

"Quite so," replied the Senator. "It will be of advantage to the State to have the road built, but aren't you asking too high a price from the State?"

"We don't think so," replied Tuttle promptly; "do you?"

"I shall have to think the matter over," said the Senator evasively.

So the two business men reported that the interview was perfectly frank and proper in every detail, and the Senator devoted himself to "thinking the matter over." Thirty thousand dollars for that land would mean a profit of $16,000 for him and $4000 for the Professor. The land was not in his name, and there would be no record of the transaction, so far as he was concerned. At that moment he had $8000 tied up in the land, for $3000 of which he had given his individual note. If the road should be built by the "alternative route" there was every likelihood that his money would remain tied up there, for this action would make it much less likely that any other road would try the direct route, and land values would be depressed in consequence. On the one hand there was a big profit; on the other, a financial sacrifice or a sum of money that he could ill spare for any length of time tied up indefinitely, and a note for $3000 to meet.

"How the devil did the Professor ever run on to that land?" he asked himself irritably; and then he told a reporter who sought to interview him that anything he had to say on the subject would be said when the bill reached the Senate and not before.

"Will you oppose it?" persisted the reporter.

"Perhaps," replied the Senator; "but it's not all bad. There is room for an honest difference of opinion."

Tuttle and the Professor chuckled when they read that statement, and there was joy in certain legislative circles. Senator Duncan's own words justified them in any position they might see fit to take, and no later attack on the measure could have much force. In vain the unswervingly honest minority fought: the bill went through the House by a good majority, and in the Senate Duncan was still silent. Others opposed it, but Duncan had nothing to say.

Meanwhile, the Professor pursued the even tenor of his way, not entirely forgetful of his financial interests, but much more absorbed in his researches. He met the Senator as before, and he occasionally asked some question about the situation, but they were innocent, and often absurd, questions, and in no sense arguments for or against the measure. Indeed, his course was that of the honorable man who would sacrifice his own interests rather than attempt to sway his friend—until he was informed that there was danger of failure. "We shall need Duncan's vote," was the message brought to him. "We must have it for the moral effect on the Governor and to give some of the weakening Senators backbone. We might skin through without Duncan, but the influence of his vote will give us the majority we need to hold a wavering Governor." After that the Professor, for the first time, brought up the subject in a direct and straightforward way.

"I'm going to give an option on my interest in that land," he said. "Then perhaps these people will let me alone. You see, they think I own it all, and they're driving me frantic."

"And if I should tear up the contract and the unrecorded deed," remarked the Senator thoughtfully, "you would own it all."

"Why, of course," exclaimed the Professor, as if the thought had just occurred to him. "You wouldn't have to execute any papers or sign anything, would you? That's the simplest way of transferring land that I ever heard of. There wouldn't even be a record of it."

"No," said the Senator slowly; "but you can't give an option on your interest without betraying the situation." Thus the Senator found himself deliberately dallying with evil and frankly considering methods of subterfuge. "If you're bound to do it," he added, "you'd better give an option on the whole tract; and if the sale is made I can

(Continued on Page 31)

THE REFORM CAMPAIGN IN MERIWEATHER COUNTY

BY MAX ADELER

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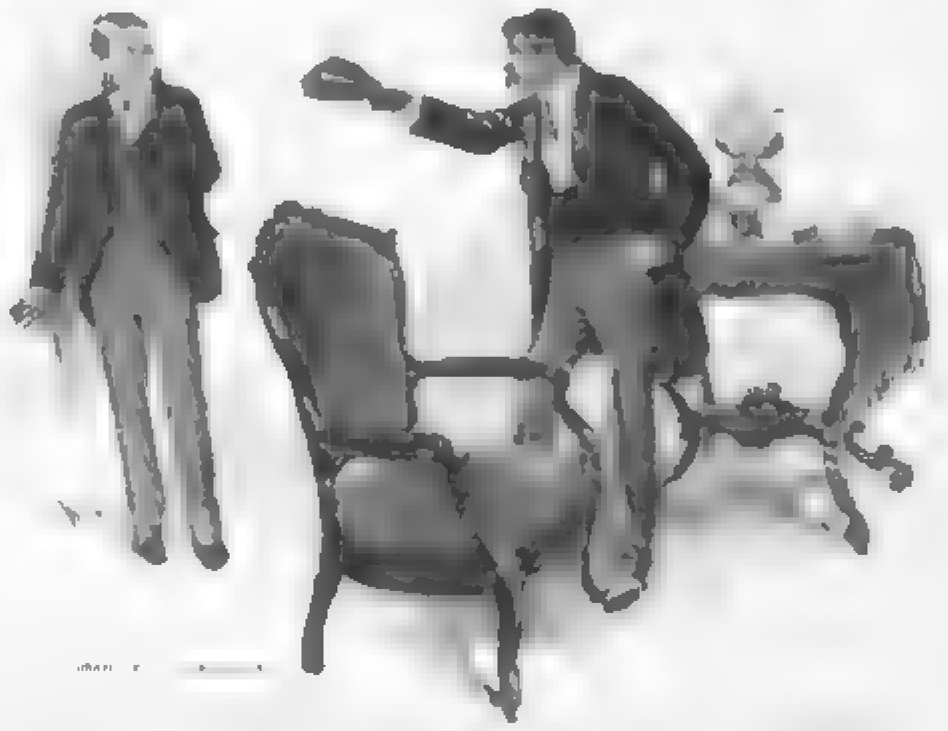


SHOOK HIS FIST AT ME AND SAID I WAS A SAWDUSTER

I HAVE no objection (writes William Percival Latimer to me, from a remote mining camp in Mexico) to giving to you the whole story of my unfortunate experience as a participant in the Reform campaign in Meriweather County My fate may perhaps serve as a warning to others, and, at any rate, I am entitled to have my version of this painful and, in one sense shameful, case presented to the public

You have known me for many years. I need not tell you that I have never participated in nor had any taste for public affairs. I have had no acquaintance with politics but in a general way. I have not coveted office. I am a quiet, retiring, I fear shy, man, used to devoting my time to my work in the Rubicon National Bank, to my church, my family and my somewhat narrow social duties. I have never been able to speak while upon my feet, excepting before my Bible-class and at the ordinary church meetings, and I shrink so much from publicity that I have always felt a kind of nervous shock if my name happened to appear in a newspaper.

When the reform movement was begun in Meriweather County, McWhirr, the county chairman, came to me and informed me that the Colonel, who really directed the affairs of the Reform party, insisted that I should be placed upon the ticket as candidate for the position of Supervisor of Fences and Telegraph Poles. He said that the Colonel, who was to be the nominee for Sheriff, would represent brains whilst I should represent respectability. I indicated to McWhirr that there was but half a compliment, and that of a cloudy character, imbedded in this proposition, and then I said that the Colonel, with his record and reputation, seemed to me to be a queer personage to direct a Reform campaign

McWhirr said that the Colonel had been thoroughly reformed before he was permitted to engage in the movement; that he was a changed man. "The fundamental principle of fair play," continued McWhirr, "is that repentance must be accepted as obliterating the past," and the Colonel's very familiarity with the evil practices of politicians made his services invaluable to reformers who were proposing to defeat the politicians. "Would you shut the gates of mercy upon a penitent sinner?" he asked; and when I said that I should hesitate to engage in such a proceeding he answered: "Very well, then, give the Colonel a chance."

When I urged that I did not want any public office, and, indeed, could not accept this particular place if I should be elected, McWhirr assured me that I need not worry about that. "It is a part of our scheme," he said, "to defeat you. The Colonel's plans work out that way. He's as level-headed as they make 'em, I tell you! Far-sighted and keen! That man's just a wonder."

Then, of course, I insisted that I could not perceive how the sacred cause of Reform was to be promoted by defeat of the Reform candidates, but McWhirr said: "That's because you've never been in politics. It's the Colonel's game. If you want subtlety, there you have it. That man is deep! You don't want to be elected? Very well. The Colonel puts you up, knocks you down, and with you as the sacrifice sweeps all the rest of the ticket to glorious victory"

Well, you can believe that this kind of talk did not go far to reassure me, but McWhirr stayed for an hour or more, and talked and argued. At last he half convinced me that the very foundations of the Republic were undermined, and that if I wouldn't consent to run on the Reform ticket for the Supervisorship of Fences and Telegraph Poles our institutions would totter to their ruin and the whole sacred heritage of the Fathers would be swept to irretrievable destruction. You know the result. I was weak enough to yield.

My misgivings were to some extent removed by my wife, who, when McWhirr had gone back to report to the Colonel, assured me that I had done my duty. "You had no right," she said, "to refuse such a nomination. It is the duty of every citizen to try to save his country. Your fellow-citizens summon you to their service; and, like Cincinnatus of old, you relinquish the handles of your plough and obey the call."

Poor woman! She meant well by that allusion to Cincinnatus, and I must say that it comforted and encouraged me to some extent, but Cincinnatus, I am nearly certain (I don't remember the particulars of his entire case), never ran on the same ticket with a man like the Colonel.

The Colonel began the campaign with vigor. On the night of the day of the adjournment of the convention he had the brass band from Angel Bluffs up to serenade me. The band paraded all about Rubicon, playing in a most vehement manner. McWhirr, who called on me early, said I ought to have refreshments of some kind on my front porch for the visitors; and so, when the band had played until every one of my neighbors had become the malevolent enemy of the Reform movement, Mrs. Latimer invited the musicians to partake of ice cream and cake. It was clear enough that there was disappointment at the nature of the refreshments, and the snare drummer was openly ribald. I suspect him of connection with the disappearance of two of our spoons

The fat German who played the saxophone drew me into the hallway and told me plainly that the cause of Reform was lost if ice cream was as far as my moral principles would permit me to go. Then he asked me to go with him into the library where, after closing the door and pulling down the window shades, he whispered that he recognized me. I said to him that I did not understand him; and he then said he knew my real name was Obermann, that I was a native of Eichenberg, Germany, where I still owed four dollars to his father, a shoemaker in that town. He said I had fled to avoid military service, but that he would not give me away because he had left Germany under queer circumstances himself, and two dollars and a quarter would close his lips forever

Then the band stood out in the front grass plot and played Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, the German saxophone player staring fixedly at me and winking at me whenever he came to a minim rest. The band could be heard all through the night in various parts of Rubicon extinguishing the enthusiasm for Reform by original and reckless interpretations of popular selections

McWhirr said, when he met me at the bank, that he feared the thing had not been a large success; that ice cream was hardly the right material for imparting fervor to political enthusiasm, and that my very unfortunate manner had given offense to the snare drummer, who controlled thirty-four votes in his precinct. I offered to resign, but McWhirr said: "Not on your life; the Colonel will fix that fellow." Then McWhirr asked if I would not go over to Swisher's Corners on Wednesday evening to meet the O'Flaherty Club and give a chalk-talk, something like those I gave in my Bible-class. He thought if I could take for my subject the well known fact that the Regulars were trying to steal the penitentiary for a club house for the Young Men's Invincible Club I could strike a telling blow for the glorious cause. But I insisted upon refusal, because I never saw a man trying to steal a penitentiary and I could not imagine how to draw such an institution on a blackboard

I pass over many painful things. I looked for them, of course, but I hardly thought the Susanville Times would be so indecent as to suggest that I gave my baby ipecac to check its appetite. It cut me to the heart. The Rubicon Post had always been a favorite in my family and I used it whenever we wished to advertise for a hired girl. It was, therefore, with feelings of indignation and dismay that I found in it one morning a cartoon representing me as a monkey with a horrible grin upon my face, hanging by a long, curly tail from the limb of a tree while I tossed cocoanuts down to the Colonel. I hid the paper from my wife to save her from pain, but when the children came home to lunch I felt that they had seen it. My oldest boy looked queerly at me all through the meal, laughing in a strange way from time to time, and at last his manner became so disrespectful and set such a bad example to his younger brothers that I called him into the pantry, cuffed him severely, and sent him off to his grandmother's to stay for a week

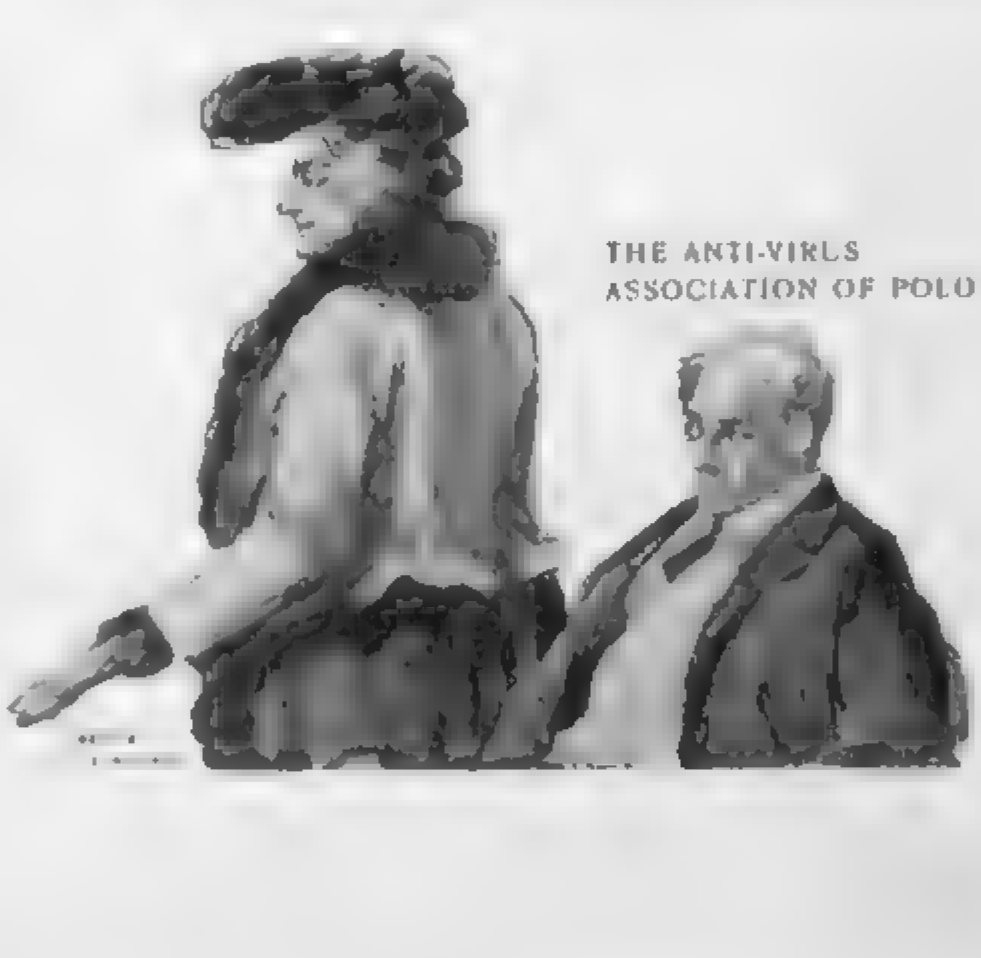
Much is to be said for a free press, I know, but it seems to me that many of the newspapers are mere instruments for debauching the public conscience. There would be a censorship, if I had my way.

Of the delegations that visited me to obtain a definition of my principles upon various subjects I shall not attempt to speak at length. I may, however, allude to the embarrassment to which I was subjected by the committee sent to see me by the Vegetarian Society of Honey Creek. Without committing myself in set terms to the doctrine of the rejection of all animal food, I spoke in language of warm eulogy of the well known refining effect of vegetable food, and I even went so far as to intimate that the slaughter of spring lambs had always appealed strongly to my tenderest feelings.

Some of the members of the committee seemed to consider me sound, if I could judge by the smiles upon their faces, but the chairman looked sternly at me, and with the air of a man who is not to be deceived by soft words demanded if I ranged myself with the Undergrounds or the Abovegrounds?

In casting about for an explanation of his meaning I learned from the whispers of a friendly member of the delegation that the Vegetarians who favor potatoes and other subterranean products are regarded with scorn and hatred by the Vegetarians who approve only of tomatoes and peas. The theory, I think, is that the vegetables of the subsoil appeal only to the lower nature, while those that grow in the sunshine tend to make men more spiritual. It was a dilemma, for how could I tell which theory found favor in Honey Creek? So I tried to compromise the matter by dwelling at some length upon the uplifting influence of celery, which, I believe, is first grown in the air and then buried in the soil

But the chairman saw through the attempt and, shaking his forefinger at me, said plainly that I was evading the question and that the committee would report against me. Talk, he said, was useless in face of the fact that he had seen the butcher



THE ANTI-VIRUS ASSOCIATION OF POLO

carrying a sirloin steak into my kitchen as the committee came through my front gate. Honey Creek, he declared as he put on his hat and headed the delegation toward the door, would know how to deal at the polls with a candidate who added duplicity to ferocious thirst for the blood of inoffensive beasts, "whose lives, I want to tell you," he said, nodding his head at me in a menacing manner, "are just as precious as yours."

The next evening I had a visit from a delegation representing the Anti-Virus Association of Polo. The purpose of the coming of these gentlemen was to ascertain if I favored compulsory vaccination. Really, you know, I had given no thought at all to the subject, and I cared nothing about it, one way or another. "Because, if you do," said the chairman, who watched me narrowly while I silently reflected upon his question, quite uncertain how to frame a judicious answer, "we demand to know if you are or are not prepared to insist upon vaccine material direct from the cow?"

This was even more perplexing, and so at length I said that as a matter of fact I had never examined the authorities upon the matter, and must confess my inability to reach thoroughly sound conclusions. For one thing, I was not aware of the precise relation of the cow to the operation of vaccination, but if the direct-from-the-cow plan was, upon the whole, thought by trained scientific minds to be the safest and best, why, of course, I was willing to commit myself unreservedly to it.

The chairman said that he was prepared, in dealing with a politician, to have an attempt at shuffling, but as an educated man I certainly knew that the word vaccination was derived from Vaccinus, a cow, showing the closest possible relation of the two things, and he gave me warning now that the Anti-Virus Association of Polo was ready to pour money into Meriweather County to defeat any candidate whose views upon this vitally important subject were of a questionable character, and, in his opinion, mine were.

When I asked him if he would be good enough to explain to me what this matter had to do with the duties of a Supervisor of Fences and Telegraph Poles, he answered, quite rudely: "It has a heap to do with it. Don't cows break down fences and rub themselves against telegraph poles? We'll show you over at Polo, when the votes are counted, what it has to do with it."

As the delegation began to withdraw I thought to restore good feeling and to close the incident happily by mentioning that I did not care for the office; but, as Mrs. Latimer had very felicitously suggested, I had consented at the urgent solicitation of my countrymen to act along the lines of the well known historical precedent established by Cincinnatus.

But the chairman, turning upon me fiercely, said that what was done in Cincinnati was one thing and what was done in Meriwether County was another thing. He spoke for nothing but Polo and cow-virus, and he meant just what he said.

Then he slammed the front door and a moment later closed the front gate with even greater violence.

McWhirr walked home from the post-office with me on the next afternoon and seemed much depressed. He said: "If you go on this way you'll wreck the whole thing. I count Polo and Honey Creek as good as lost after the way I hear you handled those two delegations yesterday. Of course they are cranks, but they have votes, and if you only *could* show some little versatility in adapting yourself to the vagaries of these people. Have you *no* acquaintance with human nature?"

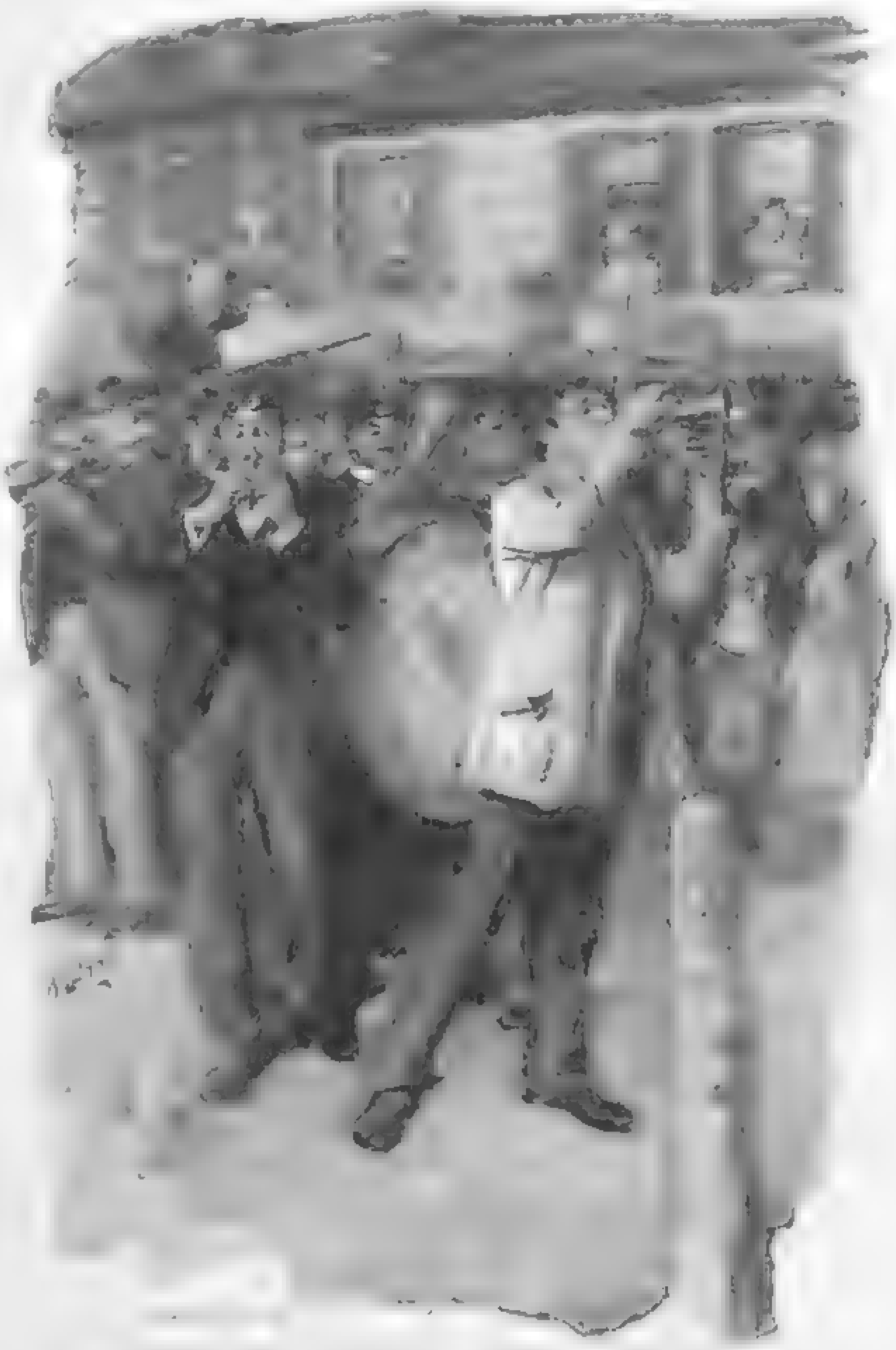
"But," I said to him, "why not let it go to wreck? That's what we want. You said yourself you wanted me to be defeated."

"Now look here, Latimer," he said angrily, "you're a candidate in the hands of the Colonel, and if you meddle with his plans and try to play politics on your own account the first thing you know you'll be in the worst kind of trouble. Mind what I tell you. I wish we had never put you up." I said I wished so, too.

"The Colonel says if he had it to do over again he'd give you the go-by and nominate an old settler. The old settlers are getting restless because they're not recognized. I wish to gracious you were one, or else a wiser man."

I was about to offer a dismal sort of pleasantry to the effect that it was useless for a man at my time of life even to begin to try to become an old settler, but McWhirr brushed it aside in a disagreeable manner and said he would send Moriarty up to see me to-morrow evening to give me some kind of drill in practical politics. Moriarty, he assured me, was past master in the business, and perhaps even I could learn from him some of the elementary principles of the thing.

So Moriarty came. He was a big ruffian who towered above me in my parlor and looked down upon me, making me feel smaller than I really am. I have tried not to hate that man. He addressed me as sonny, and almost the first question he asked me was if I was fly. I hardly knew how to talk to a man of that kind; I was so much embarrassed that just for the sake of saying something I mentioned that Mrs. Latimer had recalled an incident in the life of Cincinnatus as having some resemblance to my embarkation in the campaign for Reform. What do you think he answered? "Reform nit!" Extraordinary, wasn't it?



EXTINGUISHING THE ENTHUSIASM FOR REFORM BY ORIGINAL AND RECKLESS INTERPRETATIONS OF POPULAR SELECTIONS

Moriarty, however, went on to say that McWhirr told him I was a slush-and-mush man with a mud head and no sand in my holder, "but I can see at a glance," he said, "that you're one of us. I'd know you anywheres for a sundowner. What we're going to do is to give the Regulars hot stuff by the fiddleful, and when I get at 'em you take notice that you'll hear 'em gurgle; mark me!"

I interrupted him to say that if he had any suggestions to make for my personal line of action I was willing to hear them. But he replied to the effect that my best hold was to give him plenty of dough and then go off by myself and saw wood. I never could understand slang, so even when he asked me if I had any long green in my clothes his design was not clear to me. But at last he made it plain that he wanted money, and I gathered that he wished to use it for corrupt purposes. I told him flatly that I would not give him a dollar.

Then the ruffian became enraged, shook his fist at me and said I was a sawduster and ought to go and play dolls with real baby clothes, instead of trying to play politics.

I ordered him to quit the house, but he jumped at me so that I was compelled to retreat behind the sofa. He roared out that he knew I was a defaulter at the bank and he had the written confession of my pal, and then he said, "You'll do time, young feller, before I quit you. You'll hear yourself sizzle on the iron bars. I'll jot you down in my diary," he said.

You know how helpless a small man is with a gigantic brigand like this, and so I slipped from the shelter of the sofa and ran upstairs, leaving the parlor at the mercy of the scoundrel. As I passed through the doorway I heard him say that I was a snoozer.

I was really afraid the fellow would plot some harm to me or to my family, and I told McWhirr so when I saw him in the morning; but McWhirr looked gloomy and said that if my nomination papers hadn't been filed with the Secretary of the Commonwealth he would insist upon my getting off the ticket before I offended with my strange conduct any other of the devoted adherents of the cause. However, said McWhirr, we just have to make the best of a bad job; and then he said that if I couldn't do anything for the cause myself perhaps some of my friends could, and would I ask some of the young men in my Bible-class to attend a mass meeting of the Regulars in Maginnis Hall and sit on the front benches and howl down the speakers. "Every little helps," he said.

Mrs. Latimer, in reflecting upon this really indecent suggestion, said she never before fully realized the wickedness of politics.

On the following Tuesday afternoon the express man dumped upon my front porch a box of strange appearance. It was made of wood, with strips of muslin glued along the edges and with a bit of string hanging from a hole in the lid. I was not expecting anything to come to me by express, and while I stood there looking at the box, thus strangely prepared, I wondered what it could be.

When Mrs. Latimer came out she reminded me of the threats made by Moriarty and said she was sure it was an infernal machine. An instant later she darted into the hall, bolted the door with queer thoughtlessness of the peril in which she left her husband, and flew upstairs, where she buried herself in the bedclothes. I forgave her freely, for I felt that she was unnerved. Nor could I blame her for having fear, for Moriarty was capable of anything, and I had heard McWhirr himself say that if you can assassinate a candidate it sometimes helps the cause, for you get rid of a man you don't want and you make votes by fastening the crime on the enemy. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," McWhirr said to me with his own lips, in speaking of just such a case out in Arizona.

As a matter of philosophy this, no doubt, is perfectly sound, but I am an unaspiring man, with no longings for the honors of martyrdom and, besides, I have a wife and children, with not a dollar of insurance on my life, and my house was burdened with a small mortgage.

I had an impulse to fly down the street, leaving the box lying there, but that seemed cowardly. Suppose it should be exploded by clockwork, blowing Mrs. Latimer to atoms and reducing the house to splinters and the mortgage to waste-paper? The thought was intolerable. I walked around to the back of the house and got the garden-hose. Fastening it to the spigot I turned a stream of water upon the wicked-looking box, determined to saturate it until the explosives should be made harmless. While I was engaged in this work our policeman, Barker, came by and I called him in. When I had explained to him the nature of my fears respecting the box he looked grave and said:

"Very likely, Mr. Latimer. It looks like an infernal machine, don't it? The Regulars are bilin' mad at you and there's no knowin' what they'll do."

"I think the best thing to do," I said, "would be for the police authorities to investigate it. Suppose you take it down to the station house?"

Barker walked around the box four or five times, looking closely at it, and then he said he thought he heard wheels going around inside. I was sure he was mistaken. Then he proposed that we should touch a match to the end of the string and run. This seemed to me to be mere madness. Barker said he wasn't afraid of the thing but, if he carried it, it would wet his uniform and that was against the regulations. I proposed a wheelbarrow, but he asked me if I didn't know that to jolt dynamite would be to blow us both into eternity. Finally he said that if the job was worth seventy-five cents to me, and I would take care of the orphans if there should be an explosion, he thought he knew a man who would take the risk of carrying it off. I gave him the money and promised to look after any children who should be deprived of their parent by an accident to the box, and then I urged him to go and find the man at once. Barker put the silver in his pocket, walked around the box twice more, then picked it up and, holding it away from him, walked rapidly to the station house.

I called Mrs. Latimer and we stood upon the porch, waiting to hear the explosion. In twenty minutes Barker returned with sunshine upon his face and handed me a wet letter, the ink upon which had run in such a manner that I could read the contents with difficulty. It was from the Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Rights Association of Happy Hollow, saying that the Society, recognizing the fact that my candidacy was a tribute to, as my election would be a victory for, the cause of Woman Suffrage, begged me to accept with its warmest congratulations the eight pounds of caramels sent in the box with this letter

As I folded the letter, Mrs. Latimer, whose fears, of course, had been completely removed, asked Policeman Barker where the caramels were. "Sp'iled, mam. Sp'iled by Mr. Latimer squirtin' the hose on 'em." But, in truth, I noticed chocolate-stains about the corners of Barker's mouth, and he had a guilty look wholly foreign to his usually honest and open countenance.

Unfortunately the news of this incident got about and created much amusement, and McWhirr, with the air of a man from whose soul Hope has forever fled, said that if he didn't know positively I was a square man he would actually believe the Regulars had bribed me to work against the Reform ticket. Despair was in every tone of his voice, and he said the Colonel was publicly using language about me that was not fit to print.

But there is no use in prolonging the narrative of the events of the campaign. Election day came and passed, and all the candidates on the Reform ticket were defeated but the Colonel and me. The Colonel had 1457 majority and I was elected by four votes.

The result seemed to me strange. McWhirr explained that the Colonel had done the biggest job in trading that he ever heard of. But my election was a serious matter. He said I was the last man he ever should have suspected of doing crooked work. I asked him what he meant. He answered that he thought I hadn't wanted the office, and why I should take such chances of criminal prosecution for a place that was worth only three hundred dollars a year, and I to find my own horse and buggy, was beyond him. The fraudulent voting had been awful. The Colonel had declared he never saw anything like it even in his experience. "Queer," said McWhirr, "how a man always goes so far in his first step from the paths of rectitude. There's trouble ahead for you, Latimer. You know I told you politics was a dangerous thing to fool with."

When the Colonel sent for me I went down to his headquarters at the Eagle Hotel He had with him the defeated Regular candidate for Sheriff. The Colonel had just made this man his first deputy.

"My plans," said the Colonel, "slipped a cog, somehow or other. I had laid it out to beat you. You voted for yourself, of course, but some of your friends must have done lively work. I hear queer stories about your Bible-class

I asked him to explain himself, and then he said he had been conducting a Reform campaign and had to be careful. He was willing to pass this thing of mine by unless the opposition took it into the courts. But Dixon, the Regular chairman, was furious, and it might be necessary to throw him a victim

He said he would see Dixon

This was on Wednesday. On Thursday Moriarty and seven other ruffians, most of them from Susanville, were arrested for repeating. In the magistrate's office they all swore they were members of Latimer's Bible-class and that I had hired them to do the work. Moriarty said that I first made the proposition after the lesson on the preceding Sunday, and that he was so much shocked that he completely lost his presence of mind.

You know how news of that kind flies about in a small town. My pastor called the same evening, and after speaking with deep feeling about the demoralizing influence of greed for office, and about the awful example to my children, he said to me, "Go away somewhere, dear friend, and try to live down your past."

The fat German who played the saxophone also came to the kitchen door and urged me to return to Germany. He said he knew his father would forgive the four dollars; he would write to him about it; and he would ask his father to give me lessons on the saxophone so that I could join a German band and begin my life over again.

Mrs. Latimer, whose distress was of the most dreadful character, insisted that I should take legal advice and so I called in Major Wilson.

The Major, after examining the case, said he considered the situation grave. "Whichever way you look at it," urged he, "you must lose. If you make an unsuccessful defense against the charge that you instigated your Bible-class to stuff the ballot-boxes with fraudulent votes (and I don't see how you can overthrow the testimony of Moriarty) you go to prison. If you prove that you are not guilty, you will have to accept the office to which you were elected or go to prison. The law gives you no option. If you accept the office you give up a $2500 place for a $300 place and you are a ruined man. Your mortgage will be foreclosed in three days. So there you are. It is a bad job. I don't think I ever handled a tougher problem than how to keep you from incarceration or from financial ruin."

He said he hated to suggest separation from my family, but, as my friend as well as my counsel, he inclined to believe the easiest solution of the difficulty was for me to get away quietly in the night, and in some distant clime, where I was not known, to try to struggle to my feet again.

I asked him if he didn't think this was pretty hard for a man whose sole motive for appearing in public life was that which had animated Cincinnatus, namely, a desire to serve his fellow-countrymen?

But the Major said the cases were different; times had changed; Cincinnatus, in his view, was rather a shady character anyhow, and even supposing him to have been all right, things nowadays didn't work as they used to. The Major said he had no money to lend, but if I was short of traveling expenses he would take my house off of my hands for spot cash, which he could borrow.

I had better act quickly, because as he came up the street he heard that the directors of the bank had experts at work on my books, looking up evidence of a possible shortage; and the president told him yesterday that, no matter what the examination showed, they were determined to sever my connection with the bank, because it was unsafe for a financial institution to have an employee concerning whom such ugly rumors were in circulation.

And so here I am, down in this remote Mexican mining town, keeping books for the Turalura Silver Mining Company, my reputation blasted, my home broken up, and I an exile from my native land. Not that I care so much for exile, for the Republic is lost beyond hope. The Colonel and McWhirr will kill it, if nobody else does. I shall try to keep out of politics here. But I do wish you would look up a matter for me. What *are* the exact facts, anyway, about Cincinnatus?

THE BOSS

By Alfred Henry Lewis

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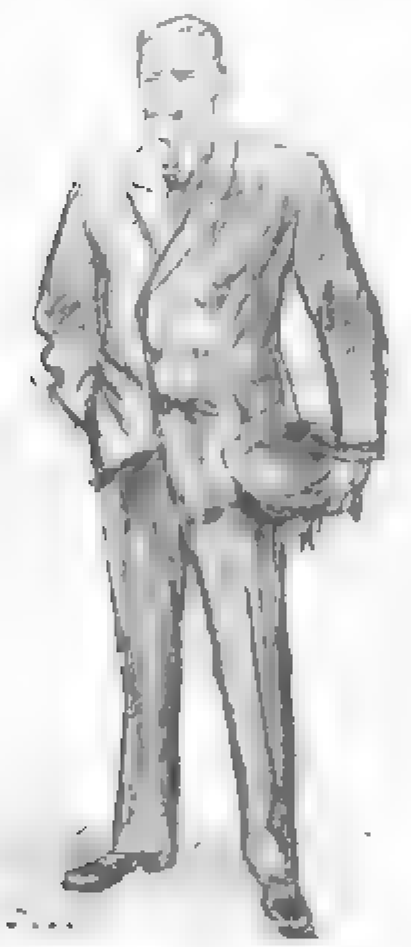


INSPECTOR McCUE

CHAPTER XXI
(Concluded)

IT WAS within the twenty-four hours I learned that the Widow Van Flange was dead; and the thought of her son was in her heart and on her lips as her spirit passed. But the son, bleared and drunken, gambled on in the Barclay Street den, untouched. The counters did not shake in his hand, nor did the blood run cold in his veins, as he continued to stake her fortune and his own in sottish ignorance.

One morning, when the first snow of winter was beating in gusty swirls against the panes, Morton walked in upon me. I had not seen that middle-aged dandy since the day I laid out my social hopes and fears for Blossom. It being broad September at the time, Morton had pointed out how nothing might be done before the snows.

"For our society people," observed Morton on that September occasion, "are migratory, like the wild geese they so much resemble. At this time they are leaving Newport for the country. They will not be found in town until the frost."

Now, when the snow and Morton appeared together, I recalled our conversation. I at once concluded that his visit had somewhat to do with our drawing-room designs. Nor was I in the wrong.

"But first," said he, when in response to my question he had confessed as much, "let us decide another matter. Business before pleasure; the getting of money should have precedence over its dissipation. I am about to dig and wall a conduit the whole length of the Mulberry, and I desire you to ask your street department to take no invidious notice of the enterprise."

"But your franchise," said I, "does not call for a conduit."

"We will put it on the ground that the Mulberry intends to change to the underground trolley. That will give us the argument; and I think, if needs press, your corporation counsel can read the law that way."

"But what do you want the conduit for?"

"There's nothing definite or sure as yet. My notion, however, is to inaugurate an electric-light company. The conduit, too, would do for telephone or telegraph wires. It's a good thing to have; and my men, when the weather softens a bit, might as well be about the digging. All that's wanted of you, old chap, is to issue your orders to the department people to stand aloof and offer no interruptions. It will be a great asset in the hands of the Mulberry, that conduit; I shall increase the capital stock by five millions, don't y' know, on the strength of it. Of course your interest will be looked after."

"I suppose your charter isn't in the way?"

"The charter contemplates the right on the part of the Mulberry to change its power. We shall declare in favor of shifting to the underground trolley, although, really, we won't say when. The necessity of a conduit follows, don't y' know! Anybody can see that."

"Very well!" I replied, "there shall be no interference. If the papers grumble, I leave you and them to fight it out."

"Now that's settled," said Morton, producing his infallible cigarette, "let us turn to those social victories we have in contemplation. I take it you remain firm in those frantic resolutions?"

"I do it for the good of my child," said I.

"Well, I was sure you would not change," said Morton. "You know the De Mudds? One of our best families, the De Mudds—really! They are on the brink of a tremendous function. They'll dine, and they'll dance, and all that sort of thing. They've sent you cards, the De Mudds have; and you and your daughter are to come. It's the thing to do; you can conquer society in the gross at the De Mudds, don't y' know. When I proposed you for her notice Mamma De Mudd asked what you were

"'He's a despot,' said I, 'and rules New York. Every man in town is his serf.' When Mamma De Mudd got this magnificent idea into her head she was eager to see you; she was, really!

"However,". concluded Morton, "let us change the subject."

"Speaking of new topics, then," said I, "let me ask of your father. How does he fare these days?"

"Busy, exceeding busy!" returned Morton "He's buying a home in New Jersey. Oh, no, he won't live there; but he requires it as a basis for declaring that he's changed his residence. You'd wonder to see how frugal the old gentleman has grown in his old age. It's the personal property tax that bothers him; two per cent. on twenty millions comes to quite a sum, don't y' know. The old gentleman doesn't like it; so he's going to change his residence to New Jersey. To be sure, while he'll reside in New Jersey he'll continue to live here, as he always has.

"'It's a fribble, Father,' said I, when he set forth his little game. 'Why don't you go down to the tax office and commit perjury like a man? All your friends do.'

"But, really! he couldn't, and he said so. The old gentleman lacks in those rugged characteristics required when one swears to a point blank lie."

When Morton was gone I gave myself to pleasant dreams concerning Blossom. I was sure that the near company and conversation of those men and women of the better world, whom she was so soon to find about her, would accomplish all for which I prayed. Her nerves would be cooled; she would be drawn from out that hypochondria into which, throughout her life, she had been sinking as in a quicksand. I had not unfolded either my anxieties or my designs to Blossom. Now I would have Anne tell her of my plans. There would be time enough in which to prepare the necessary wardrobe. She should have the best *modistes;* none must outshine my girl, and of that I was resolved. These dress-labors, with their selections and fittings, would of themselves be excellent. They would employ her fancy, and save her from foolish fears of the De Mudds and an encounter which she might think on as an ordeal. I never once considered myself—I, who was as ignorant of parlors as a cart-horse! Blossom held utterly my thoughts. My heart would be implacable until it beheld her, placed and sure of herself, in the pleasant midst of those most elevated circles, toward which not alone my faith but my admiration turned its eyes. I should be proud of her station, as well as relieved on the score of her health, when Blossom, serene and even contained, and mistress of her own house, mingled on equal terms with those who had credit as the highest in the land. Was this the dream of a peasant grown rich? Was it the doting vision of a father mad with fondness? Why should I not so spread the nets of my money and my power as to ensnare eminence and the world's respect for this darling Blossom of mine? Wherein would be the wild extravagance of the conceit? Surely, there were men in every sort my inferior, and women not fit to play the rôle of maid to Blossom, who had rapped at this gate and saw it open unto them. I went home elate, high, walking on air. Nor did I consider how weak it showed that I, the stern captain of thousands, and with a great city in my hands to play or plod with, should be thus tickled with a toy! It was amazing—this building of air castles to house my Blossom in!

It stood well beyond the strike of midnight when I told Anne the word that Morton had brought. Anne raised her dove's eyes to mine when I was done, and they were wet with tears. Anne's face was as the face of a nun in its self sacrifice, and the tender, steady spirit of disinterest that looked forth from it. Now, as I exulted in a new bright life to be unrolled to the little tread of Blossom, I saw the shadows of a sorrow, vast and hopeless, settle upon Anne; she came and put her hands upon my shoulders.

"Brother," said Anne, "you must set aside these thoughts for Blossom of men and women she will never meet, of ballrooms she will never enter, of brilliant costumes she will never wear It is one and all impossible; you do not understand"

With that, irritated of too much opposition and the hateful mystery of it, I turned roughly practical.

"Well," said I, in a hardest tone, "admitting that I think on men and women she will never meet and ballrooms she will never enter, the costumes at least I control. Let but you and Blossom attend to the frocks, and you may leave me the balance for my share."

"You do not understand!" persisted Anne with sober gentleness. "Blossom would not wear an evening dress"

"Anne, you grow daft!" I cried. "How can there be any immodesty in dressing like the best dressed woman in town? The question of modesty is a question of custom; it is in the exception one will find the indelicate. I know of no one more immodest than a prude."

"Blossom is asleep," said Anne, in her patient way. Then taking a bed-candle that burned on a side-table she beckoned me "Come; I will show you what I mean. Make no noise; we must not wake Blossom. She must never know that you have seen. She has held this a secret from you, and I, for her poor sake, have done the same."

Anne opened the door into Blossom's room. My girl was in a gentle slumber. With a touch as light as down Anne drew aside the covers from about her neck

"There," whispered Anne; "there! Look on her throat!"

Once, long before, a man had hanged himself, and I was called. I had never forgotten the look of those rope marks which belted the neck of that self strangled man. Encircling the lily throat of Blossom I saw the fellow to those marks.

There were never words to tell the horror that caught me up. I turned ill, my reason stumbled on its feet. Anne led me from the room.

"The mark of the rope!" I gasped. "It is the mark of the rope!"

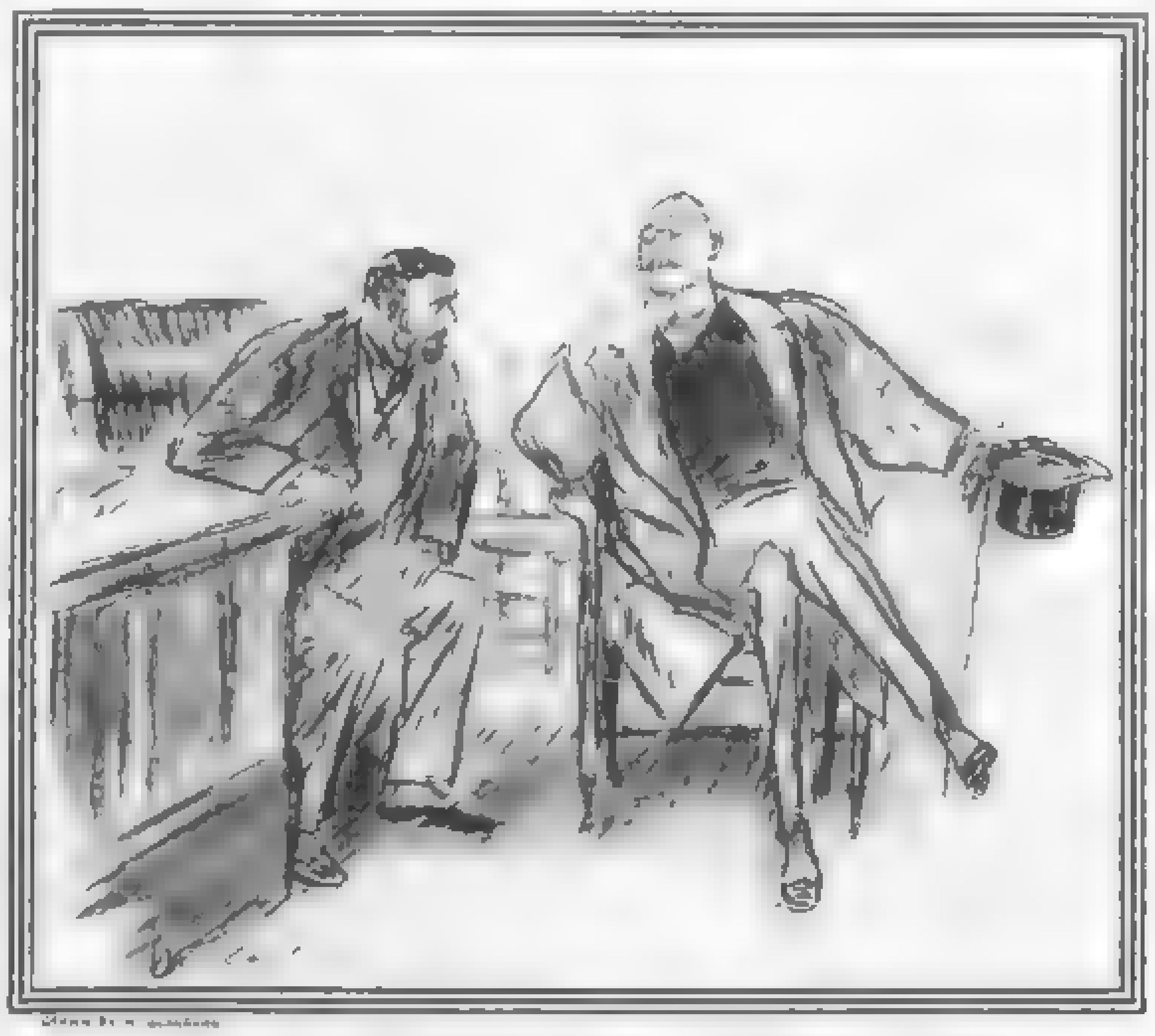
CHAPTER XXII

WHAT should it be?—this gallows brand to show like a bruised ribbon of evil about the throat of Blossom? Anne gave me the story of it. It was a birth-mark; that hangman fear which smote upon the mother when, for the death of Jimmy the Blacksmith, I was thrown into a murderer's cell, had left its hideous trace upon the child. In Blossom's infancy and in her earliest childhood the mark had lain hidden beneath the skin, as seeds lie buried and dormant in the ground Slowly, yet no less surely, the inveterate years had quickened it and brought it to the surface; it had grown and never stopped, this mark! And with each year took on an added sullenness. The best word that Anne could give me was that it would so continue in its ugly multiplication until the day of Blossom's death. There could be no escape; no curing change, by any argument of medicine or surgery, was to be brought about; there it glared and there it would remain, a mark to shrink from to the bitter last. And by that token, my plans of a drawing room for Blossom found annihilation.

Anne had said the truth; those dreams that my girl should shine, starlike, in the firmament of high society must be put away

It will have a trivial sound, and perchance be scoffed at, when I say that for myself, personally, I remember no blacker disappointment than that which overtook me as I realized how there could come none of those triumphs of chandeliers and floors of wax. Now, as I examine myself, I can tell that not a little of this was due to vanity, and a secret wish I cherished to see my child the equal of the first.

And if it were so, why should I be ashamed? Might I not claim integrity for a pride which would have found its account in such advancement? I had been a ragged boy about the streets. I had grown up ignorant; I had climbed, if climbing be the word, unaided of any pedigree or any pocketbook, into a present place of riches and autocratic sway. Wherefore, to have surrounded my daughter with the children of ones who had owned those advantages which I missed—folk of the purple, all!—and they to accept her, would have been a victory to do me credit



"LET US TURN TO THOSE SOCIAL VICTORIES WE HAVE IN CONTEMPLATION"

Following my sight of that gallows-mark, I sat for a long time recovering myself. It was a dreadful thing to think upon; the more, since it seemed to me that Blossom suffered in my stead. It was as if that halter which I defeated had taken my child for a revenge.

"What can we do?" said I at last.

I spoke more from an instinct of conversation, and because I would have the company of Anne's sympathy, than with the thought of being answered to any purpose. I was set aback, therefore, by her reply

"Let Blossom take the veil," said Anne. "A convent, and the good work of it, would give her peace."

At that I started resentfully. To one of my activity, I, who needed the world about me every moment—struggling, contending, succeeding—there could have come no word more hateful. The cell of a nun! It was as though Anne advised a refuge in the grave. I said as much, and with no special choice of phrases.

"Because Heaven in its injustice," I cried, "has destroyed half her life, she is to make it a meek present of the balance? Never, while I live! Blossom shall stay by me; I will make her happy in the teeth of Heaven."

Thus did I hurl my impious challenge in the face of Providence. What was to be the return, and the tempest it drew upon poor Blossom, I shall unfold before I am done. I have a worm of conscience whose slow mouth gnaws me; you may name it superstition if you choose. And by that I know, when now I sit here lonesome save for my gold, and with no better company than the yellow mocking leer of it that it was this, my blasphemy, which wrought in Heaven's retort the whole of that misery that came to dog my girl and drag her down. How else shall I explain that double darkness which swallowed up her innocence? It was the bolt of punishment which those skies I outraged aimed at me.

Back to my labors of politics I went with a fiercer energy than ever. My life, begun in politics, must end in politics. Still, there was a mighty change. I was not to look upon that strangling mark and escape the scar of it. I settled to a savage melancholy; I saw no pleasant moment. Constantly I ran before the hound pack of my own thoughts, a fugitive, flying from myself

Also, there came the visible signs, and my hair was to turn and lose its color until it was as white as milk. Men, in the idleness of their curiosity, would notice this and ask the cause. They were not to know; nor did Blossom ever learn how, led by Anne, I had crept upon her secret. It was a sorrow without a door, that sorrow of the hangman's mark; and because we may not remedy it we will leave it, not to be again referred to until it raps for notice of its own black will.

The death of the Widow Van Flange did not remove from before me the question of young Van Flange and his degenerate destinies. The Reverend Bronson took it up where it fell from the nerveless fingers of his mother on that day she died.

"Not that I believe he can be saved," observed the Reverend Bronson; "for if I am to judge, the boy is already lost beyond recall. But there is such a thing as a righteous vengeance, and I find it in my heart to destroy with the law those rogues who, against the law, destroy others. That Barclay Street nest of adders must be burned out; and I come to you for the fire."

In a sober, set-faced way I was amused by the dominie's extravagance. And yet I felt a call to be on my guard with him. Suppose he were to dislodge a stone which in its rolling should crash into and crush the plans of the machine! The town had been lost before, and oftener than once, as the result of beginnings no more grave. Aside from my liking for the good man, I was warned by the perils of my place to speak him softly.

"Well," said I, trying for a humorous complexion, "if you are bound for a wrestle with these blacklegs I will see that you have fair play"

"If that be true," returned the Reverend Bronson promptly, "give me Inspector McCue."

"And why Inspector McCue?" I asked. The suggestion had its baffling side. I did not know Inspector McCue; there might lurk danger in the man. "Why McCue?" I repeated. "The business of arresting gamblers belongs more with the uniformed police. Gothecore is your proper officer"

"Gothecore is not an honest man," said the Reverend Bronson with sententious frankness. "McCue, on the other hand, is an oasis in the Sahara of the police. He can be trusted. If you support him he will collect the facts and enforce the law"

"Very well," said I, "you shall take McCue. I have no official control in the matter, being but a private man like yourself. But I will speak to the Chief of Police, and doubtless he will grant my request."

"There is, at least, reason to think so," retorted the Reverend Bronson dryly.

Before I went about an order to send Inspector McCue to the Reverend Bronson I resolved to ask a question concerning him. Gothecore should be a well-head of information on that point; I would send for Gothecore. Also, it might be wise to let him hear what was afoot for his precinct He would need to be upon his defense, and to put others interested upon theirs.

Melting Moses, who still stood warder at my portals, I dispatched upon some errand. The sight of Gothecore would set him mad. I felt sorrow rather than affection for Melting Moses. There was something unsettled and mentally askew with the boy. He was queer of feature, and with the twisted, fantastic face one sees carved on the far end of a fiddle Commonly, he was light of heart, with a laugh which would have been comic had it not been for a note of the weird which rang in it. I had not asked him, on the day when he went backing for a spring at the throat of Gothecore, the reason of his hate. His exclamation, "He killed me mudder!" told the story. Besides, I could have done no good. Melting Moses would have given me no reply. The boy, true to his Bowery bringing-up, would fight out his feuds for himself, he would accept no one's help, and regarded the term "squealer" as an epithet of measureless disgrace.

When Gothecore came in I caught him at the first of it glowering furtively about as though seeking some one.

"Where is that Melting Moses?" he inquired when he saw that I observed him to be searching the place with his eye

"And why?" said I.

"I thought I'd look him over, if you didn't mind. I can't move about my precinct, nights, but he's behind me, playin' th' shadow. I want to know why he pipes me off, an' who sets him to it"

"Well, then," said I, a bit impatiently, "I should have thought a full-grown captain of police was above fearing a boy."

Without giving Gothecore further opening I told him the story of the Reverend Bronson, and that war he was about.

"And as to young Van Flange," said I. "Does he still lose his money in Barclay Street?"

"They've cleaned him up," returned Gothecore. "Billy Van Flange is gone—hook, line and sinker. He's on his uppers, goin' about panhandlin' old chums for a fiver

"They made quick work of him," was my comment

"He would have it," said Gothecore. "When his mother died th' boy got his bridle off. Th' property—about two hundred thousand dollars—was in stocks an' bonds, an' th' way he turned it into money didn't bother him a bit. He came into Barclay Street simply padded with th' long green—one-thousand dollar bills, an' all that—an' them gams took it off him so fast he caught cold. He's dead broke; th' only difference between him an' a hobo, right now, is a trunk full of clothes."

"The Reverend Bronson," said I, "has asked for Inspector McCue. What sort is McCue?"

Gothecore wrinkled his face into an expression of profound disgust.

"Who's McCue?" he repeated. "He's one of them mugwump pets. He makes a bluff about bein' honest, too, does

McCue I think he'd join a church if he took a notion it would stiffen his pull."

"But is he a man of strength? Can he make trouble?"

"Trouble?" This with contempt. "When it comes to makin' trouble, he's a false alarm."

"Well," said I in conclusion, "McCue and the dominie are going into your precinct"

"I'll tell you one thing," returned Gothecore, his face clouding up, "I think it's that same Reverend Bronson who gives Melting Moses th' office to dog me. I'll put Mr Whitechoker on to my opinion of th' racket one of these days"

"You'd better keep your muzzle on," I retorted "Your mouth will get you into trouble yet."

Gothecore went away grumbling, and much disposed to call himself ill used.

During the next few days I was to receive frequent visits from the Reverend Bronson. His mission was to enlist me in his crusade against the gamblers. I put him aside on that point

"You should remember," said I as pleasantly as I well could, "that I am a politician, not a policeman. I shall think of my party, and engage in no unusual moral exploits of the sort you suggest. The town doesn't want it done," I concluded

"The question," responded the Reverend Bronson warmly "is one of law and morality, and not of the town's desires. You say you are a politician and not a policeman. If it comes to that, I am a preacher and not a policeman Still, I no less esteem it my duty to interfere for right. I see no difference between your position and my own."

"But I do. To raid gamblers and denounce them make for your success in your profession. With me, it would be the other way. It is quite easy for you to adopt the path you do. Now I am differently placed."

"You are the head of Tammany Hall," said the Reverend Bronson solemnly. "It is a position which loads you with responsibility, since your power for good or bad in the town is absolute. You have but to point your finger at those gambling dens and they would wither from the earth."

"Now you compliment me too much," said I. "The chief of Tammany is a much weaker man than you think. Moreover, I shall not regard myself as responsible for the morals of the town."

"Take young Van Flange," went on the Reverend Bronson, disregarding my remark "They've ruined the boy; and you might have saved him."

"And there you are mistaken," I replied. "But if it were so, why should I be held for his ruin? 'I am not my brother's keeper.'"

"And so Cain said," responded the Reverend Bronson. Then, as he was departing: "I do not blame you too much, for I can see that you are vastly the slave of your position. But do not shield yourself with the word that you are not your brother's keeper. You may be made grievously to feel that your brother's welfare is your welfare, and that in his destruction your own destruction is also to be found"

Men have rallied me as superstitious, and it may be that some grains of truth lie buried in that charge. Sure it is, that this last from the Reverend Bronson was not without its uncomfortable effect. It pressed upon me in a manner vaguely dark, and when he was gone I caught myself regretting the "cleaning up," as Gothecore expressed it, of the dissolute young Van Flange.

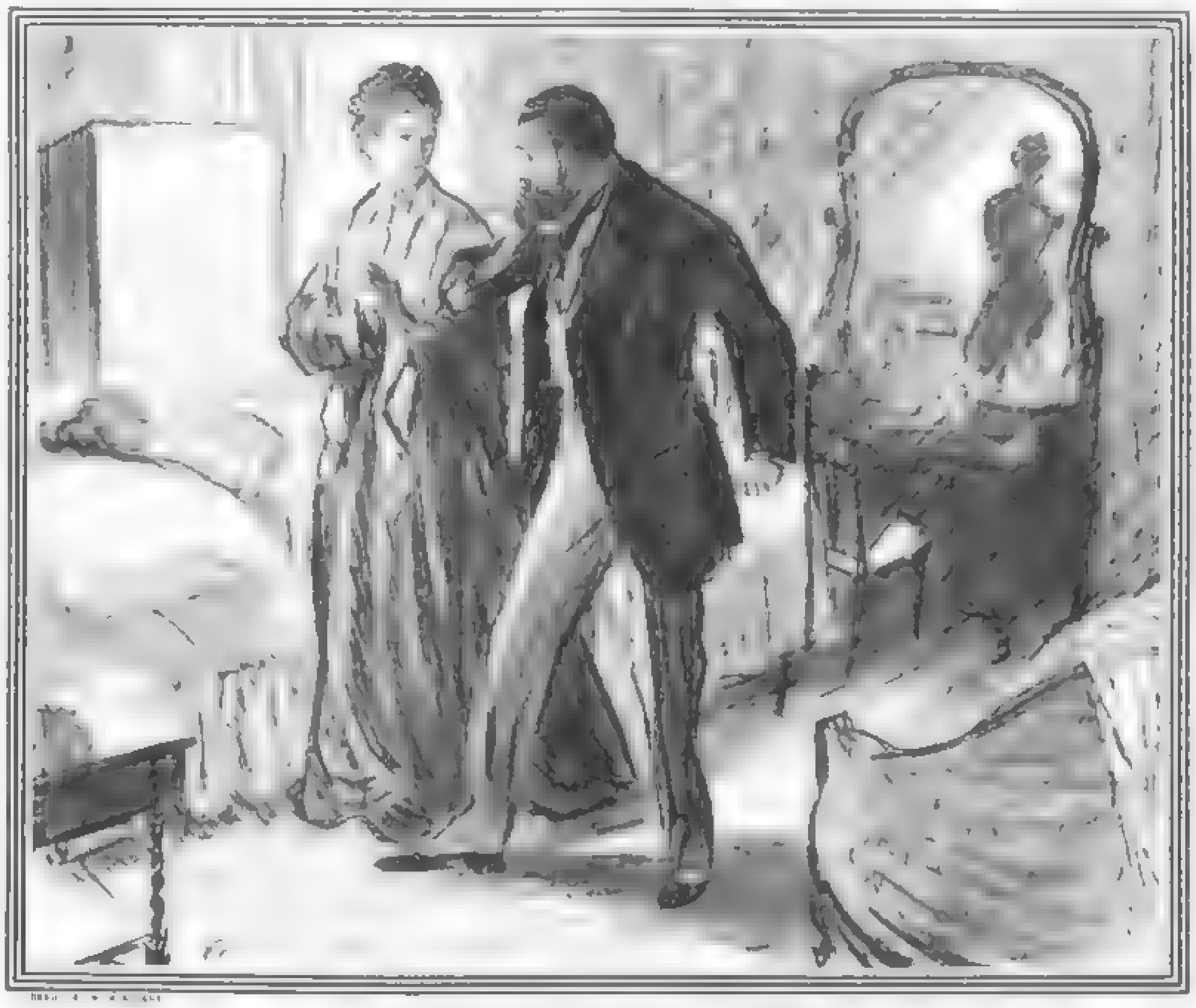
And yet, why should one feel sympathy for him who, by his resolute viciousness, struck down his own mother? If ever rascal deserved ruin, it was he who had destroyed the hopes of one who had loved him before all! The more I considered the less tender for the young Van Flange I grew And as for his destruction carrying personal scathe for me, it might, indeed, do as a flourish of the pulpit to say so, but it was a thought too far fetched, as either a warning or a prophecy, to justify one in transacting by its light his own existence, or the affairs of a great organization of politics. The end of it was that I smiled over a weakness that permitted me to be disturbed by mournful forebodings, born of those accusing preachments of the Reverend Bronson. And yet, my reverend mentor was right; and the sequel proved how those flames which licked up young Van Flange were to set my last hope of happiness in a blaze. It would seem that young Van Flange, as a topic, was in everybody's mouth Morton, having traction occasion for calling on me began to talk of him at once

"Really," observed Morton, discussing young Van Flange, "while he's a deuced bad lot, don't y' know, and not at all likely to do the Mulberry credit, I couldn't see him starve, if only for his family. So I set him to work, as far from the company's money as I could put him, and on the soberish stipend of nine hundred dollars a year. I look for the best effects from those nine hundred dollars; a chap can't dissipate on that."

The Reverend Bronson had been abroad in his campaign against those sharpers of Barclay Street for perhaps four weeks. I understood, without paying much heed to the subject, that he was seeking the evidence of their crimes, with a final purpose of haling them before a court. There had been no public stir; the papers had said nothing. What steps had been taken were taken without noise. I doubted not that the investigation would in the finish die out. The hunted ones of Barclay Street were well used to the rôle of fugitive, and since Gothecore kept them well informed of the enemy's strategy, I could not think they would offer the Reverend Bronson and his ally, McCue, any too much margin

As yet I had never seen this McCue. By that I knew him to be an honest man. Not that one is to understand how no one save a rogue would come to me. I need hardly explain, however, that every policeman of dubious methods was eagerly prone to make my acquaintance. It was a merest instinct of caution; the storm might break, and he require a friend. Now this McCue had never sought to know me, and so I argued that his record was pure white

This did not please me; I preferred men on whom one might have some hold. These folk of a smooth honesty go through one's fingers like water, and no more of a grip to be obtained upon them than upon the Hudson. I made up my mind that I would see this McCue



"THE MARK OF THE ROPE!" I GASPED

Still, I did not send for him; it was no part of my policy to exhibit concern in one with whom I was unacquainted, and who might later open his mouth to quote it against me. McCue, however, was so much inclined to humor my desire, that one afternoon he walked into my presence of his own free will.

"My name is McCue," said he; "Inspector McCue." I motioned him to a chair. "I've been told to collect evidence against certain gamblers in Barclay Street," he added. Then he came to a full stop.

While I waited for him to go on in his own way and time I studied Inspector McCue. He was a square-shouldered man, cautious, keen, resolute; and yet practical, and not one to throw himself away in the jaws of the impossible. What he had come to say presently proved my estimate of him. On the whole, I didn't like the looks of Inspector McCue

"What is your purpose?" I asked at last. "I need not tell you that I have no official interest in what you may be about. Still less have I a personal concern."

Inspector McCue's only reply was a grimace that did not add to his popularity. Next he went boldly to his object

"What I want to say is this," said he. "I've collected the evidence I was sent after. I can lay my hands on the men involved as keepers and dealers in that Barclay Street den. But I'm old enough to know that all the evidence in the world won't convict these crooks unless the machine is willing. I'm ready to go ahead and take my chances. But I'm not ready to run against a stone wall in the dark. I'd be crazy, where no good can come, to throw myself away."

"Now this is doubtless of interest to you," I replied, putting some impression of distance into my tones, "but what have I to do with the matter?"

"Only this," returned McCue. "I'd like to have you tell me flat whether or no you want these parties pinched."

"Inspector McCue," said I, "if that be your name and title, it sticks in my head that you are making a mistake You ask me a question which you might better put to your chief"

"We won't dispute about it," returned my caller, "and I'm not here to give offense. I am willing to do my duty; but as I've tried to explain, I don't care to sacrifice myself if the game's been settled against me in advance. You speak of my going to the chief. If arrests are to be made, he's the last man I ought to get my orders from."

"If you will be so good as to explain?" said I.

"Because, if I am to go on, I must begin by collaring the chief. He's the principal owner of that Barclay Street joint."

This was indeed news, and I had no difficulty in looking grave

"Captain Gothecore is in it, too; but his end of it lies with the restaurant keeper. That check-cashing was a case of flam; there was a hold-out went with that play. The boy, Van Flange, was always drunk, and the best he ever got for, say, a five hundred dollar check was three hundred dollars. Gothecore was in on the difference. There's the lay-out. Not a pleasant outlook, certainly, and not worth attempting arrests about unless I know that the machine is at my back."

"You keep using the term 'machine,'" said I coldly. "If by that you mean Tammany Hall, I may tell you, sir, that the 'machine' has no concern in the affair. You will do your duty as you see it."

Inspector McCue sat biting his lips. After a moment he got upon his feet to go

"I think it would have been better," said he, "if you had met me frankly. However, I've shown you my hand; now I'll tell you what my course will be. This is Wednesday. I must, as you've said yourself, do my duty. If—mark you, I say '*If*'—if I am in charge of this case on Saturday I shall make the arrests I've indicated."

"Did you ever see such gall!" exclaimed the Chief of Police when I recounted my conversation with Inspector McCue. Then, holding up his pudgy hands in a manner of pathetic remonstrance "It shows what I told you long ago. One honest man will put th' whole force on th' bum!"

Inspector McCue, on the day after his visit, was removed from his place at the bureau of detectives and ordered to a place in the drear, far regions of the Bronx The order was hardly dry on the paper when there descended upon me the Reverend Bronson, his eye sparkling with indignation, and a protest against this Siberia for McCue apparent in his face

"And this," cried the Reverend Bronson as he came through the door, "And this is what comes to an officer who is willing to do his duty!"

"Sit down, Doctor," said I soothingly, at the same time placing a chair; "sit down."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Another Guess Coming

DAVID BELASCO, the playwright, wears a collar-and-necktie arrangement that makes him look like a priest

A few days ago he was on a Broadway car in New York and, as usual, was standing, because the car was crowded.

Two women near him, who were sitting, looked at him closely and had a discussion about him. Finally, one said audibly, "I'm going to," and rose with a bow. "Father," she said, "I wish you would take my seat"

At that the other woman pulled her companion back in the seat. "You sit down here, Maggie," she exclaimed; "don't you see he isn't a priest, but a rabbi"

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶Sing Sing is a powerful sermon in stone.

¶A lawn-tennis mind cannot appreciate a football soul.

¶A loose wrapper on a cigar is not necessarily a Mother Hubbard.

¶Germs and kisses may go together, but osculation defies inoculation.

¶Considering the angels connected with the chorus, how few are the carols!

¶A woman is always ready for a proposal and a man never expects a refusal.

¶The meek shall inherit the earth, but the trusts collect the inheritance tax.

¶A man once tried to imprison a secret in an apartment house, but it soon got out.

¶Too many people capitalize their thoughts without allowing for a shrinkage of values.

¶A man who can read his own love letters without blushing has passed the boundaries of reform.

¶Politeness reaches its supreme test in the assumption of cheerfulness when an unwelcome guest tells a funny story.

¶Once upon a time opportunity failed to knock at a wise man's door. But he advertised for her and she came and stayed.

Some Substantial Gains

ONE of the worst blots on the nineteenth century was the bad municipal government in the United States. One of the best promises of the twentieth century is the reform of this distressing record.

Throughout the country the good signs appear. The gains are not so complete as we might wish, but they are substantial. New York presents a variety of views, dissatisfactions and prophecies, but out of all stands forth the fact that even Tammany was so driven by the new spirit that it indorsed some of the leading candidates on the reform ticket. Undoubtedly its purpose was more a matter of policy than an act of conscience, but the result was a distinct advance in the municipal situation with a corresponding moral effect throughout the country. It is a gain that almost amounts to a triumph.

In the early part of the year Thomas G. Hayes, then Mayor of Baltimore, contributed to this magazine an article telling how he had banished graft from that boss-ridden municipality and how he had gained the bitter hatred of the political managers by his work. Shortly afterward he had a fight for a renomination, and the bosses opposed him with might and main, and succeeded in defeating him by a narrow majority. To do this they selected Robert M. McLane, who, although only thirty years of age, had achieved position by his ability and high character. He went into office as an anti-Hayes candidate, and the bosses expected him to hand over the municipal patronage. Behold the result! A few days ago he made his appointments for the four years of his term, and there was not on the list a single man whom the bosses wanted, for he reappointed the city engineer, the water engineer, the health commissioner, the commissioner of lighting, the harbor engineer and others, thus continuing in force practically the whole working machinery of the city, and recognizing, in the most open way possible, the spirit of reform and the law and the letter of the merit system. Ten years ago such a thing in Baltimore would have been looked upon as grotesquely impossible.

We have the records from Chicago. They do not give perfect satisfaction, but they show wonderful improvements. There is a good board of aldermen there. There is at work a civic revival. Mayor Harrison, who has yet more than a year to serve, declares openly that the City Hall is a beehive of graft. Though so much is known and admitted the evidence cannot be put in legal shape. But at the same time the Mayor announces a grim determination to pursue the wrongdoers and to do all in his power to correct the evils. We read in the Chicago newspapers a higher hopefulness, and there is every reason to believe that the great city of the West will work out its permanent salvation.

In St. Louis and Minneapolis there have been deplorable scandals, but the exposure of them has not ended in glittering generalities. There has been a pursuit of the criminals until many of them have been brought to the bar of justice. This is a change from the old days. It is another manifestation of the new order which carries its fight to the end.

In the South we find New Orleans unshackled from the old-time robbers and so sure of her freedom that she is busy at work carrying out plans of public improvement that include an $18,000,000 sewerage system and other public enterprises that will involve between $30,000,000 and $40,000,000, all under the supervision of leading citizens who will see that the city gets full return for the money invested.

We might add other examples which show how real is the new reform. For instance, within the past ten years more than twenty great municipal buildings, costing in the aggregate $25,000,000, have been erected under the direction of commissions as cheaply as they could have been built for private enterprise, and without even the suggestion of scandal.

Surely, all these things count; surely they make us feel more confident of the future and of the right solution of the big problems which arise in the government of our great centres of population.

Slopping Over

OF COURSE we are a great people, but there are times when we seem quite unable to resist the tendency to slop over. We did it when Dewey came back from Manila. We did it when Prince Henry of Prussia made his little visit. Lately the sedate and cold-blooded New Englanders have been doing it again in order that the Honourable Artillery Company of London and the universe generally may have no doubt of the almost cosmic enthusiasm with which the advent of these altogether worthy gentlemen was received.

The accounts of the "sixty-thousand-dollar banquet" in that supreme shrine of musical culture, Symphony Hall, seem to be made up of a combination of the Arabian Nights Tales and selections from a department-store catalogue. The floor was covered with "a rich, dark red carpet," seventy-five feet wide and one hundred feet long, "woven especially for this occasion." The decorators, we are told, used no less than ten thousand roses, five thousand yellow chrysanthemum blooms, eight thousand yards of laurel, and one thousand cases of smilax, imported for the purpose from Cuba. A colossal British crown, its jewels blazing with electric lights, occupied the centre of the stage. The decorations and lighting alone cost nine thousand dollars. The cost of the dinner was "seventy-five dollars a plate." The cost of the eight hundred gallons of wine was not made public, but the cigars in their silver cases were valued at something like twenty-five hundred dollars.

Every one of the one thousand and fifty guests was presented with a silver loving cup by way of souvenir.

From the decorative and culinary points of view there can be no doubt that the banquet was a magnificent affair, and it is perhaps not strange that where so much stress was laid on the setting of the scene, the post-prandial exercises sank somewhat below the level of the Concord School of Philosophy. The speeches, such as they were, at least gave unalloyed delight to those who were fortunate enough to be present. As Hawthorne said of a certain occasion of similar significance, they upset the drawn butter of good feeling and mutually wallowed in the manifestation of fellowship thus created.

It is well that our national heroes should return with all their blushing honors thick upon them. It is desirable that foreign personages of more or less eminence, and organizations of gastronomical and other renown, should visit our hospitable shores. It would perhaps not be amiss, however, if the promoters of national and international receptions would bear in mind Talleyrand's famous adhortation: "Above all, gentlemen, not too much zeal," or, in plain American, "Don't slop over."

Consistency the Coward

ONE Ohio statesman challenged another to joint debate. The second retorted: "First I want to hear a joint debate between the year of 1903 and the year of 1893." This bit of wit was received with loud guffaws of delight, and the followers and partisans of the statesman thus reminded of his inconsistency were abashed and silenced. Apparently the charge that a man has changed his mind will never lose its power to handicap him.

Yet the fact that a man does not change his mind is proof positive either that he has no mind to change or that he is playing the hypocrite before the world and is a traitor to his better self.

The only kind of courage worth praising is the kind that fearlessly expresses to-day what seems to be true, without regard to what seemed to be true yesterday. Principles are changeless, but the application of principles must change incessantly.

As Machiavelli long ago pointed out, some of the greatest failures in history have been those of successful men who did not realize that the policy that wins in one set of circumstances is fatal in another set. One of the very great qualities is adaptability—the adaptability of iron that can be moulded to any shape, yet always remains iron.

Hard Luck and Hard Sense

ONE of the keenest politicians that this country ever produced took a vacation and went to Europe. At the suggestion of friends whom he met in London he decided to secure the services of that useful functionary known as a "man," a combination of valet and companion. He reduced the applicants to one, and was about to complete the negotiations when the fortunate person began to tell him of his career, his ambitions, opportunities and misfortunes—a genuine hard-luck story. The politician listened for a while and then suddenly interposed: "I find that I do not want you," and when pressed for his reason, added: "I never hire hard-luck people, especially the kind who talk about it."

There seems to be an injustice in this, and there doubtless is. At the same time this politician was a judge of men or he would not have been a successful politician.

Most persons who have achieved success are obliged to listen to hard-luck stories despite their efforts to avoid them. The main reason the modern merchant or manager surrounds himself by an office guard, and protects himself by anterooms and swinging gates, is to escape callers who want to take up his time by narratives of their misfortunes.

Every large centre of population has its army of hard luck sufferers, and among them are men of education, men of position, men who are almost, but not quite, strong enough to reach success.

Their point of view is out of compass; their bearings are wrong; their attitude is that some one who has succeeded must make amends for their own shortcomings. These unfortunates are probably the most hopeless persons in the world—hopeless not so much in their own ideas as in the possibilities of their reformation. When a man places his own inadequacy on ill luck he is not worth anything to anybody—not even to himself.

Luck is the tide, nothing more. The strong man rows with it if it makes toward his port. He rows against it if it flows the other way. Fair or foul, flood or ebb, he rows. And the world has very little time to waste on the man who complains that the tide did not turn at every bend to suit his course.

Government by Pull

AT A TIME when England needs at the helm a statesman, a man of broad experience in practical affairs and of many-sided common-sense, she has—Mr. Balfour, a scholar in politics, a dreamer and an abstract theorist. Why? Because his uncle, a man of real power and real efficiency, arbitrarily put him at the head of the Conservative party and gave him the premiership.

"Pull" is the tremendous fact in England to-day. A blight upon every nation, it is almost a blasting force upon England. Absence of pull has been the big fact in our public and private life heretofore. But with increasing complexity, with the multiplication of families of established wealth, pull is becoming more and more a factor.

This is a calamity. It ought to become a personal issue with every man whose patriotism is not a mere matter of fireworks.

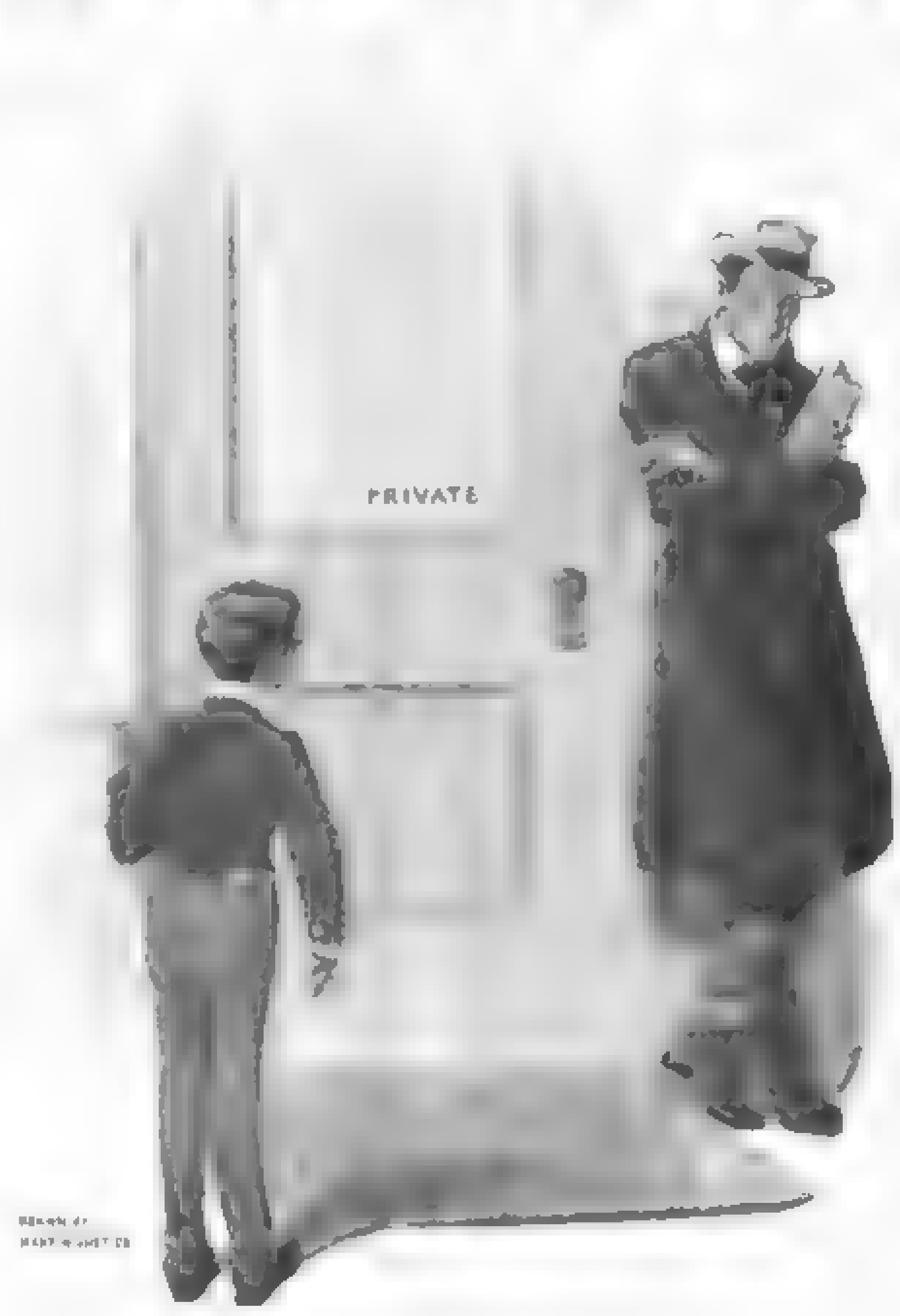
BOGUS CHARITY

By JAMES L. FORD

IT WOULD be interesting, were it possible, to trace every dollar that is given during the year under the name of charity, and see how many of them accomplish a full one hundred cents' worth of real good in the work of relieving poverty and suffering. Could this be done accurately and truthfully the result would be pitifully discouraging to those who are in the habit of giving generously from sheer love of human kind. And could the real spirit that animates some of these gifts be shown, human nature would suffer materially in the popular estimation

It is impossible to make these estimates with anything like accuracy, because not one of us is competent to judge human motive; and besides, there is, even in an age that is generally called selfish, a constant and undreamt of outpouring of that genuine charity that falls like the gentle dew of heaven upon the just as well as the unjust, and is offered by the right hand without knowledge of the left, in sums that vary from the anonymous hundred thousand dollar bequest to some deserving institution, down —or perhaps up—to the penny dropped into the cripple's hat by some unfortunate almost as poor as himself.

That is the sort of charity that it is pleasant to contemplate, and yet it is sad to think how many of the dollars thus unselfishly given not only fail to benefit humanity to their full value, but actually do harm by encouraging the unworthy persons and institutions that are a constant drain on the community. I know that whenever I hear of some bogus "home" or a charitable institution whose first care is to pay the salaries of the various secretaries and treasurers, managers and superintendents who conduct it, I cannot help thinking also of the worthy and charitably inclined men and women who are conscientiously denying themselves some luxury in order that they may contribute to what they devoutly believe to be a good work. And the same feeling, in perhaps even a greater degree, comes over me when I see some hard-working, poorly fed and clothed woman pausing on her way home after her day's toil to place the coin that she can ill afford in the hands of the self deformed and whining mendicant who owns the house that he lives in One of New York's most noted and learned judges, and one, too, who has a genuine and deep knowledge of what goes on in the affairs of the town, told me once that if the truth were known, as he knew it, regarding the manner in which some of the bogus charitable institutions in New York were conducted intelligent philanthropists would refuse to give a dollar toward any scheme of benevolence without the most thorough and painstaking investigation.



A Wing with a String to It

"WE HEAR a great deal about the large checks which are given from time to time by men and women wishing to become famous for their philanthropy," said this eminent jurist to me, "but did you ever hear of a case in which the restrictions that hamper the gift or the conditions that are attached to it are made public? Did you ever hear of a man receiving high praise because he added a wing—to be known for all time by his own name—to an orphan asylum at a cost of not more than twenty-five thousand dollars, and then stipulated that a sinecure of twelve hundred dollars a year—superintendent of the new wing, perhaps—should be created for a needy son-in-law? Well, that is the sort of bequest that rich men are occasionally making, and the institutions that are supposed to benefit by their charity make no mention of the string that is tied to every dollar, and allow the public to believe that they have actually benefited to the amount mentioned in the papers."

"But why do the trustees accept a bequest that is nothing more than a drain on its resources?" I inquired.

"Because they hope that tidings of the liberality of the donor will reach the ears of some one itching for similar fame and induce a subscription without any hampering conditions. And then, the trustees are always strong in the devout hope that the holder of the sinecure will die before he has had time to absorb in the shape of salary much more than the original amount of the endowment."

Very interesting would be a careful analysis of the real motives that lie behind every gift or bequest. If it were not for such vile passions as hatred of offspring, revenge on offending kinspeople, morbid craving for post mortem fame, and the cowardly hope of making peace with a God whose commands have been defied during a lifetime of wrongdoing, what would become of some of these charitable establishments on which testators look at the last with loving and generous eyes? Without desiring to cast any reflection on the manner in which the bequests engendered by such feelings are administered, I must say that the sight of one of these great stone buildings conjures up before me a vision of a swarm of blaspheming and disappointed relatives consulting with clever and unscrupulous lawyers with a view to the breaking of the will. That a vast amount of the money with which some of our great charities are carried on, and the salaries of their sinecure-holding barnacles paid, is the direct fruit of the unworthy motives and evil feelings that I have indicated is plainly shown by the fact that most of it is left by will, and that, too, by testators who in life have always steadfastly refused to part with a single dollar in charity.

As to the relative importance of vanity, fear and hatred in prompting these offerings, I find it difficult to satisfy myself. Even the meanest man must derive some pleasure from the knowledge that he will be known to even remote posterity as the builder of some hospital, library or asylum on which his name will be carved in enduring blocks of stone; and if in his last hours he can add to this knowledge a prophetic vision of the children whom he has disinherited, the wife whom he cast aside and the near relatives with whom he has quarreled learning by the reading of the will the disposition that he has made of his hoard, it is not too much to intimate that before his death he tastes something of the joys of paradise.

Charities that are Merely Investments

I HAVE, however, always inclined to the belief that fear of future punishment was the most powerful moral instrument of the three in bringing about these endowments. I judge this not only from the vast sums that are willed to charitable undertakings by the most rapacious scoundrels when they have no further use for their money, but also by the propitiatory offerings that are constantly made, ostensibly to the god of luck, but really, I think, to a higher deity, by all sorts of crooks, gamblers and adventurers of both sexes. Now and then some criminal of distinction is buried in the presence of an assemblage made up of men and women drawn from every grade of rascality mentioned in the penal code, together with a few detectives of a not much higher moral standard, who are on the lookout for some one wanted at headquarters. On such occasions it is curious to watch the faces of these crime-laden ones as they enter the little chapel and are carried back by the solemn words of the priest and the sight of the cross to days long gone by when they were taught a fear of death. Many of them have not been inside a church for a score of years, but the old fear, which they thought they had forgotten, comes back, and one may see here the most hardened and desperate criminals in the country thrusting hands full of money into the alms box in the same spirit that prompts the dying rascal hastily to alter his will for the benefit of some charity in which he has never felt the slightest interest.

There is also the charity that flows from the commercial spirit, the casting of bread on the waters in the hope that it will return before many days thickly encrusted with the unearned increment. To this class belong a great many of those undertakings by which certain newspapers seek to curry favor with advertisers and readers at a very slight expense to themselves.

And in saying this I do not desire to convey the idea that all newspaper charities are carried on in a self-seeking spirit and accomplish no real good. Even the unworthy ones distribute something—clothes, food or money—that falls into the hands of those who need it, so let us not quarrel with the means by which this is accomplished or grudge the newspaper proprietor any little pickings in the way of self-glorification that may accrue to him

I will venture, however, to relate a story which is not without its value as shedding a little light on certain Park Row methods. The work of organizing a series of "Midsummer Outings" for the Little Ones of the Tenements" was intrusted to a lady who still finds employment on the staff of the newspaper responsible for this apparently beneficent work, and which I will call the Morning Bird. Now, the Bird's previous excursions had been conducted in a spirit of parsimony that had given them an unenviable notoriety throughout the entire tenement house district, and it was with great difficulty that this lady, experienced as she was in the beguiling arts, finally induced thirty reluctant and suspicious children to follow her on board the boat belonging to the company whose general manager had consented, in payment of a quarter of a column puff, to convey them to a seaside resort. Now it transpired that the caterer who had "volunteered" to contribute the ice cream was annoyed because his portrait had not appeared that morning in the Bird in accordance with the precise terms of the bargain through which his benevolent cooperation was assured, and so, instead of furnishing the unlimited supply of ice cream that had been promised to the children, he grudgingly gave a sparse gallon. When this had been divided into meagre portions and distributed among the hungry and suspicious guests, a small and ragged boy, who had a numerous and devoted following of his own kind, arose in his place at the banquet board and, beating on the table with his spoon, called upon all to witness that the Morning Bird was a fake and its proprietor a fraud. He declared, moreover, that any child in his neighborhood found guilty of attending any further picnics given by this journal would be summarily punished by himself and his lieutenants.

"What in the world did you do to stop him?" I inquired of the lady who had organized the outing, as she reached this point in her narration.

"Well," she replied serenely, "I had to do something to keep him quiet, so I took away the ice cream from a deaf and dumb child who couldn't holler and gave it to him"

The Fresh-Air Fund in Politics

INFINITELY better than the newspaper charities as instruments of good, but not wholly unselfish in spirit, are the picnics and excursions organized by local politicians and described at great length in the newspapers. Some of these are enormous affairs, attracting thousands of the poorer women and children in the district, and giving them a day's pleasure in some picnic grove outside the limits of the town. Of course, the real purpose of these excursions is to increase the fame and maintain the popularity of the politicians who give them, but as the women and children really are the gainers, we need not look too closely into the mouth of the gift horse. Moreover, they are conducted in such a way that the guests understand that they are simply accepting the hospitality of some man of local prominence who can well afford it, and that is a very different matter from accepting charity. Nor are they haunted by the fear that hideous pictures of themselves will be printed in the newspapers, with captions calling attention to the poverty of their garb or the hunger and cold portrayed in their faces, as is the case in certain sensational journalistic charities.

And it is largely because of this difference in the mode of giving that friendly hospitality, in the guise of the political picnic, draws thousands of the worthy poor whose chief desire is to have a good time, while the newspaper charity that seeks to flaunt itself at the expense of the unfortunates whom it boasts of feeding, and whose squalor and misery it magnifies a hundredfold, that its own work of succor may seem the greater, often finds it hard work to drum up enough recruits to fill a good-sized picture.

I honestly think that it is because of the wrong manner of giving, more than anything else, that such a large proportion of charity goes astray. It is because of this lack of consideration on the part of the givers that many of our richly-endowed institutions accomplish such a pitifully small amount of good in proportion to the money that they distribute, while an army of professional beggars and chronic paupers, who are destitute of the finer feelings, profit by that which ought to go to the relief of the decent poor. It is because of a lack of tact, which amounts oftentimes to actual churlishness, that the very

"Force-thoughts"

By SUNNY JIM

YOUR grocer pays more for "FORCE" than for the imitations—because quality and purity cost more.

¶ No wonder that he pushes other brands, if he is one of the sort that thinks more of to-day's penny than of to-morrow's dollar.

¶ This food of mine is for sale everywhere now, and there's no reason to go without it unless you are willing to try the Imitations.

¶ They can choose names that sound like "FORCE"—and make foods that look like "FORCE," but they're *not* "FORCE" by a long shot. The fact that wheat and malt enter into their composition doesn't make them like "FORCE" any more than the stone and lumber in your house make it the same as the house across the way.

¶ "FORCE" forms the morning meal of two million clear-eyed, quick-nerved people—the members of "The 'FORCE' Society."

Their day's work is easier than other folks'.

¶ They do not Hurry.

Nor Worry!

They say to the rest of the world each morning:

"Be Sunny!"

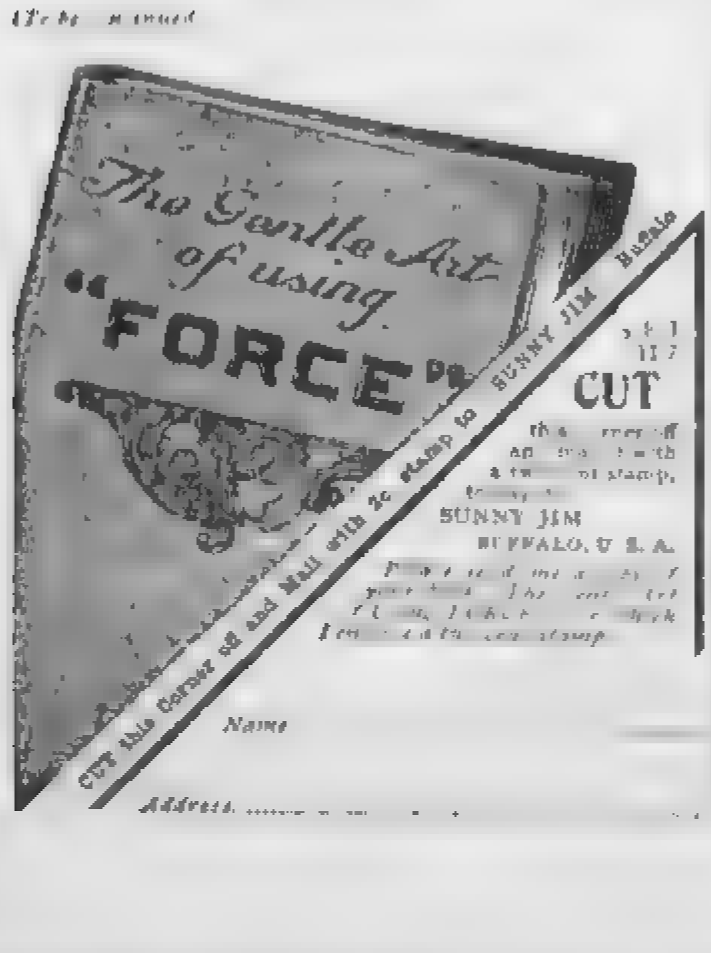
¶ If you think there's any other sort of food that is just as good *for you*—buy a package to-day and begin tomorrow with a "FORCE" breakfast.

In the meantime you'd like a copy of my new book—I think.

Yours truly,

Sunny Jim

(To be continued)


The Gentle Art of using "FORCE"
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name of charity has long since become a by-word and a hissing, and a stench in all decent nostrils in the poorer quarters of the town

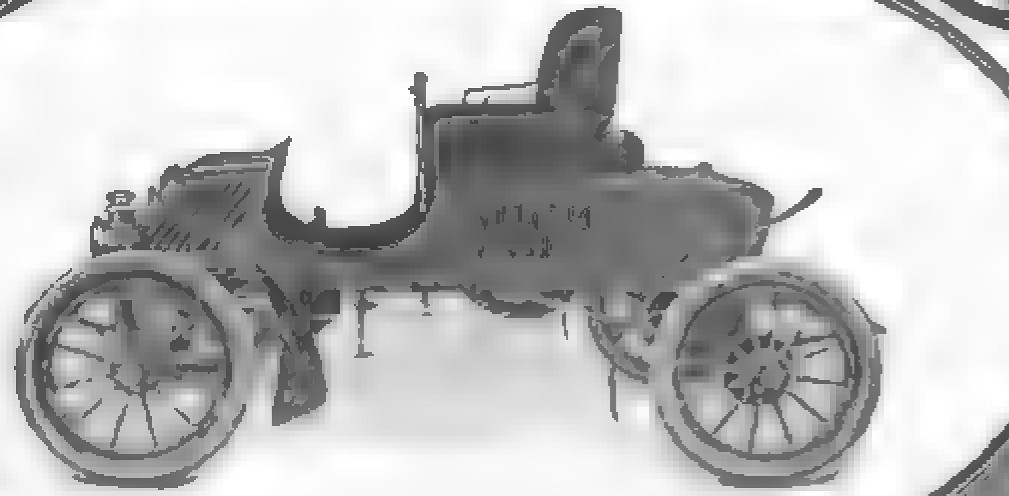
We who call ourselves of the "upper classes" are apt to imagine that we have mastered the subtleties of graciousness, good breeding and social tact when we have learned to greet our friends smilingly and sit through a stupid dinner-party without actually coming to blows with our near neighbors; but the moment we engage in any charitable work that brings us into direct contact with the poor we are apt—unless we are too dull and thick-skinned to know when we have been snubbed—to experience a feeling of embarrassment that we cannot explain and to realize that somehow we are not putting ourselves on the best of terms with those whom we seek to benefit. In thinking of it afterward—for these experiences leave an irritation that rankles for some time—we are certain to ascribe it to the "ingratitude" of those who made us "know our place" and kept us at arm's length without any violent breach of courtesy. We say to ourselves that the poor do not appreciate all that is done for them and that henceforth we will wash our hands of them; all of which is as good an excuse as any other for evading the just claims of poverty and misfortune.

But however we may seek to solace our wounded pride by a poultice that is at once soothing and economical, the truth of the matter is that we have been worsted in a conflict between the tact of the upper classes and that of the lower, bred of an endeavor on our part to patronize those whose delicacy of feeling is far greater than our own. For the very poor are sensitive to a degree that is unknown in that upper-class world of ours, in which we take all that we can get and ask for more and are not ashamed to bite the hand that feeds us.

And though I deplore, as does any thinking man or woman, the misdirected efforts of the charitable, I am roused to the highest pitch of indignation whenever I think of those who cannot give away a dollar without compelling the recipient to pay twice over for it in self-abasement and shame. It is givers of this class who will take all their children round to some poverty-stricken home, and then, in their presence, ostentatiously distribute worn-out clothing, half a pound of tea and a peck of potatoes, and expect the poor mother, who is wondering how to raise money for her rent, to go into hysterics of gratitude in order that their prying and unfeeling children may "learn a practical lesson in charity." These are the philanthropists who are always talking about what they have given and, all unknowingly, teaching us the true meaning of the saying about the bitterness of the bread of charity. If they could go about their work in a wagon bearing the inscription: "Come in and see us giving things away to the suffering poor"—which is certainly a practical form of charity from their point of view—they could not be more offensive in their benevolence, or add more to their fame as almsgivers, than under their present system

The Cheerful Giver

Which one of us belonging to the much-admired upper classes would care to accept charity offered in this spirit? Let us imagine ourselves reduced to sudden destitution, in need of money for the rent, food for the children and decent clothing in which to seek employment. Let us imagine—and this is no poetic, far away flight—that the people who borrowed money from us but a few months ago have lost our address, that those whom we have always looked upon as our friends have discovered that we are no longer fit to associate with, and that the few to whom we venture to apply for assistance repeat that favorite sentence in the ritual of cant and meanness, "I make it a rule never to lend or borrow money." God forgive us, we may have said that ourselves to some needy devil who ventured into our well-fed, well-clothed presence with outstretched palm, and the recollection of it comes back to us with crushing force now that, through no fault of our own, we have been reduced from the ranks of the upper classes to those of the "deserving poor." We cheer ourselves with the thought that at least we have experienced the worst that can happen to us, but little do we dream that the busybody, self-advertising philanthropists, the friends of better days perhaps, have heard of our plight and marked us for their prey. We meet one of these in the busy marts of trade where we are seeking work, and he looks our clothing over from head to foot, and then says in a voice like a steam calliope, "Why, you're wearing your summer suit way into November. Come up to my house to-night and I'll let you have a nice



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they are our best exponents; but it is *you*, who have never worn

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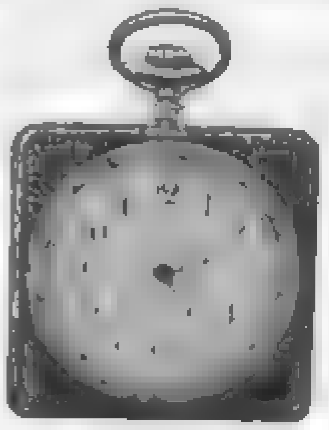

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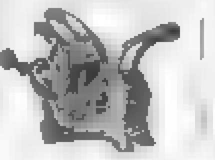

Men and boys everywhere are earning money printing cards, envelopes, letter-heads, etc., for [illegible] 60 up. [illegible] free. [illegible] Model Press, 704 Chestnut St., Phila.

warm overcoat that I've set aside to be given to some poor man. Don't come till after nine, for we've a dinner-party on to-night."

And a week later he meets us, clad in the worn-out remnant that was scarcely worth the two car fares required to get it, and says in the same audible voice: "Nice to have something to put on over that old flannel suit, ain't it?" and for the rest of his life he tells his friends about the people in this town who wouldn't be alive but for him

Meantime, a fellow-philanthropist, hearing that there is a new outlet for his beneficence, calls on us at our squalid and dreary tenement, accompanied by five sharp-nosed and gimlet-eyed children, and says: "See, children, how poor this family is and how happy we're going to make them. I don't think they've had anything to eat for two days, and you can see their toes sticking out through their shoes. I am thankful that my children are brought up to think of the poor. Each one of these little ones has brought a little gift, and here's a basket with some nice warm clothing, and a tin coffee pot that will be just as good as new when you've got it mended, and some muffin rings that will do nicely all winter, and the children have brought their little toys that are not broken beyond mending, and I make it a point never to give money because the fact that you're reduced to this plight shows that you don't know how to spend it judiciously. Now, isn't that nice, and aren't you thankful that there are some who remember the poor in their misfortune?"

Half an hour later, while we are still smarting under the degradation of this visit, there comes to our door a little child, the daughter of a family almost as poor as ourselves who have learned our condition without asking us any questions, though they live on the floor below. She carries carefully in her hands a covered dish, which she holds out to us, saying shyly: "Mother says perhaps would you like to try a little taste of the stew she's just made"

It is in this fashion that the poor give to the poor. And that which the little child brings in the covered dish can be eaten thankfully and without shame, for it has none of the bitterness of the bread of charity.

Self-Support

ENERGETIC boys pick up a living in all sorts of ways in New York. There are a few who earn money by turning the points in switches for trolley cars; not so many, however, as there used to be of the "third-horse" boys who, in the horse-car days, helped to pull the cars up the grades. Perhaps the sole survivor of this occupation in New York is the "third-horse" youth whose big white horse helps the stages up the slope of Murray Hill in the busy hours of the day

The transition seems easy from the occupation employing one boy only to that in which more boys are engaged than in any other in New York—that of messenger.

Two of the largest companies have always demanded that boys must be at least fourteen years of age, that they live at home and that they be able to read and write; and a new law, to go into effect this fall, prohibits the employment of any messenger or telegraph boy under that age. The employment of boys between fourteen and sixteen is to be prohibited at this occupation for longer than nine hours a day or later than ten o'clock at night. There are so many temptations in the way of messenger boys that it is deemed proper thus to throw guards about them

Frequently messenger boys receive good positions through pleasing, by quickness and honesty, business men with whom they come in contact. The hours are long, however, and at the holiday season boys are often expected to work forty-eight hours in succession with only such sleep as they can get on the benches between calls

There are many messenger boys who, living at home, more than support themselves, and there have been numerous cases in which they have become the sole support of a family.

Thomas Clark, scarcely fifteen years of age, is one of such boys. His father, a policeman, discouraged by disgrace, committed suicide; his mother was taken to an institution; and the boy found that he must be the sole support of his aged grandmother and his ten-year-old sister

He met the crisis like a man. His pay is a little over five dollars a week, but he supplements this by extra work and unusual energy. He has taken up his father's duties where his father left off, and bravely says that he can make a home for three

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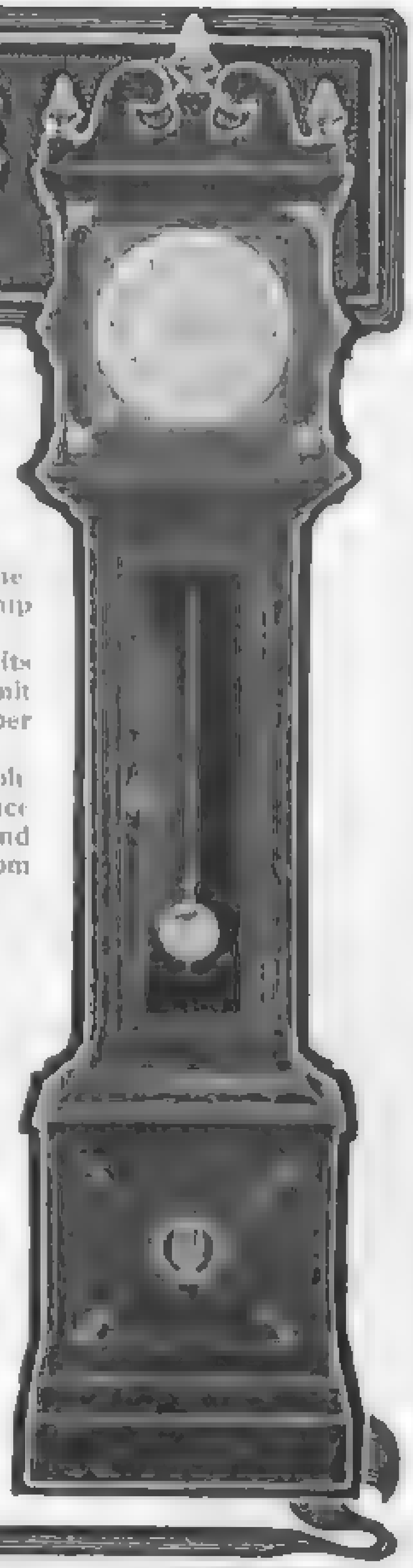

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All Charges Prepaid

WE will ship this clock direct from our factory to you upon receipt of your request for same. We prepay all charges. Give it a thorough test as a timepiece. If it is not what you expected or as represented, ship it back to us, charges collect

If, after 10 days' use, it proves satisfactory, remit us its price, $29.50. If you want the clock, and are unable to remit the entire amount in one payment, send us $8, and $3 per month for eight months

This beautiful Colonial timepiece, exactly like photograph cannot be duplicated elsewhere for several times the price we ask. We eliminate the profits of *salesmen, jobbers* and *retailers* and deliver it to you, prepaid, at the rock-bottom price of $29.50 in one payment, or $32.00 in nine payments

Description

Constructed of polished cherry, mahoganized, or polished selected oak
Size—Height 7½ feet. Weight 150 pounds
Ornaments—Etruscan ornaments, solid cast brass, polished. Top ornaments, brass and silver. Can be furnished with [illegible] if desired
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Movement—[illegible] Polished [illegible] strikes hours and half-hours on soft-toned gong [illegible]

Guaranteed to keep perfect time. State if oak or mahoganized cherry is wanted

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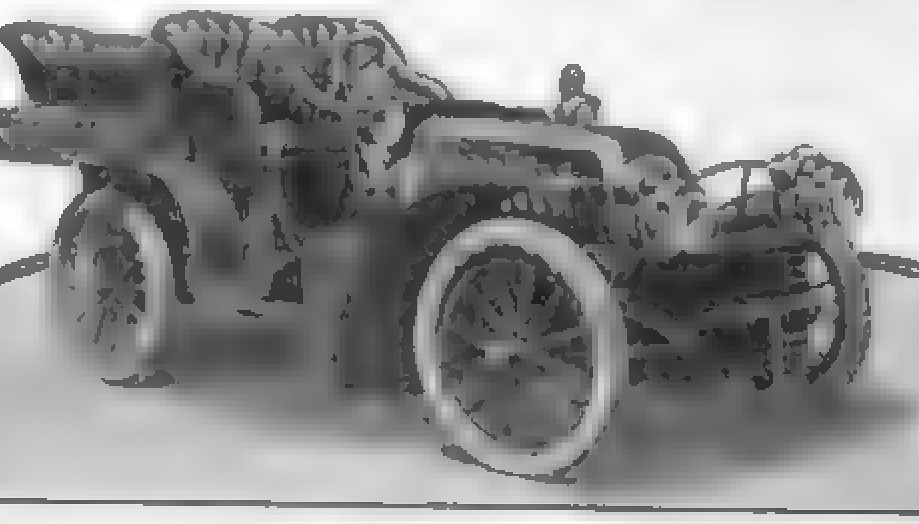

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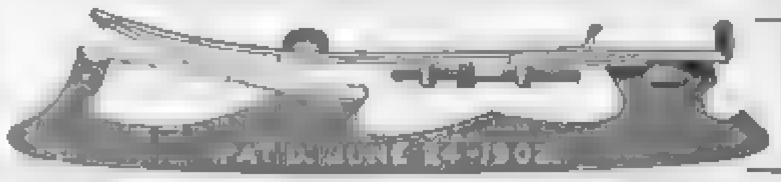


The "Brownie" [illegible] skater along fast and easy. No jar; No [illegible] strength; Spring acts on principle of spring board; Has [illegible] device to adjust skate to inside of toe. Best material, Highly nickeled. Ask dealer or send $3.50 to
BROWN SPRING ICE SKATE CO., Webster City, Iowa

A CUSTOMER of mine recently gave a cigar to a friend — not an unusual circumstance, by the way, as men who smoke good cigars are very apt to impress their friends with the fact.

After lighting the cigar and smoking a little, the friend remarked: "Smith [and Smith wasn't his name], you smoke good cigars!"

"Think so?"

"Yes — I'll bet you a dollar I can name this cigar."

"Done."

"It is a ——— Panetela," naming a well-known brand of imported cigar.

"You've lost. This cigar is made in Philadelphia, and it costs me five dollars per hundred."

"Will you order a hundred for me?"

"Yep."

And now the friend is my customer.

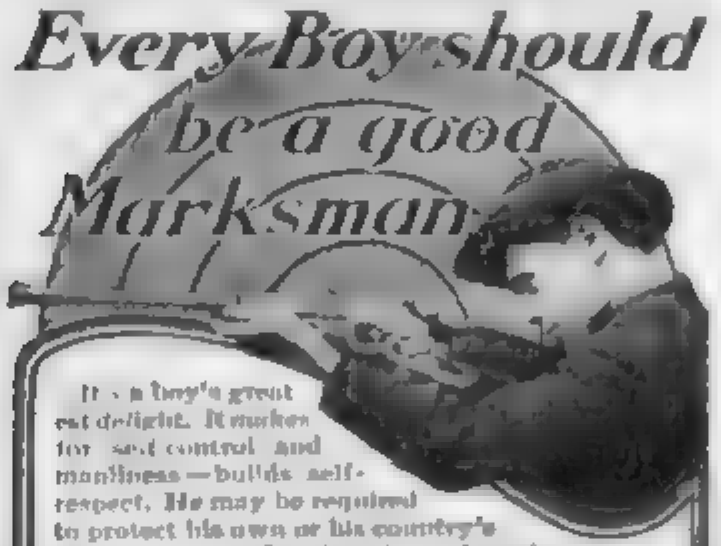
My business is manufacturing cigars, and I sell the entire product of my factory direct to smokers by the hundred and thousand at wholesale prices. It costs me something to sell a man his first hundred — after that he orders of his own volition. Consequently the cost of selling is practically eliminated, and so are the wholesalers' and retailers' and traveling-men's profits and salaries. Of these profits I can and do give the major portion to my customers.

My offer is this: I will, upon request, send to a reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST one hundred of Shivers' Panetela cigars, express prepaid, *on approval*. Smoke ten of them; if you don't like them, return the other ninety at my expense — no harm done. If you like the cigars, and keep them, you, of course, agree to remit $5.00 for them within ten days.

No reputable publisher would permit me to make this offer in his columns if it was not believed that I would do exactly as I agree.

In ordering, please use business letter-head or enclose business card; also state whether strong, medium or mild cigars are desired.

Think a moment what this means. I risk one-tenth of my cigars and expressage both ways for the mere chance of making a customer. Could I afford to take chances by sending out goods that would not stand this test? I don't know how to make a more convincing offer. However, if you smoke and will write me, I will send you some further facts. Address Herbert D. Shivers, 58 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa.


Every Boy should be a good Marksman

It's a boy's greatest delight. It makes for self control and manliness — builds self-respect. He may be required to protect his own or his country's life sometime. Let him learn how in the most pleasurable way possible, without danger, noise, smoke or powder. No. [illegible] gives 1,000 shots without [illegible]

Daisy and Sentinel Air Rifles

are absolutely accurate and the best made [illegible] improved [illegible]

No 1	Daisy Repeater, shoots BB shot 48 times	$1 [illegible]
No 2	20th Century Daisy, shoots shot or darts,	1 00
No 3	Daisy 10[illegible] Shot Winchester Action,	2 00
No 4	Sentinel Single Shot, shoots BB shot,	1 00
No 5	Sentinel Repeater automatic 303 shot,	1 25

Darts assorted colors, per dozen, prepaid, 20 cts

[illegible] dealer don't sell them send us his name [illegible] factory [illegible] receipt of price [illegible]

THE DAISY MFG. CO.
Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

Wanted—Oil Agents

[illegible] energetic [illegible] sell on [illegible] our [illegible] Line of Lubricating Oils, Greases, also Roof, Barn and House Paints, etc., locally or travelling. Specially to the Threshing Trade. [illegible] THE LION OIL & GREASE CO., Cleveland, Ohio

The READING TABLE

The Quick and the Dead

THE manager of a telephone company in Washington says that recently a prominent citizen of the capital entered his office, and with considerable show of irritation announced that one of the company's live wires had killed a tree on his premises.

"That tree," declared the citizen, "has been standing for thirty years, and I want to say to you, sir, that we looked upon it as one of the family! My children, when they were babies, played under it, and associated with that tree are some of the happiest memories of my life. When that tree began to die, all of us mourned for it as we would for a relative. We could not imagine what was the matter with it until we noticed one of your confounded wires stretched across one of its branches. Your company has electrocuted my tree, sir, and I feel that it should be punished just as though it had done murder!"

The manager says that he felt considerably moved by the righteous indignation of his visitor; so he hastened to send an agent of the company to the scene of the tragedy, with a view to doing all that could be done in the matter. When the agent arrived at the gentleman's place he found that the tree was yet alive, but feeble. Further investigation on the part of the agent discovered the fact that one end of the wire was nailed to the roof of an old barn, and that the other end was twisted around a discarded pole. It had been cut off for at least two years, and forgotten. The agent was of a humorous turn of mind, and this was his report

"I have to report that the wire complained of is dead, and that the tree is alive. It is evident that the wire was killed by the tree. Under the circumstances perhaps a bill of damages, such as I append hereto, should be sent to the complainant."

The Horn of the Banished

PETER NEWELL, the artist, has a young son who serves to keep the family from falling into a state of lethargy. The other day the new minister of the church, in whose Sunday-school Mr. Newell is interested, was due to call, and Mr. Newell said to his wife:

"My dear, I wish you'd send that hopeful of ours upstairs while the parson is here."

A proclamation of banishment was accordingly issued. The minister arrived and took his seat on a sofa. Things went on smoothly for ten minutes and the caller had just outlined his views on the needs of the Sunday-school when a pause followed. Suddenly there came from under the sofa a terrific blast from a tin horn. The good man sprang up in alarm, and Mr. Newell dived down with the intention of pulling his son out and making an example of him. All he found was an election-night horn, over the mouth-piece of which was stretched one end of a long piece of rubber tubing leading suspiciously into the stair alcove and upward.

"Never mind," said the minister, resuming his seat; "your son seems to be right in line with modern inventors: the horseless carriage—the wireless telegraph—the boyless tin horn."

* * *

Achievement

By Edwin L. Sabin

Not in the rush and riot
  The hardest fight is fought;
Not out of stress and bustle
  The greatest work is wrought.

'Tis not the roar of battle
  That tries the soldier's breast;
The pause before the volley —
  That is the soldier's test.

The crane amidst the foundry
  With noiseless movement runs,
And without voice of trumpet
  It lifts aloft its tons.

The bridge that with its girders
  The mighty gorge has spanned
Was by the chief and draughtsman
  Within an office planned

A hundred may be gleaners
  Where one has sown the seed.
If idle were the thinker,
  Undone would be the deed.

ANGELUS PIANO PLAYER

MUSIC "*One of the fine arts, or arts of beauty and expre*[illegible]" [illegible]

Piano playing is an art rich in pleasure-giving resources, and the inventors of the Angelus attempted to make, and have made, an instrument which permits an *artistic* performance. Most people know that since the Angelus was introduced many imitators have sprung up. Each and every one of them lacks the vital distinguishing feature of the Angelus.

THE PHRASING LEVER

By this wonderful device immediate and absolute control of the instrument is obtained. When you have seen the Angelus Phrasing Lever — a little ivory tablet under the performer's right hand — you will understand why no other piano player can be successfully compared a moment with the Angelus. The Angelus Orchestral possesses also another exclusive feature — charmingly voiced organ reeds which may be used as an accompaniment whenever desired. These reeds may be used separately, if preferred, making the Angelus Orchestral a complete instrument by itself

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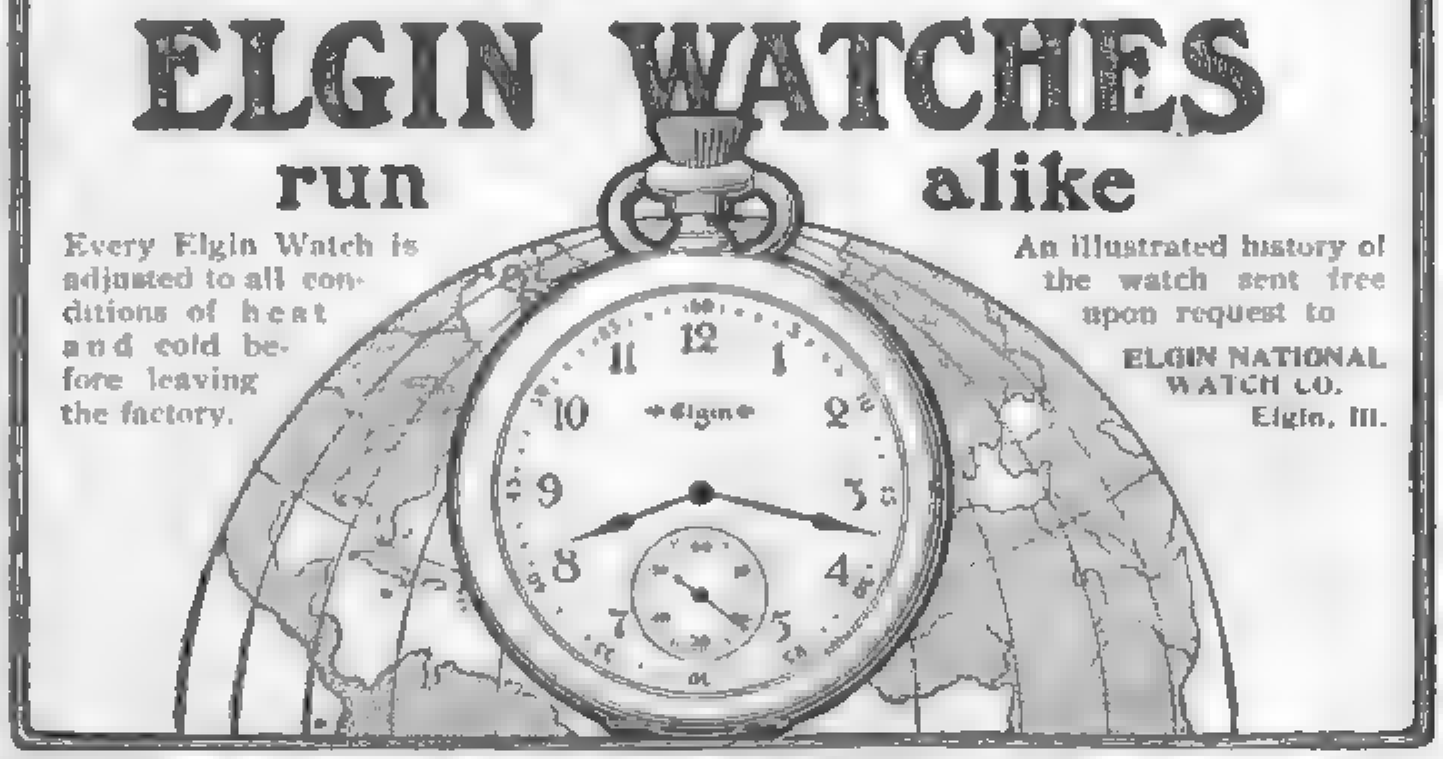

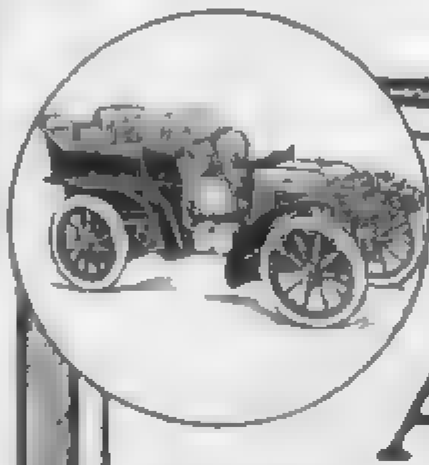

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The WINGS of the MORNING

by Louis Tracy

The newspaper critics all urge their readers to buy and enjoy "THE WINGS OF THE MORNING."

N. Y. Morning Sun: The reader will enjoy a delightful respite from the thoughts of a too matter-of-fact, every-day world

N. Y. Evening Sun: No young woman will want to lay down THE WINGS OF THE MORNING after turning its first page

N. Y. Times: Where the fight [illegible] interesting reading

N. Y. World: The reader who takes THE WINGS OF THE MORNING is sure of a fascinating flight.

Boston Evening Transcript: Few among the most fastidious can resist its fascination after the first few pages are read

Brooklyn Eagle: THE WINGS OF THE MORNING is a satisfying book if you love a tale where things happen

The Outlook: Absorbing romance full of thrilling incidents

Chicago Tribune: Absorbingly interesting.

Chicago Record Herald: Fall right into the situation ourselves

Louisville Courier-Journal: In fact one of the prettiest love stories of the year

St. Louis Mirror: It is a long time since we have made the acquaintance of [illegible] such a youthful heroine as his Iris

Nashville American: The cleverest book one could ask. If it has an equal, memory fails us at the moment

St. Louis Republic: "Fairly above the average" is too faint praise for [illegible] of the [illegible] of Mr. Tracy's pre[illegible] polished, colorful.

Kansas City Star: But why tell the author's story when he has made such a readable [illegible] exciting book [illegible]

San Francisco Bulletin: Old age and boredom and general weariness and disease take [illegible]? There are no such things at any rate while such books as THE WINGS OF THE MORNING remain to while the hours away

AMONG the thousands of books printed each year, once in a while a story comes out which delights everyone who reads it — even the book-reviewers. The most readable and enjoyable tale of adventure and romance which has appeared this Fall, "THE WINGS OF THE MORNING," has naturally received many columns of complimentary reviews. Only a word or two from them is quoted.

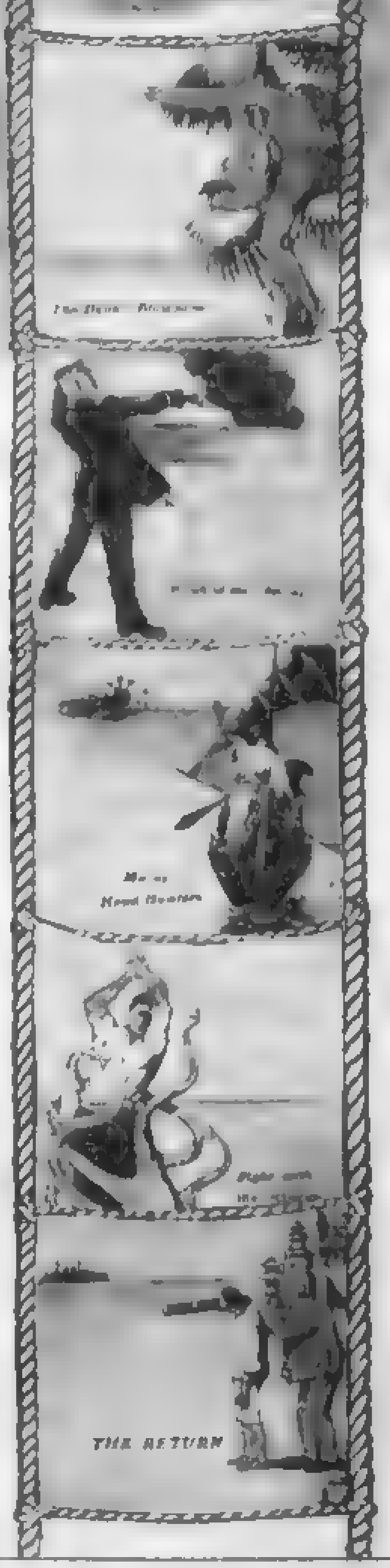
¶ Louis Tracy possesses the rare art of being able to cut out tiresome preliminaries and tedious explanations. Right from the first chapter, with his thrilling description of the wreck of the big Pacific Liner, "The Sirdar," the story is full to the brim of "action." The fight with a real giant octopus, the attack of wandering Malay savages and the great battle when the Malays return to the beautiful island in their attempt to steal Iris Deane are parts of a great story you will enjoy to the last word.

¶ In addition to its thrilling accounts of adventure, told by a man who served his apprenticeship in writing as a war correspondent in the far East, "THE WINGS OF THE MORNING" has woven into it one of the prettiest love stories which has been written for many a long day.

¶ Iris Deane, the delightfully breezy but very womanly English girl who seems more like a bright Western American girl, and an ex-army officer who so gallantly protects her are the characters which become like the reader's own friends. "THE WINGS OF THE MORNING" has the last touch of power in its ability to pick you up almost bodily and carry you thousands of miles away from humdrum to a land of romance and adventure where you seem to be actually living these fascinating experiences yourself.

¶ Leading booksellers all over the country will supply you and your friends with copies of "THE WINGS OF THE MORNING" at regular retail price, or book will be mailed postpaid on receipt of $1.50.

¶ If you not only want a splendid story to read yourself, but also one which you can send away as a gift, knowing in advance that it will be thoroughly enjoyed, buy a copy of this book. You will find that your recommendation will start an endless chain of readers enjoying a real book feast — "THE WINGS OF THE MORNING."



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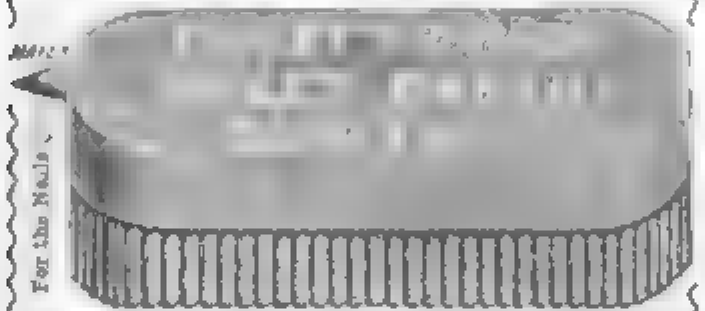


Clean Hands

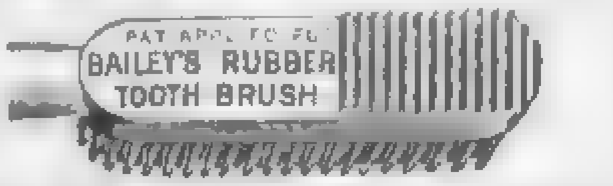
For every one, no matter what the occupation, by using

[illegible] as is done by the use of pumice-stone, [illegible]
Price, 25 cents each. For sale by all [illegible] Toilet [illegible]

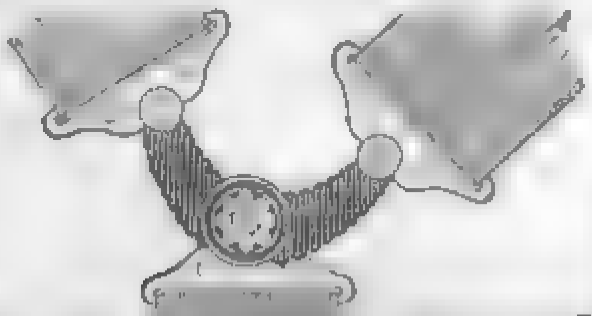
PAT. APPL'D. FOR

Bailey's Won't Slip TIP

This tip won't [illegible] highly polished [illegible]. It is made of [illegible] CUSHION, which is [illegible] and noiseless, to the bottom of the Crutch or Chair. Made in five sizes, inter[illegible] diameter [illegible] No. 18, ¾"; No. 19, ⅞"; No. 20, [illegible] Mailed upon receipt of price 30c per pair.



Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without [illegible]. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth [illegible] No bristles to [illegible] 25c. [illegible] 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.
At dealers or sent on receipt of price. Agts. wtd.
C. J. Bailey & Co., 22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.



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French gilt trimmings — cannot rust.
If your dealer hasn't them sample pair, 50c.
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(FORGET ME NOT)
is compounded from carefully selected ingredients, and more than ten years has been considered necessary to develop the true perfume. One or two drops on handkerchief or lace produce satisfactory results. The concentrated strength and antiseptic qualities easily distinguish Atar Myosotis from cheap articles mixed with water, and in order to further distinguish the product from others, the Atars are offered only in Blue Glass bottles, mounted with sterling silver. It is the most refined, unique and attractive article for the toilet ever exhibited.
The silver mount is very suitable for engraving initials, monograms etc. If you do not find it at your merchant's, we will send it for $2
ROBERT LOW'S SON & HOWARD
167 Strand, London, England.
The Flat-Iron, New York City, U. S. A.

Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL AND THE FAIRY TALE—They both share somewhat the same difficulties.

¶ The best historical romances have never set their rest on stage scenery. In spite of its recent prodigious vogue the historical romance is one of the most difficult of the literary modes, almost as difficult as the fairy tale and the fable. With every delicacy of fancy and every skill of manipulation it will still be something built, something constructed, and so perishable with the season; to live, it must strike its roots deep down into the familiar affections of every-day humanity. It is no doubt fascinating that Cinderella should have a fairy godmother, but a second thought shows well enough that what catches and holds in Cinderella's simple story is an old, a very workaday and human problem—the same problem that Job had, the problem of good and evil

You may, if you choose, call The Fortunes of Fifi, by Molly Elliot Seawell *(The Bobbs, Merrill Company)*, a fairy story. You must take it for granted that Napoleon and his chief of staff went prowling around the streets of Paris by night just as Haroun-al-Raschid did with his Grand Vizier. And, since somebody must win the first prize in the lottery, why, who better than the heroine? You may, if you will, cast Josephine for the part of the fairy godmother. All these things are conventions, and as they are unquestioningly told, so should they be accepted. The interest of the story, after all, has not to do with them, they are the frame, not the picture. Just as with the old fairy tales, the hearer's concern is always a purely human one, so now, not Pius IX, and Napoleon, and his Empress, and his chief of staff, but Fifi, the hardworking, hot-tempered, level-headed little actress in a cheap theatre, who keeps her heart unspoiled and her wits about her, Fifi who is wise beyond all the saints and sages without knowing it, Fifi is the charm and lure of the book.

Here is no tragedy, here are no problems, nothing any whit pretentious or ambitious—just a simple tale to pass an hour away Who knows? Sometimes these things live the longest

CAREERS OF DANGER AND DARING— Nine stories of modern industrial Romance by Cleveland Moffett.

¶ Ever since it was written that truth is stranger than fiction there has been argument But the thesis is not a difficult one to support, for it is the business of fiction to be credible while truth may sit at the bottom of her well and do as she pleases

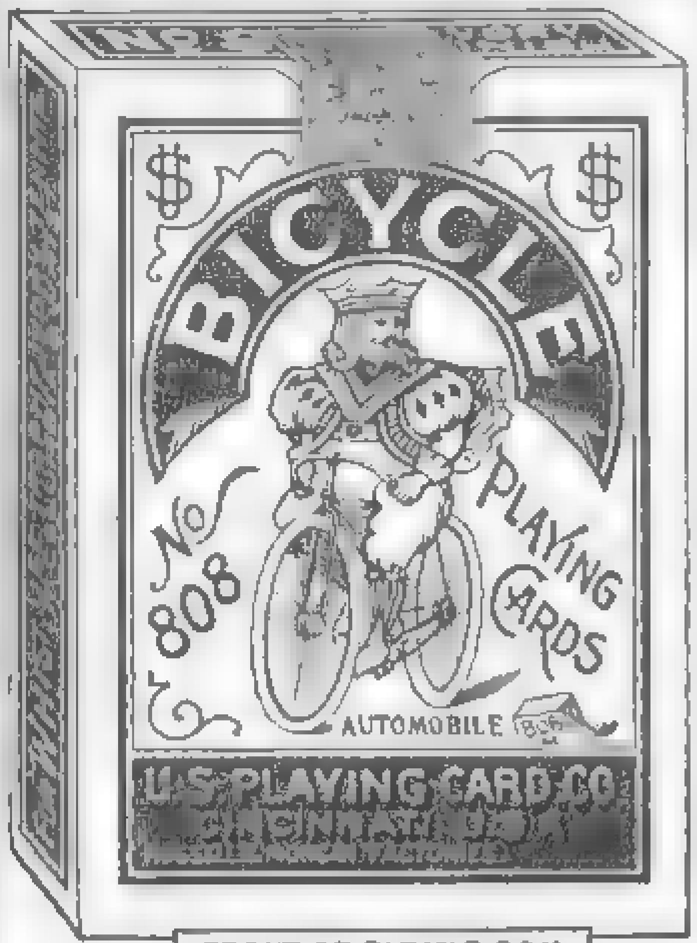
The latest disputant for the affirmative is Mr. Cleveland Moffett with a string of nine "stories"—in the newspaper sense of the word—grouped together under the general title of Careers of Danger and Daring *(The Century Company)*. The steeple climber, the deep-sea diver, the balloonist, the pilot, the bridge builder, the fireman, the aerial acrobat, the wild beast tamer, the dynamite worker, and the locomotive engineer all have their word. There is some speculation on the quality of that tricky thing we call courage, and a great deal of anecdote. The stories make capital reading for any one and it is difficult to see how any boy could resist them.

THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT and the New England Spinster—They run a race in Mrs. Wiggins' Rebecca.

¶ One has so grown to associate Mrs. Wiggins with humor, and so precious a gift is humor, that her latest book, Rebecca *(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)*, can have no better recommendation to old and new friends than the assurance that the well has no whit run dry

Rebecca goes to see Uncle Tom's Cabin. The platform was so small that where Eliza is pursued by the bloodhounds she "had to run round and round, and part of the time the one dog they had pursued her and part of the time she had to pursue the dog." What could be more affecting?

Rebecca had literary aspirations and wrote verses. "I guess if that writer that had lived on Congress Street in Portland could 'a' heard your poetry he'd 'a' been astonished," said Mrs. Cobb, her confidante. "If you ask me, I say this piece is as good as that one o' his, 'Tell me not in mournful numbers,' and considerable clearer."



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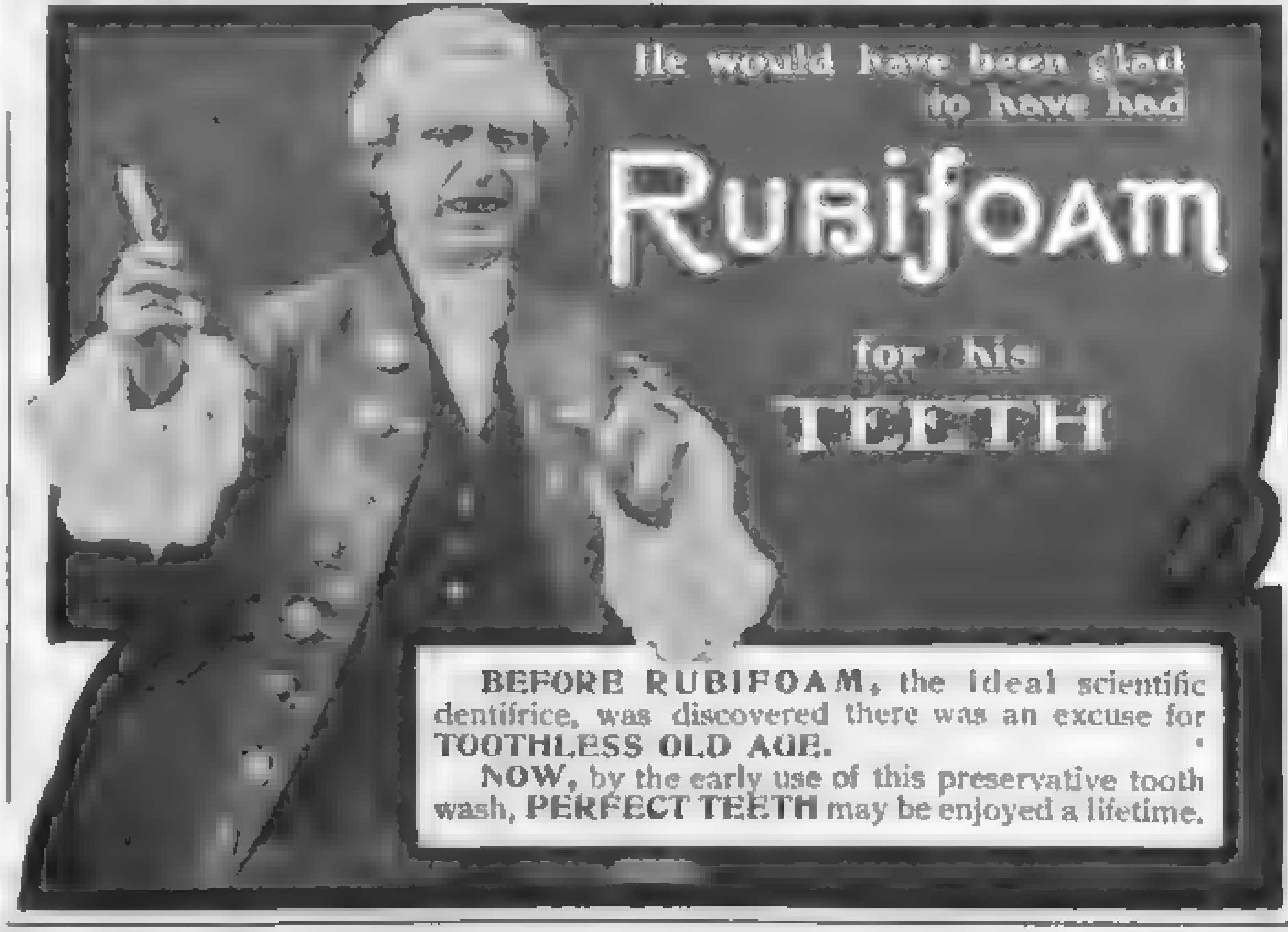
Cincinnati, U. S. A.
Use Paine's Trays—for Duplicate Whist—a sensible sort of recreation.
Trains the mind, strengthens the memory and develops good judgment.
Gives the busy man or woman relaxation without a sense of time wasted.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RUBIFOAM
for his
TEETH

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NOW, by the early use of this preservative tooth wash, PERFECT TEETH may be enjoyed a lifetime.

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REACHES THE SCALP AT EVERY STROKE
Has penetrating bristles of finest quality that excite vitality and encourage luxuriant growth—Solid back—A perfect brush
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LE PAGE'S GLUE Strongest in the World

"I never could fairly make out what 'mournful numbers' was," remarked Mr Cobb critically

"Then I guess you never studied fractions," flashed Rebecca

Now no one can have wit and humor like that without an eye for contrasts, and you may be assured that it was not always sunshine in Rebecca's path. Rebecca had "temperament," and temperament and maiden aunts, New England maiden aunts at that, do not always associate in sweet concord. Rebecca was "one of seven"; mother had no money and the maiden aunts did. There you have the story—but the development of it is always better read in the book than in the review

AN INSIPID DISH OF TEA—Monsigny is "High Life" with a great deal of cream and sugar.

¶ A line of credit on the page carrying the publisher's imprint of Monsigny, by Justus Miles Forman *(Doubleday, Page and Company)*, acknowledges a previous publication in magazine form of an abridged version The magazine editor showed good judgment Monsigny has an easy flow of style, but the plot—or rather the presentation of the plot, for it is a trite saying that there are no new plots in novel writing—shows no advance on even the mechanical ingenuity of the author's earlier Journey's End, and the tenuity of the narrative staggers under the heavy burden of sentiment imposed on it

ORDERED TO CHINA—Letters from an American among the Boxers to his family at home.

"SUNDAY, August 5, 1900

"It is Sunday now and I'm speeding toward Chicago." (Extract from a letter from Wilbur C. Chamberlain to his family)

Cablegram

"LONDON, August 14, 1901

Chamberlain died yesterday, Carlsbad. Notify friends."

¶ Within those limits, within a year and nine days, was crowded a world of active, intelligent, useful life. Wilbur Chamberlain was correspondent for the New York Sun Ordered to China during the Boxer uprising, he did not arrive on the scene of hostilities until the fall of Pekin and the practical cessation of active operations. His letters home report the progress of his journey, his stay in China, his return by way of Singapore, Calcutta and Suez, abruptly terminated by his illness and death at Carlsbad. They are extremely interesting

"In preparing for publication the letters which form the contents of this book" (Ordered to China: *Frederick A Stokes Company)*, says the editor's note, "there has been no attempt to polish or to make readable the hastily written letters, intended only for the entertainment of an indulgent family and friends. The object has been . . . not to call attention to an individual as such, but to pay a well deserved tribute to his profession" And of the men who form that profession, "such men," said a generous obituary editorial in the paper which Mr Chamberlain served "for fourteen years with entire loyalty, and to his own professional and personal honor"—"such men are the real historians

The letters then have a double interest: the interest of a chronicle and the interest of a document. It must be remembered that they were "made for home consumption." They might, therefore, be expected to contain, and they do contain, a very great deal of triviality which is only the rehearsal of what any widely traveled or well read man has long since learned. But in revenge they reveal a delightful humor, and they hold a deal of shrewd and accurate comment on the conduct of the allies, the gossip of the camp and the long-drawn-out negotiations. Whoever reads can have little doubt that here was an unprejudiced observer and a truthful reporter

The interest on the documentary side is scarcely less. The letters are intensely American. They are nowise literary There is not a word of personal emotion, not a line of beauty or description of beauty in them. But you may learn all about the mud and dust and smells of Pekin, the hotel prices at Hongkong, the evils of tipping in Bombay—anything that touches comfort and the dispatch of business, anything that catches a trained sense of the ridiculous And if the comment on men and manners is sometimes a little confidently sufficient unto itself, if it sometimes raises a smile, why, that is part of the attraction to any student of character at large—it is so perfectly genuine, so unconscious a revelation of clean, buoyant, clear-eyed Americanism

Who is it?

This is a famous President of the U. S. who would never permit any soap to be used on his face but

Williams' Shaving Soap

To any one sending this president's name with a 2 cent stamp to cover cost of mailing we will forward, postpaid, a most useful and ingenious pocket novelty called the Triplet—a key-ring, letter-opener paper-cutter and screw-driver combined, an article that every man and boy will find many uses for every day

Some things that are said of the Triplet:

"I wouldn't take 50 cents for it if I couldn't get another"

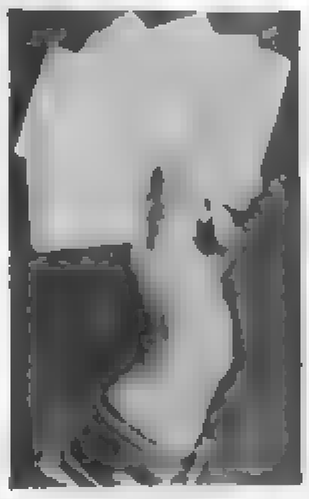
"Just the Williams' Shaving Soap, 'the best thing out'"

"Just the tool I have been looking for for years."

"Please send me 5 of the Triplets. It's the handiest pocket novelty I ever saw. I want some for my friends"

Address Dept. 37

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.



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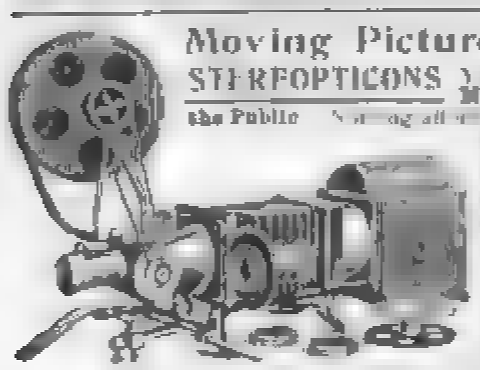

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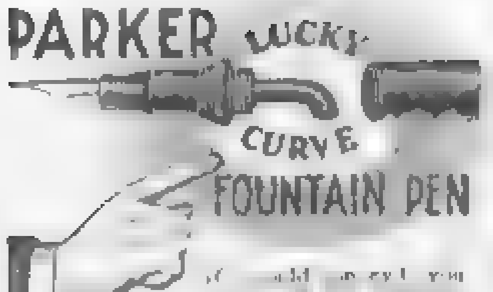
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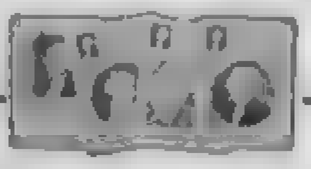

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Mock Pearls of History

By William Mathews

SECOND PAPER

ALTHOUGH American history covers a period of only about four centuries, yet it vies with Europe in the character, if not in the multitude, of its myths. How often has the "advanced thinker" of our day enforced his argument by a triumphant citation of "the famous Blue Laws of Connecticut." Thousands of persons actually believe these laws were regularly enacted by the New Haven colony, and that they contained such absurd prohibitions as that no husband should kiss his wife and no mother her children on Sunday or on a Fast Day; that on that day no one should cook food, make beds, sweep rooms, cut hair, or shave himself, and that every male person in the colony should have his hair cut round by a cap, or, if a cap was wanting, then by the scooped-out shell of a half-pumpkin!

These imaginary laws have been cited or referred to as actual enactments by Blackwood's Magazine and such eminent Englishmen as Rev. Isaac Taylor, Bishop Wilberforce, of Oxford, and Rev. J. S. M. Anderson, chaplain to Queen Victoria, which, as another has said, is as preposterous as if an American should speak of the story of "Jack and the Bean Stalk" as a part of veritable English history. Yet these oft-cited and much ridiculed laws are pure myths, as was shown some years ago by Rev. Tyron Edward, D. D., in the New York Observer. They were the fabrication of the Rev. Samuel A. Peters, a renegade Tory who was driven from the country, and who from sheer spite, published the mythical laws in [illegible]. According to the historian, Trumbull, he was known as the greatest falsifier in the colony, telling such ridiculous stories as that of the "Windham frogs," and that the Rev. Thomas Hooker, of Hartford, spread the poison of smallpox on the leaves of Bibles which he sent to the Indians, and so swept away the great sachem Connecticote (a purely mythical personage) and his warriors, and laid waste their dominions—and other fictions grosser still.

Who is not familiar with the story of the cotton-bale defenses, behind which General Jackson's riflemen mowed down thousands of England's finest veteran troops, with their gallant commander, in thirty minutes, and thus saved the country from its most dangerous invasion? Who has not admired the simplicity of General Taylor's "A little more grape, Captain Bragg!" or been thrilled by the tale of Commodore Farragut lashing himself to the mast head of his battle scarred flagship in Mobile Bay, and thence signaling to his fleet, as he sailed by forts Gaines and Morgan vomiting shot and shell?

> From the main-top, bold and brief,
> Came the word of our grand old chief—
> '*Go on!*' 'Twas all he said,
> And the Hartford passed ahead.

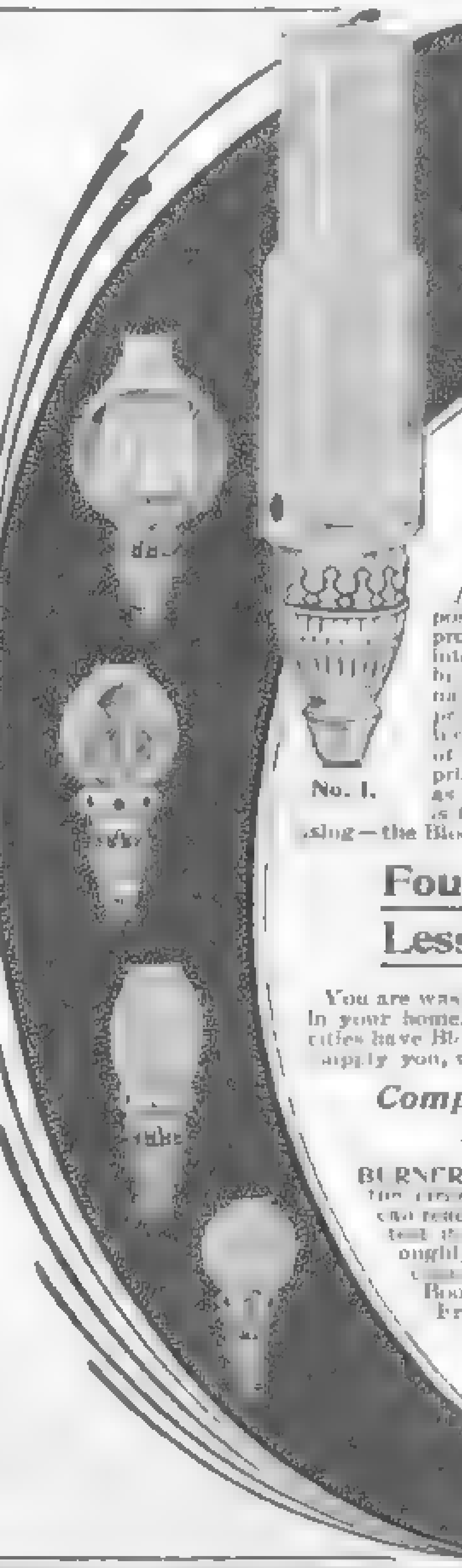
All these stories are now known to be pure myths. The foundation of the cotton-bale story was that a few bales of cotton *goods*, an insignificant part of the material, were thrown into the breastwork.

The fact about Farragut is, that he was *not* at the mast head—was *not* lashed—but simply stepped into the rigging to get a good view of the situation.

How many persons have read with admiration Whittier's beautiful poem of Barbara Frietchie! It appears now that while she actually did denounce the rebels when they entered her dooryard, and shook her cane at them, it was May Quantrell, a loyal lady in another part of Frederick, that waved her flag before the Confederates, and that General Stonewall Jackson never passed Barbara Frietchie's house.

Who has forgotten the saying, so widely circulated at one time, that was reported as having been uttered by Abraham Lincoln, when he was told that General Grant was a drunkard: "Tell me the brand of whisky he uses, and I'll send a barrel to all our other generals?" This saying was a pure fiction, fabricated by "Miles O'Reilly" (Charles G. Halpine), and appeared in a burlesque sketch of an imaginary banquet in New York, over which Lincoln was said to have presided. Halpine once contributed to a newspaper, which the writer of this paper published, two

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers by Doctor Mathews on Mock Pearls of History.



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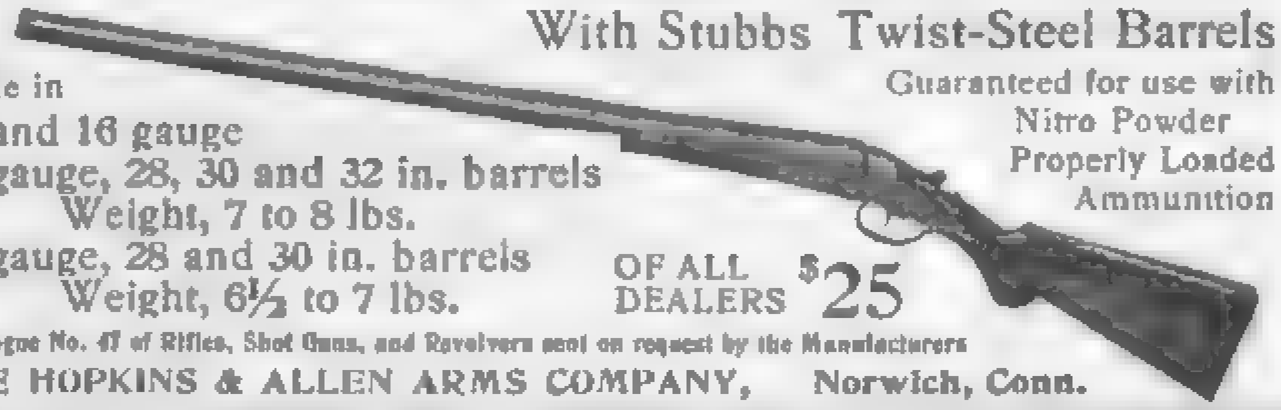

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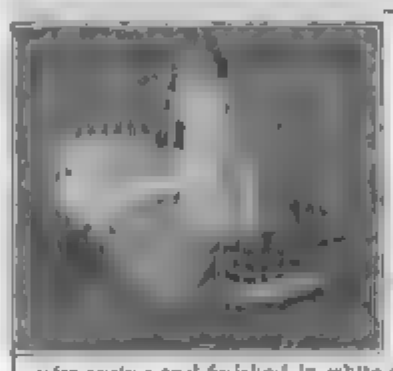

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columns of witty epigrams in verse on the marriages of persons in different parts of the United States. When we asked him how he had contrived to gather together so many names, on which he could pun so felicitously, of persons just married, he replied: "Oh, I invented them!" General Sheridan, who raided the Shenandoah Valley in 1864, in order to deprive the Confederate General Early's troops of the means of subsistence when making their incursions toward Maryland, is generally credited with the saying that he meant to clean out the valley so thoroughly that thereafter "a crow flying over it will have to carry his rations." But this language, with a slight difference, was used by General Grant in a letter to Halleck before Sheridan commanded in this valley. Who, again, has not admired General Sherman's terse signal order to General Corse at Altoona, "Hold the fort, for I am coming"? This is a condensation, in a pithy, ringing sentence of three messages, less striking, which were sent. This reminds one of the message of Francis I, after his defeat in the battle of Pavia, which historians have reported as "All is lost save honor!" whereas this sentiment, though substantially expressed in the message, was diluted by so many words as to lose all its pith and pungency.

If this business of cheating us out of our illusions goes on much longer, what will there be left for the world to admire or reverence? Even with all its myths, is history so rich in noble deeds and utterances that we can afford to lose any of the sparkling *mots*, the happy inspirations, the thrilling improvisations of great and good men? Luckily there may be compensations in store for us of which we now little dream. The same lynx-eyed research which has robbed us of so much that has thrilled or charmed us, may relieve human nature of many unjust stigmas of meanness, selfishness, cowardice and cruelty. It may also discover proofs of many noble deeds and sayings now regarded as fabulous. After nearly a quarter of a century of abuse General Pope wrote an article for the Century Magazine in which he utterly repudiated the authorship of the saying which so long made him a butt of ridicule, that in future "his headquarters would be in his saddle."

Who knows but that, if further investigation be made, it will be proved that Curtius *did* jump into the gulf, and Cocles defend the bridge against a whole army; that Portia actually swallowed live coals, and Scævola burned his right hand? We need not despair of yet having it established that the Duke of Wellington did actually take refuge in the squares at Waterloo, and did really exclaim, as the French cavalry made their last ascent of the ridge at Waterloo, "Up, Guards, and at them!" and that the Imperial Guard, shortly afterward, when called to surrender, really uttered the bravado inscribed on the monument at Nantes: "The Guard dies; it does not surrender." We may almost expect it to be proved that Napoleon was really heroic enough and foolish enough to lead his infantry in person over the fire-swept bridge at Lodi, instead of acting in the less daring, if more sensible and soldierly, way to which the evidence points. Perhaps documents may yet be unearthed which will show that he did not shoot two thousand of his prisoners at Jaffa, that he did not proclaim himself to the Turks as a Mussulman, commissioned by the Most High to humble the Cross, and that he did not order Frotte, the leader of the insurrection in Normandy, to be shot after he had surrendered himself on Bonaparte's announcement that, if he did so, he might count on the generosity of the Government.

It is certainly satisfactory to know that the "crooked-back king," Richard III, has been "reconstructed," so as to lose both his physical and his moral hump, that the Bluebeard of British history, Henry VIII, and "Bloody Mary" have been more or less successfully whitewashed; that the great master of bribery, Sir Robert Walpole, never asserted that "all men have their price"; that Marlborough's treacheries admit of all the palliations which his latest biographer, Mr. Saintsbury, has suggested; that Gustavus Adolphus was not shot by one of his own men; and that, as M. Cheruel has pretty clearly shown, the hackneyed story that Louis XIV appeared in the Parliament of Paris booted and with riding-whip in hand, and uttered the arrogant epigram, "*L'état, c'est moi!*" has no foundation in fact.

Still more gratifying is it to learn from the careful investigations of Signor A. Bortelli, who has cleared away the mist and glamour that have gathered about the Cenci family, that the popular tale which Shelley has made the dreadful plot of the finest modern tragedy in our language is a gross misrepresentation

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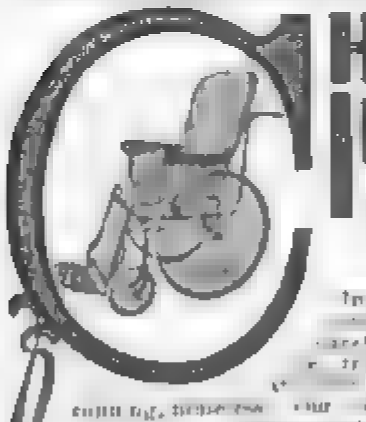
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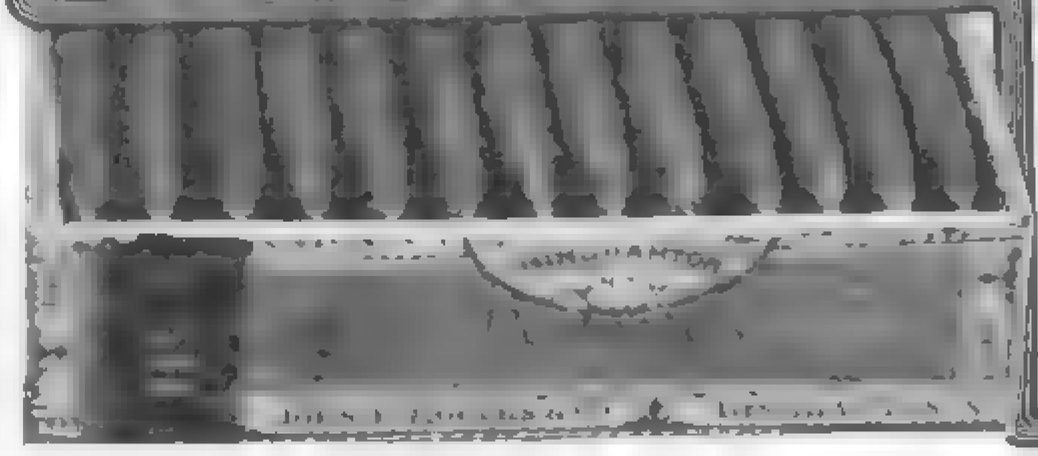

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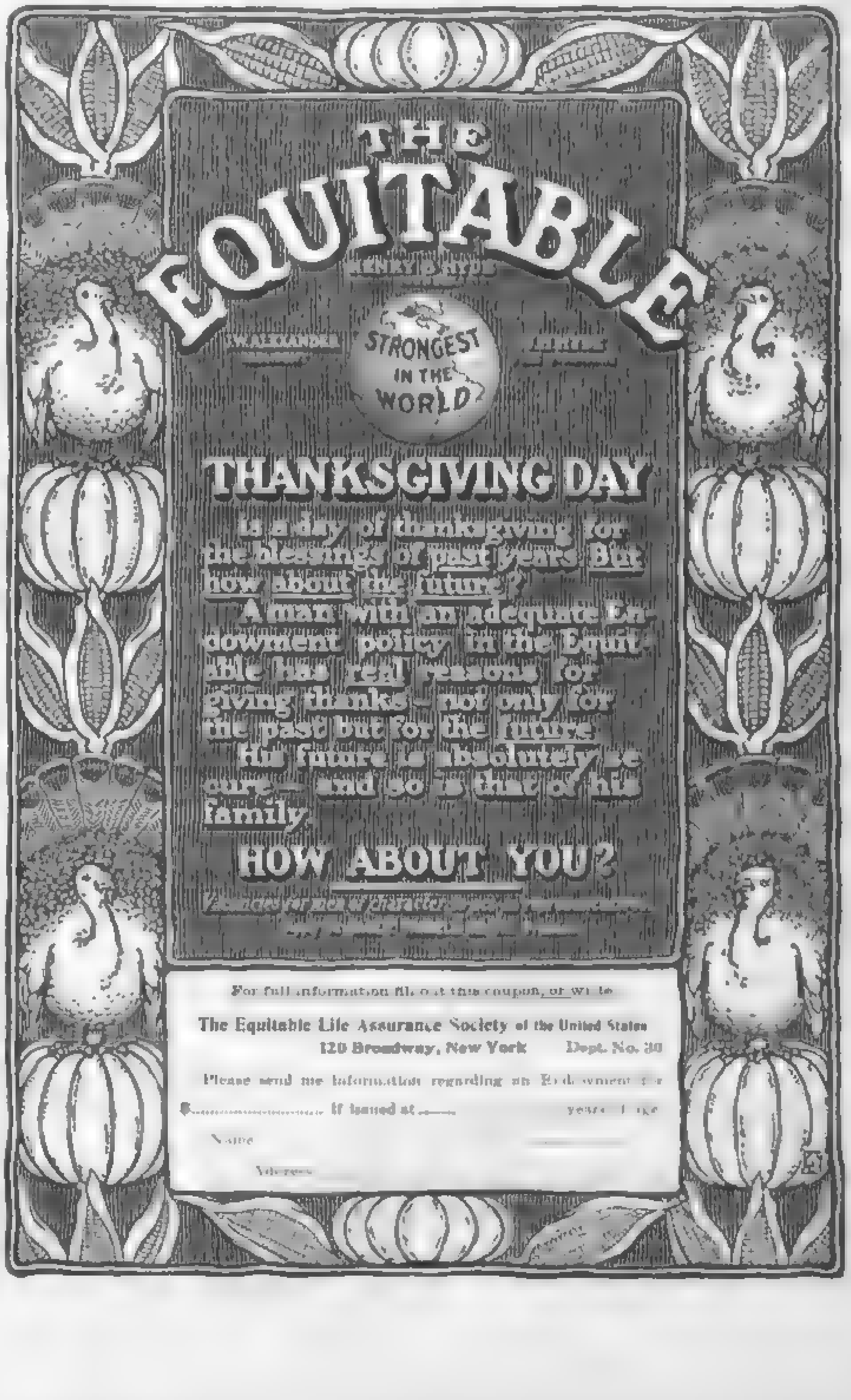

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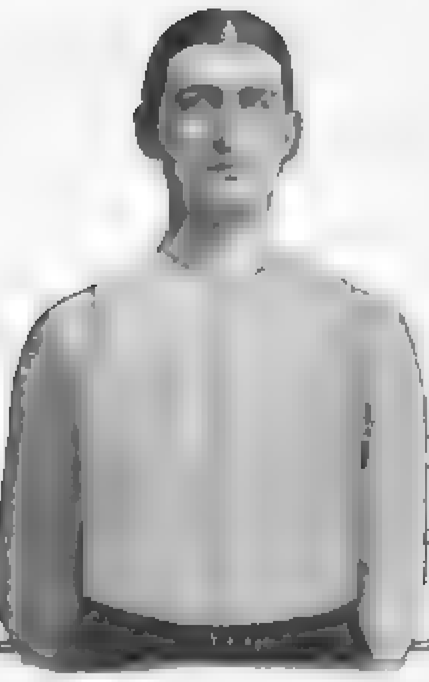

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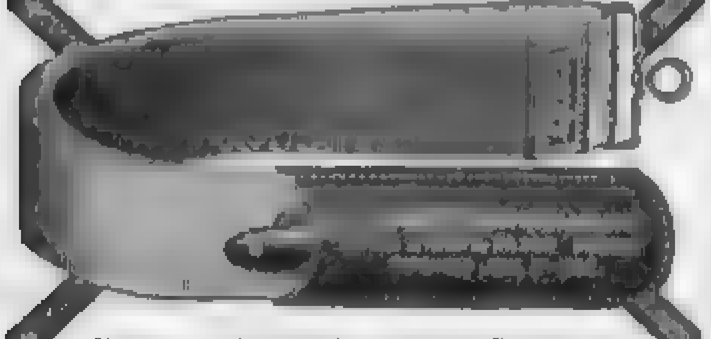

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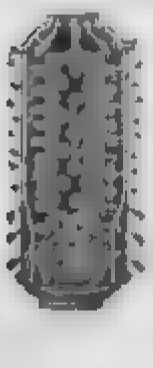

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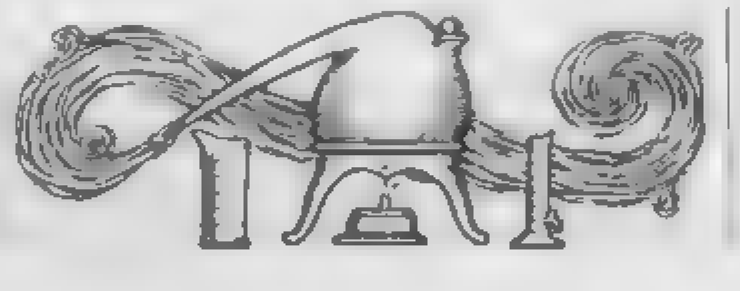
of the facts: that the celebrated picture in the Barberini gallery, with its wonderfully sad eyes — whose plaintive beauty has caused it to become, throughout the civilized world, one of the best known faces of all the generations of men and women from that time to this — is not a portrait of Beatrice Cenci at all; and that the punishment that was inflicted upon the young lady and her companions had really no relation to any effort on the part of the Papacy to murder them in order to confiscate the Cenci property.

A yet more wonderful reconstruction of history — the masterpiece of the art — is the Tom Paine (Thomas Paine, we suppose, we must now call him) of Moncure D. Conway's recent biography, as compared with the vulgar infidel and scoffer of our youth. Paine, as rehabilitated by Mr. Conway, was not only "a learned man," who had studied under famous masters astronomy, mathematics and physics, and investigated steam navigation years before the first steamboat was launched by Fitch, but was "in apostolic fervor a spiritual successor and follower of such men as George Fox and John Wesley," and wrote "*the most religious book written in the last century — The Age of Reason!*" It is not very easy to believe this statement; but we can credit the assertion recently made by a lecturer on the errors of history, that Ethan Allen did not utter, at the capture of Ticonderoga, the ringing and somewhat irreverent phrase associated with that daring adventure in the mind of every schoolboy. Instead of demanding of the British commander the surrender of the fortress in the name of "the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," Allen shouted. "*Come out of that, you old rat!*"

Again, who that has visited the "Queen of the Adriatic" does not rejoice that modern investigation has utterly discredited not only the "mock pearls," but the false blots of history regarding Venice which for ages have passed unchallenged, and which poetry and romance have rendered almost indelible. All the old stereotyped stories about suspected or offensive persons having been made away with by drowning have been shown not only to be unsupported by proof, but wholly improbable So with the famous denuncitions by the "Lion's Mouth;" if anonymous, they were ordered in 1387 to be burnt, and, though allowed in later years, yet the votes of four-fifths, and afterward of five-sixths, of the council were requisite before the accused could be proceeded against; and these votes, furthermore, had to be confirmed by a process four times repeated. Again, the "*piombi*," about which so many tales of horror have been told — the freezing of the victims in winter, and the broiling of them in summer — the fearful rooms, which have been the scenes of so much State malice and cruelty, are still to be seen, unchanged, on the highest story of the ducal palace, and are known to be in winter the warmest in the whole building

Finally, the dreadful leads, the thought of which makes our blood run cold — the leads that under a midsummer's sun are imagined to have burned over the heads of innocent prisoners — lie on the roof not flat, but in a vertical form, like a gable roof; and they are divided from the rooms containing the cells, called "the piombi," by a solid ceiling of magnificent oak rafters, between which and the roof is a space declared by Mr. Ruskin to be five metres high where it is least and nine where it is greatest. It was because of the mystery in which their acts were shrouded that there have gathered about the rulers of Venice so many traditions of cruelty — traditions, in a majority of cases, as baseless as the massacre of the Welsh bards by Edward I, the drowning of the Duke of Clarence in a butt of malmsey wine, or the cruelty of Gesler to the mythical Tell.

To conclude. Let the cold-blooded, lynx-eyed critics go on with their researches. There are some passionate lovers of romance who will refuse to give up their fond historical illusions, whatever the facts arrayed against them. For these persons the drum made of Ziska's skin will continue to be beaten, and the bagpipes will always play at Lucknow, the regimental records to the contrary notwithstanding; and of the heroism of Lucretia, Horatius Cocles and Mucius Scævola they will say with Goethe: "If the Romans were great enough to invent such stories we should at least be great enough to believe them"



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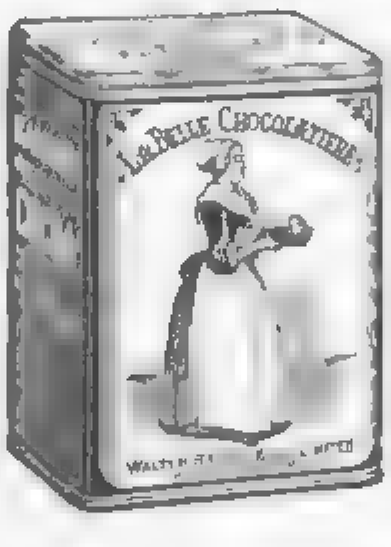

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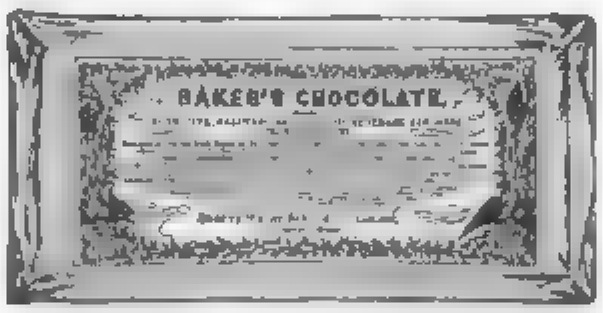

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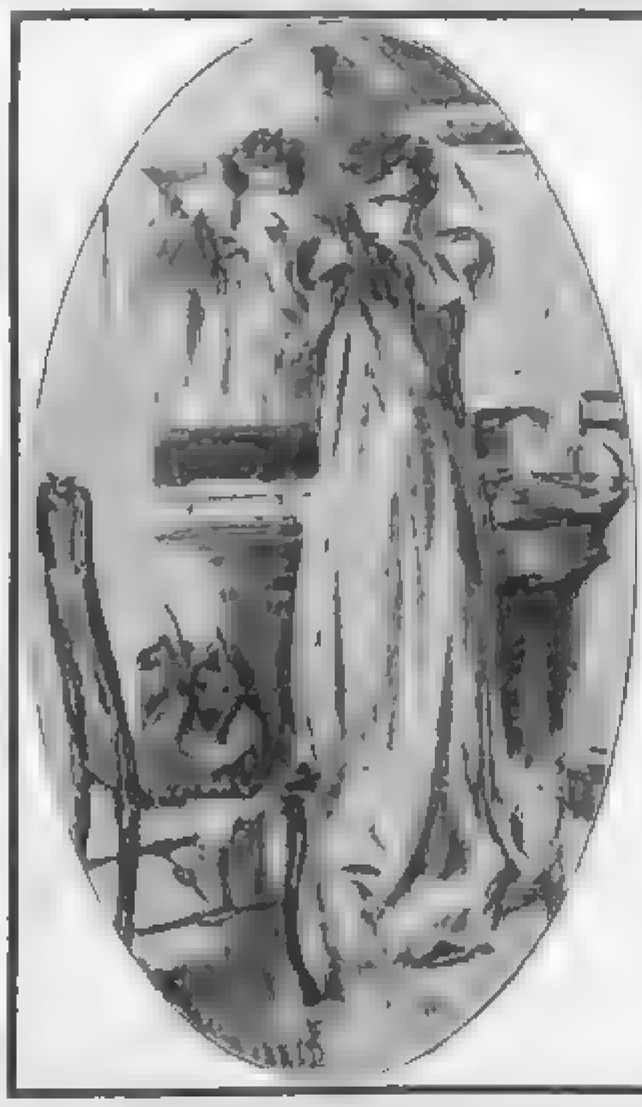

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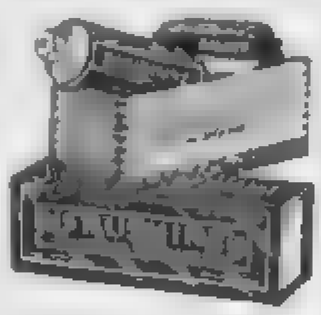

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A Woman's Impressions of Mme. Patti

By Mrs. Robert Grau

AFTER a stay of a week or so at Craig-y-Nos the sensation one experiences is that of perfect freedom and personal comfort, and the impression made is of the delightful domesticity that reigns about the place. Craig-y-Nos is rather lonely, one must confess that, especially to one who has lived in the hurly-burly world of restless movement and activity. The nearest railway station — that of the little mountain road that leads to Swansea — is fully four miles away, over very steep hills, and when in a two hours' [illegible] you finally get to Swansea you are still five hours from London.

The castle itself lies like a jewel at the foot of bleak hills that are almost mountains. For miles about it is the only salient object in the long valley. Its mass of buildings looks pure white in the distance, thrown against the dark background of brown hills and occasionally half hidden by the shrubbery of evergreens. But on a nearer approach one remarks how much the hand of man has done to beautify this otherwise desolate spot. Well kept walks abound in every direction through green lawns and variegated gardens; here and there is a rustic bridge across the rushing stream they call a river; now and then a greenhouse, apparently well stocked; pretty vistas of scenery with an occasional tall oak to lend some variety to the scenery.

One of the great charms of the place is its variety of birds, wild and tame. In the large, heart-shaped pond — partly artificial, but originally natural — the most domesticated of swans swim about and come to greet you, and flocks of all descriptions are there by the hundreds. But more surprising is the quantity of game you see on every side. These, of course, are preserved, and as no one is permitted to shoot them but the Baron Cederstrom, they live and increase in comparative security. I saw grouse, pheasant, partridge and plover flying about, in no wise frightened by human proximity. Rabbits and hares were there in incalculable quantities — in short, a paradise for a sportsman, for the river, too, abounds in fish. Trout may be caught at the gate of the castle, and salmon a few miles below. I am told, too, that poaching is unknown hereabouts, owing, no doubt, to the fact that the inhabitants of the small hamlets near by are so profoundly devoted to Madame Patti through so many acts of kindness that they would be guilty of nothing that would cause her annoyance. The Welsh are a loyal people in their friendships. Besides, in very many ways, the people find employment through her residence there, and they are as reliable guardians of her rights as she would be herself.

A Tour of the Park

After a walk of half a mile or so through these grounds we come back by way of the orangery, and next to it the peach house, where the luscious fruit was just ripening to maturity. Beside these our peaches look like wild fruit. Here every peach is exposed to the sunshine, and after sunset is put to bed in cotton batting.

Then in succession are the conservatories and the grape houses, where you see big bunches of the luscious Black Hamburgs, and the still better Chasselas de Fontainebleau. Next is the well-stocked kitchen garden, and, still nearer to the castle, the gorgeous rose garden. This is enough to revel in of itself. Standards of every conceivable variety and of enormous size vie with the humbler bush and climbing roses, and all in indescribable profusion. On a warm summer afternoon the air is laden with subtle perfume. It is almost intoxicating.

On the other side of the principal garden entrance to the castle lie the golf links, the tennis court and the croquet field. Here the chatelaine is most frequently during the morning hours up to noon, for she has long since realized the value and the joy of outdoor existence. She usually starts off after breakfast, when the papers have been read, for a long walk with the Baron, and on the return there comes a match at golf or tennis.

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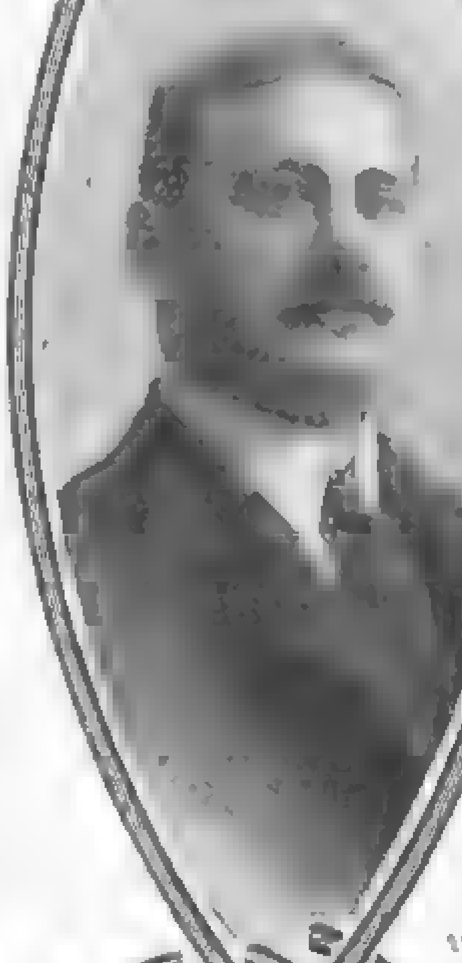

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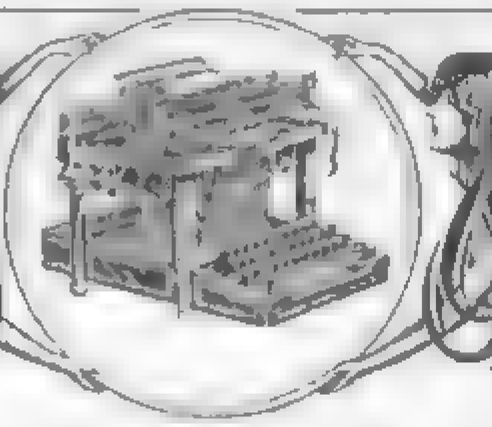
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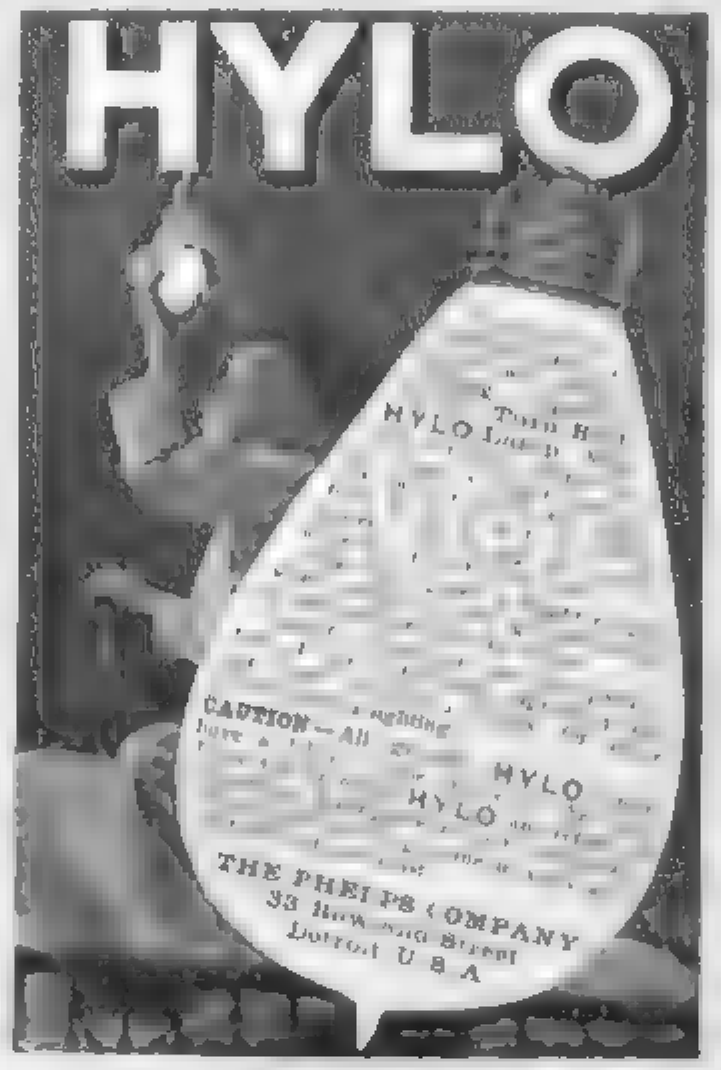

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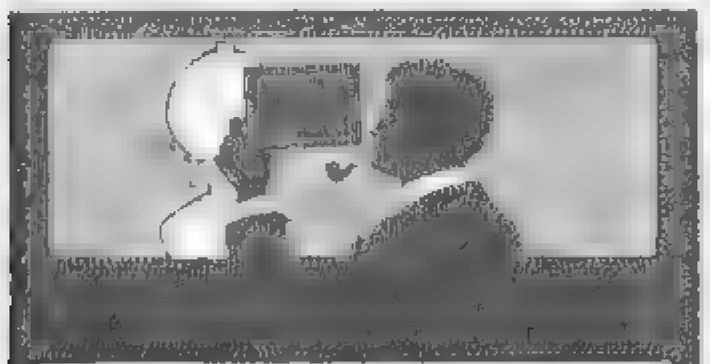

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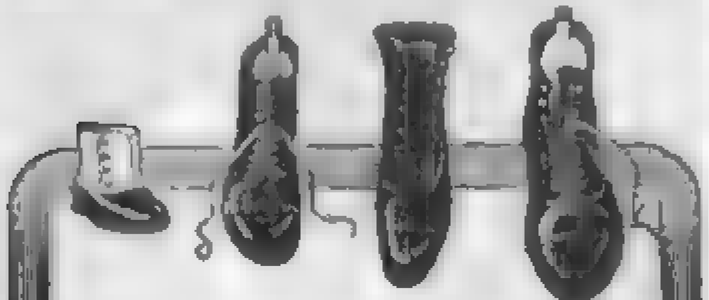

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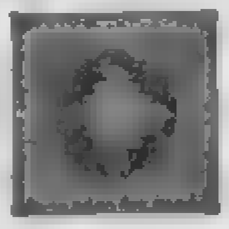


The Baron is an exceptionally good golfer and can make his nine holes over a rather rough country in pretty short order. But the Baroness is a very fair second, and the exercise delights her. After a short respite before lunch she comes in all aglow and eats as heartily as a schoolgirl. The luncheon is quite an elaborate affair, served in courses, and even the remembrance of the chef's work makes one's mouth water.

This reminds me to say that the whole service of the castle moves with the precision of clockwork and is marvelously well regulated. They are the politest and most attentive servants I ever saw. In this country we know no such anticipation of our wants, such apparent personal devotion as they manage to convey. But they live under set rules over there. For instance, there are forty-two of them and they are divided into three classes, each class having separate quarters and a separate dining-room. A visit to the laundry, the kitchens and the wine cellar revealed perfect discipline throughout. And so in the nearer service of the sleeping-rooms, the constant but noiseless attention inspired one with a sense of luxury, as if all care of any sort could be safely dismissed.

In the Castle

Beyond the rare old furniture from many countries with which the interior of the castle is generously stored one may see on every side statues and statuettes of the diva, of every conceivable size, by the most renowned of modern sculptors; also life-size paintings, most of them either the gifts of great artists or of their wealthy patrons.

There are also rare collections of curious things, some of them exhibited only to specially favored guests. The most valuable of these is a collection of crowns, some of laurel and faded ribbon, dating back to Patti's childhood; others are of silver and gold, set with precious stones. One is a golden crown, the gift of a Russian Czar. It is inlaid with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. The Baroness once used to wear it when she sang Semiramide. There are others not as precious as this, but wonderfully beautiful gifts, from other sovereigns and some private persons and noblemen. The whole collection is both extensive and priceless.

Madame Patti is evidently very fond of birds, whether dead or alive, for she has a collection of stuffed songsters from all over the world. They are artistically exhibited in glass cases and have a whole large room to themselves; but the live birds are perhaps more interesting. There are no less than seventeen of these—all parrots, many of them of most beautifully-hued plumage, and not a few quite savage. But they are all great talkers. This fondness for parrots is one of the few traits in Madame Patti that is characteristically Italian. Her particular favorite among the animate animal life about her, however, is her dog, an Irish terrier called Ginger. She is constantly playing with him, and he is certainly most intelligent, though hardly very handsome to a common, every-day eye. She calls him her "Angel."

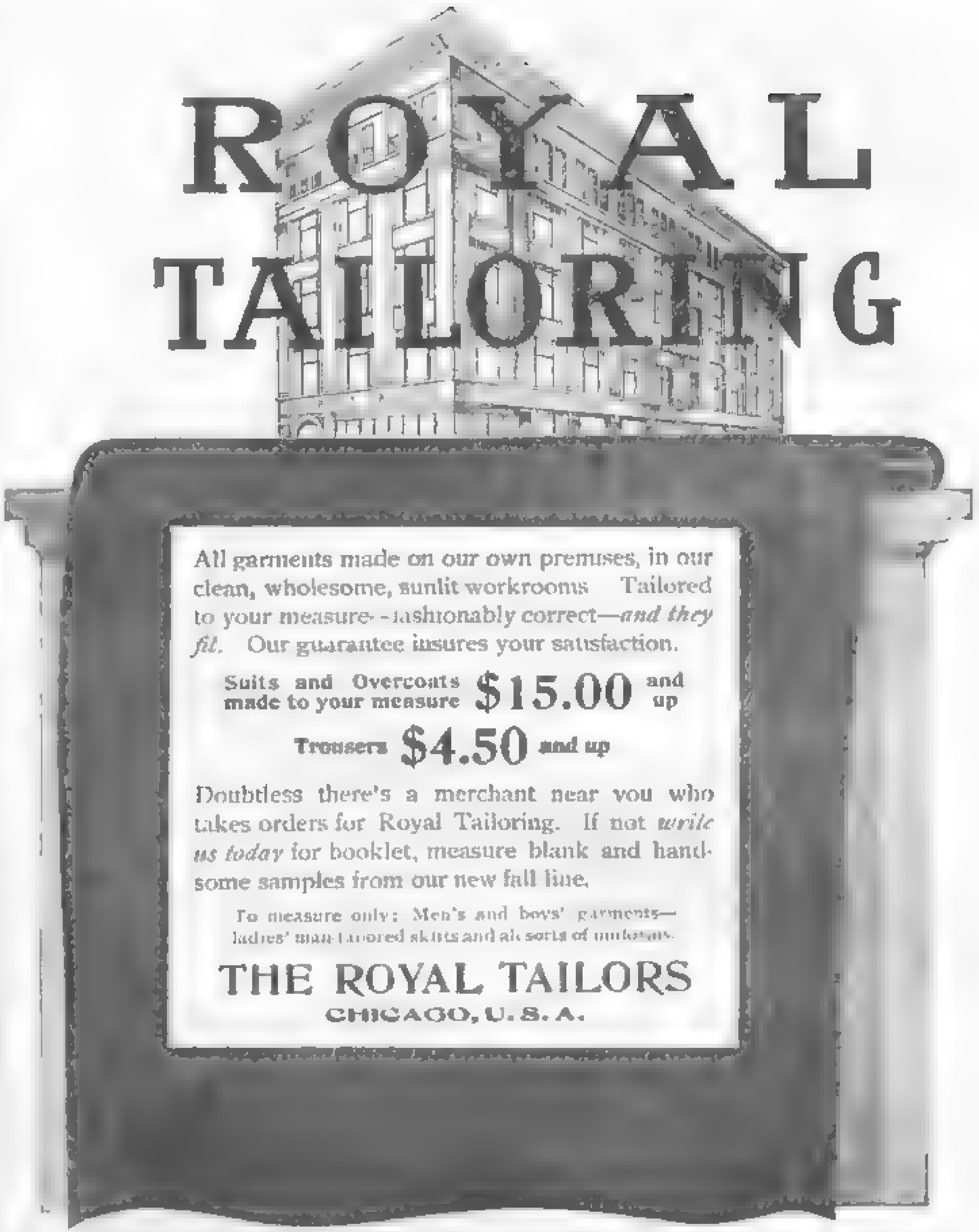
The horses in the stable number ten, but they are not used much by the owners. There are carriages of all descriptions, but they appear to be principally employed by the guests. All the roads in the vicinity are fine and some of the views superb. Possibly the Baron and Baroness have grown tired of them; or is it that they prefer those long jaunts on foot which they invariably take together? For it is very evident that they are immensely fond of each other.

Evidences of Her Piety

The Baron is a fine-looking fellow, tall, straight and handsome of face. He is very gracious and affable, yet seems to exercise shrewd judgment in business.

In the centre of the castle she has had constructed a pretty little chapel wherein every seat and *prie dieu* is of oak, covered with silk plush. The decorations are rich without being garish. Two priests, who are old friends, frequently visit the castle, and when there say mass and perform the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. On these occasions such guests and servants as choose to attend are freely admitted; but, of course, there is no obligation about it.

In the diva's bedroom there are evidences of this religious *penchant*. Above the bed hangs a massive gold crucifix fully thirty inches long. It is magnificent simply as a work of art, if nothing more. On the table beside the bed is a golden urn containing holy water, and two golden Virgins of ancient



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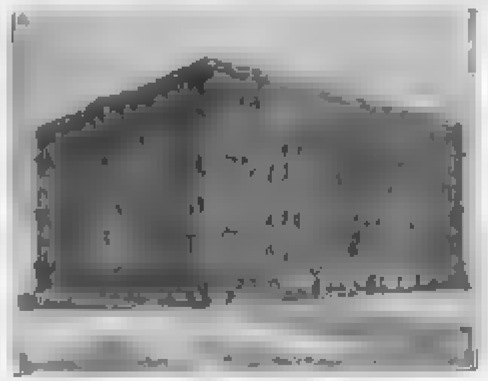

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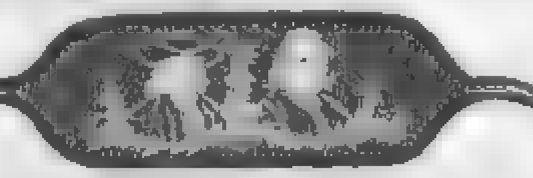

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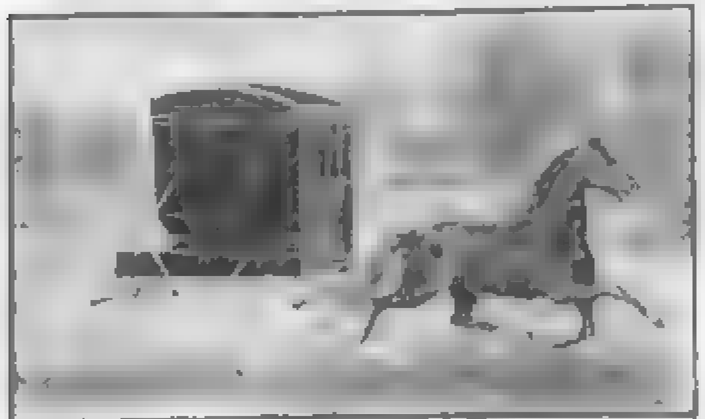

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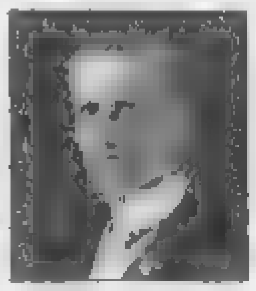

E. H. BEACH, *Editor*

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workmanship. In one corner of the room is a small oratory, beautifully carved in wood, and other proofs of meditative devotion lie about.

In this room, and indeed all over the house, one remarks the quantity of elegantly embroidered pillows. These are all the work of Madame Patti herself. Embroidery is one of her hobbies. She is very deft at the work, the result of long practice. She also paints extremely well both on tapestry and canvas, and specimens of her art are numerous about the place.

From the general reception room downstairs, the prominent feature of which is an immense orchestrion (the largest I have seen and the most complex I have heard), one passes by a broad passage into the theatre, which was inaugurated in 1891. The stage of this theatre is fully adequate for any sort of a performance except spectacle. The auditorium holds about three or four hundred people. There is one balcony, and to this at any performance the servants as well as the poorer neighbors are always admitted free.

The Lady Bountiful of Craig-y-Nos

Some three or four performances a year are given here and usually for some charitable object. Madame Patti used to give one concert in Swansea every fall for the benefit of the poor of that town. Now the event takes place at Craig-y-Nos and is always attended by the nobility and gentry of all South Wales, many even coming from London. The price of tickets on these occasions is five guineas, and there is never any difficulty in crowding the handsome little theatre. In this way Madame Patti's charities are productive of a great deal of general good. Nor is it only in dedicating her marvelous and popular powers to such causes that she shows her generosity and good heart, for on one occasion when she was unavoidably absent she sent to the committee a check for the full amount that ordinarily was raised by the concert. To further emphasize her love for the people in this corner of the world, which she has made her home, there is a hospital in Swansea which she has built and endowed.

No wonder, then, that the love of the people thereabout for the chatelaine of Craig-y-Nos amounts almost to adoration. It is the duty of Caroline, her ever faithful and inseparable companion—they have been together twenty-five years—to look out for and receive reports about any case of sickness, suffering or destitution in the neighborhood and to act upon it immediately. To all of these kindly people the great singer is personally known, and is always greeted by them.

It is not surprising, therefore, that she loves this splendid home, associated with so many happy memories, and yet it may be that before the next year has passed another will be chosen. If so, it will be in deference to the wishes of her husband, Baron Cederstrom, who believes that she should keep in closer touch with the great world beyond than is possible in so retired a spot as Craig-y-Nos. When that spot was selected Madame Patti led a life of excitement and activity during nine months of the year. It was restful then to be able to retire to a spot so quiet and removed. But now the Baron thinks she needs more gayety and life about her. This is only to be obtained spasmodically where they are. Not that she ever feels lonely in that favored spot. Possibly he does, for a man may get tired eventually of the best hunting and fishing in the world. It is one reason why the Baron, in common with his wife, looks forward with intense anticipation to the forthcoming American tour. He is now constantly asking questions about this country, and he passes much of his time reading up on it so as to possess, at least, a groundwork of knowledge about us. To him the trip will be a perpetual delight.

In the mean time, inquiries will have been set on foot looking to the purchase of another castle within a reasonable distance of London. If something agreeable to both is found the transaction may be concluded after the American tour. But her present estate, [illegible] by habit, comfort and memory, will never pass out of her hands. She will always remain Queen of Craig-y-Nos.

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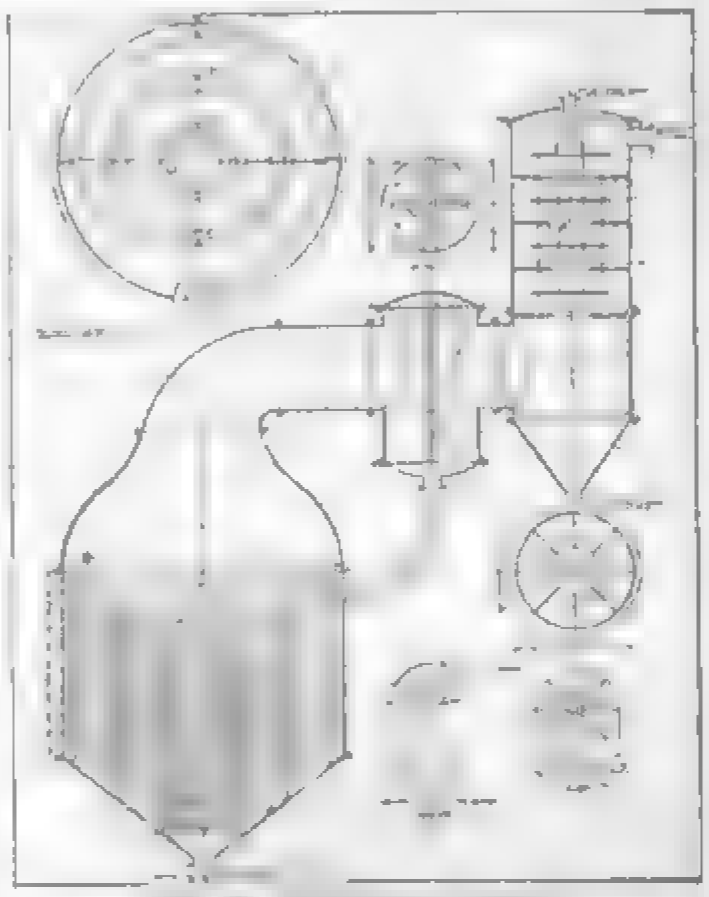

WHAT EMPLOYERS SAY

In discussing the demand for engineers and draftsmen the following opinions were given by prominent men in an article appearing in the Chicago Record-Herald, June 29, 1903:

L. C. [illegible] (of the N. K. Fairbank Company)—I have had positions for engineers and draftsmen in this company for more than three months. The demand is far beyond the supply.

Chester S. Churchill (of Swift & Co.)—I find the greatest scarcity in designers and draftsmen. Competent men are hard to find.

J. Sterling Goddard (chief draftsman of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad)—The scarcity of competent engineers and draftsmen during the past two years has been greater than ever.

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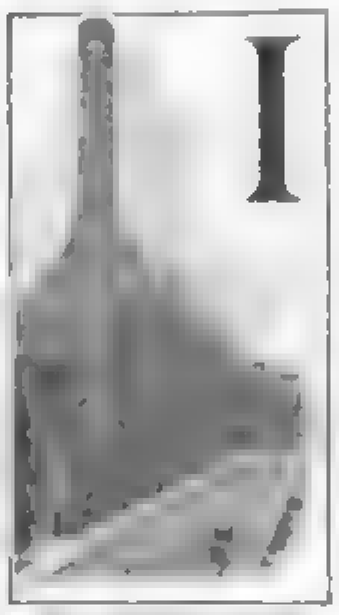

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The Unexplained Relation

(Concluded from Page 6)

"Draw up that chair there where I can see you, and talk to me."

The smile came back, but the chair was brought, and this strange creature in the soft, clinging gown sat down close by the bed.

"I'm glad—so glad you're better."

"Nasty spill, wasn't it?"

"It was horrible! horrible!" whispered Ethel, her hand going to her face with a pathetic gesture.

"Well, the only horrible thing now is that I've got to bother Jim and his wife for a while—and you, too——"

"Don't! Don't!"

"I'm sorry. I seem to succeed in bothering you a great deal lately."

"Please, please don't!"

"Never mind. It's a fine sunset, isn't it?"

She got up and walked to the window struggling with something.

"You're not going away?" he called with absurd plaintiveness.

There was a moment's hesitation. Then, still looking from the window, she said slowly:

"I want—I'd like to say something to you. Will you listen?"

"All night."

"It is only that—I mean that I think you—that is, your friend Mr. Brown—did just the right thing—and I'm glad——"

"Ethel!"

The figure by the window moved slightly.

"Ethel, come here!"

She moved as if against her will, but in a moment she was sitting in a low chair by the bed.

"Ethel, look at me! Please! I can't move a finger."

Instantly she turned to him and he saw the brown eyes glistening in the fading light.

"Let me tell you the whole story——"

"No, no, I don't want ever to hear. I'm ashamed—and so sorry—so sorry!"

"I've done worse things——"

"I don't care, if you only lo—— Oh, *what* am I saying?"

"Sit down again. Say it! Say it!"

"I won't!"

"Ethel."

"Yes?"

"Will you do something for me?"

"Yes."

"Sure?"

"Pretty sure," doubtfully.

"Just lean over and kiss me."

"Oh!" and she sat bolt upright.

"If you don't I'll get up, and then I'll—I'll be dead!"

"Don't you move!" she cried as she put her hand on the coverlet.

"Will you?"

"No, I won't!"

"All right; look out!"

"Stop! I—I——" And she leaned tenderly over the bruised body and put her lips softly to his.

"Oh!" murmured the man. "To think that I can't even move a finger—— Ethel!" for she had started up to the window again.

"Yes?" faintly, yet she came back to the chair.

"Will you do something else for me?"

"No, I won't. What is it?"

"Do that once more—please."

With a faint little sound that would have been a laugh if it had not been so pathetic, she leaned over him again and put her fair cheek against his and her arm around his head. And so they lay for a moment, the giant done up in bandages, the young girl full of the health and grace of womanhood.

"Do you mind taking me all smashed up like this?"

"Not a bit."

"Maybe I haven't got many legs and arms."

"I don't care."

"Perhaps you'll have to push me around in a go-cart."

"I'd love to."

"You wouldn't rather have somebody else?"

"No, dear."

"And you don't mind the—the actress?"

"No, no—I—I—was——"

"What?"

She turned her face against the pillow and whispered.

"Jealous!"

"Thank God!"

And so they remained as the day died away, neither moving nor saying a word, the fair brown head against the yellow one with no care for the future, simply with peace and happiness in the present.

FORECASTING THE WEATHER

ALTHOUGH it is popular in some quarters to aim sarcasms, more or less amiable, at weather forecasters, there are few branches of science in which more progress is being made or which are fraught with greater value to the world. Winds, their direction and velocity and areas of barometric pressure, as studied by ordinary methods, are now a small part of the domain of aerodynamics.

Dr. H. H. Hildebrandsson, one of the greatest of meteorologists, has just published in French a summary of the latest international investigations of phenomena beyond the altitude of clouds. As a result of critical scientific work at weather stations throughout the world, announcement is made of discoveries which overturn some of the most widely diffused beliefs of mankind.

To account for atmospheric movement it has been taught that hot air rising in the region of the equator flows above the high pressure zones of the tropics, reaches circumpolar latitudes, and then turns and, as an intermediate current, returns toward the starting point at the equator. Henceforth this theory is to be totally discarded.

It is now found that throughout the year there is, at great altitudes above the heat equator and the equatorial calms, a current which moves from the east at enormous velocity. At the poles there is another elemental movement at high altitudes, which in the new science is called a "polar whirl"—a frigid cyclone, in fact, which, unlike the rush of air high above the equator, moves from west to east. This cosmic disturbance high above the polar regions is found to be similar in movement to an ordinary cyclone, the air of the lower strata approaching the centre, the higher tending away therefrom, and this outward tendency increasing with the altitudes.

Between these marvelous atmospheric movements—the polar storms rushing eastward and the equatorial westward—there are other equally mysterious currents, among them an upper monsoon, which, in winter, moves in a direction opposite to that of the trade winds.

The new weather forecaster is preparing to make observations first in these upper atmospheres, for changes and tendencies are traceable there long before they influence the air strata that affect mankind directly. It is a domain rich in opportunity for investigators.

"We must abandon once for all," says Doctor Hildebrandsson, "the idea of a vertical circulation between the tropics and the poles. We hope from this time on these polar and equatorial currents, which have made so much confusion in dynamic meteorology, will disappear from science."

Inasmuch as this theory of the circulation of the air between the tropics and the poles has hitherto been set forth by learned men and has even been included in the latest textbooks, the international conclusions of meteorologists, as expounded by Doctor Hildebrandsson, are revolutionary.

In America where, under the aid given to the work by the Smithsonian Institution, great progress has been made in meteorologic kite flying, records having been brought down of temperatures and velocities and direction of currents at altitudes three miles from the earth's surface, there is readiness to accept with confidence the new discoveries announced by Doctor Hildebrandsson.

It is proposed now to equip ships to cruise across the Atlantic and through tropic seas, flying kites for the purpose of further exploiting the mysterious and important regions far above the clouds. The United States Navy has been requested to cooperate in this work of scientists. It is predicted that unprecedented precision in weather forecasting will be the final outcome of these new studies.

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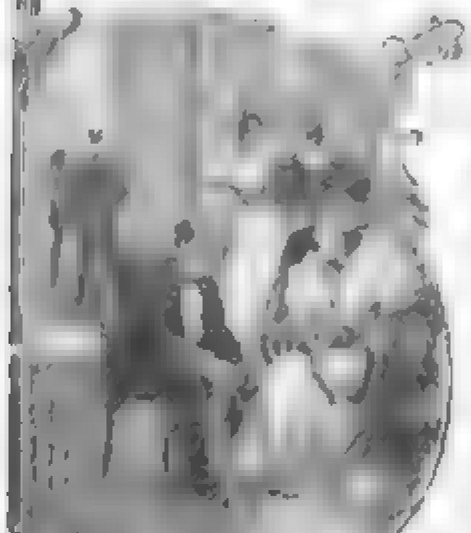

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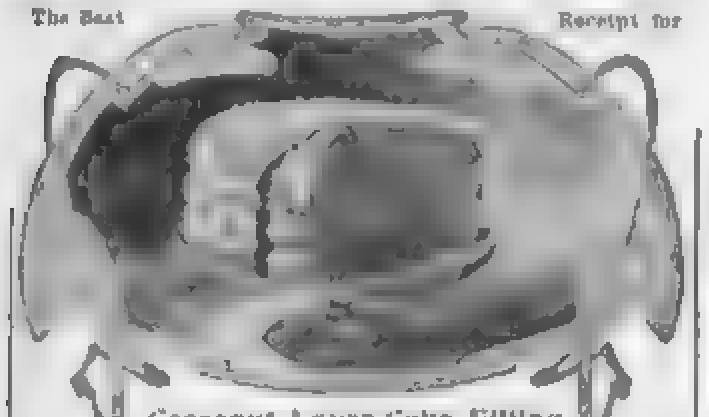

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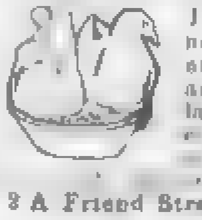

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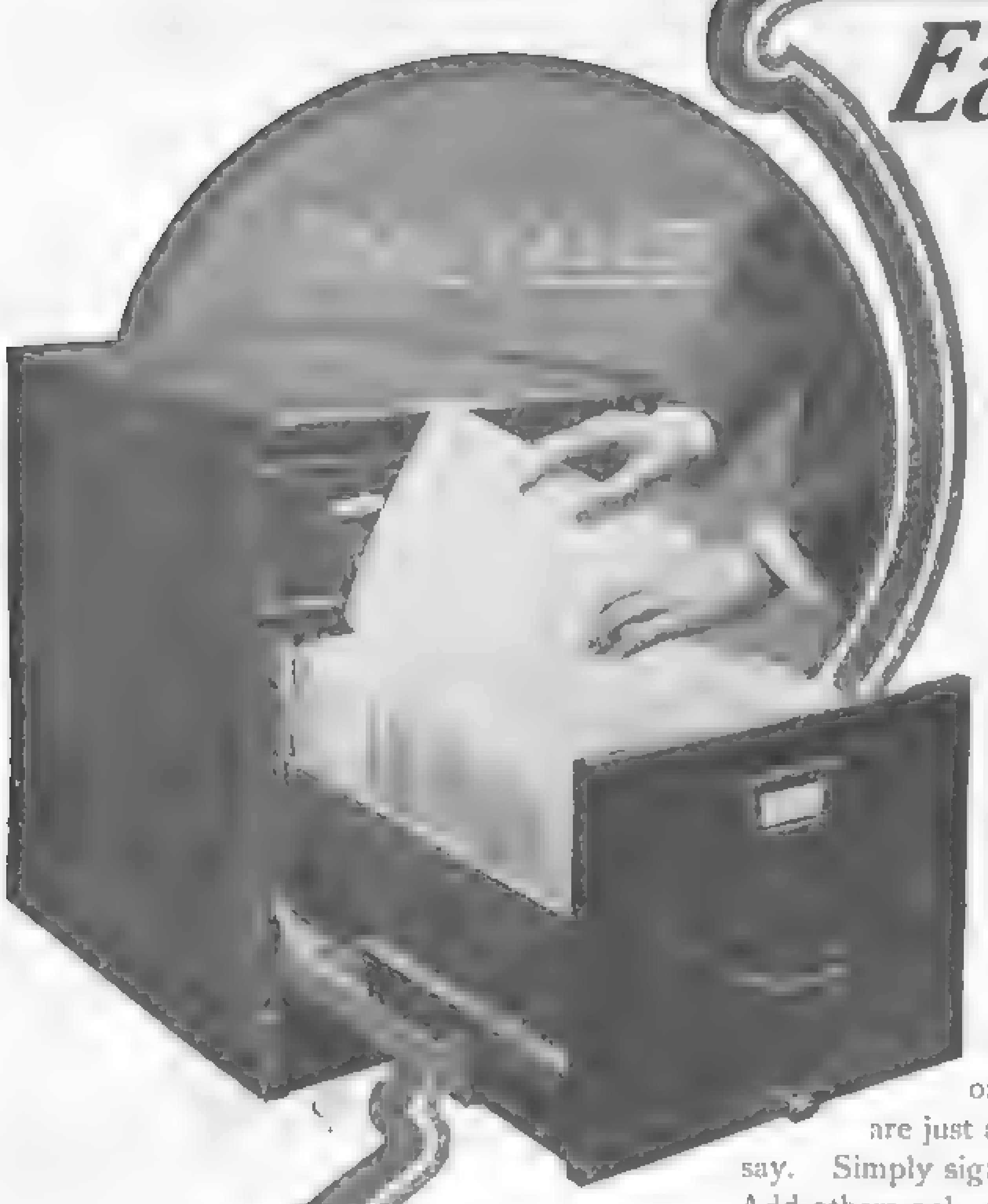

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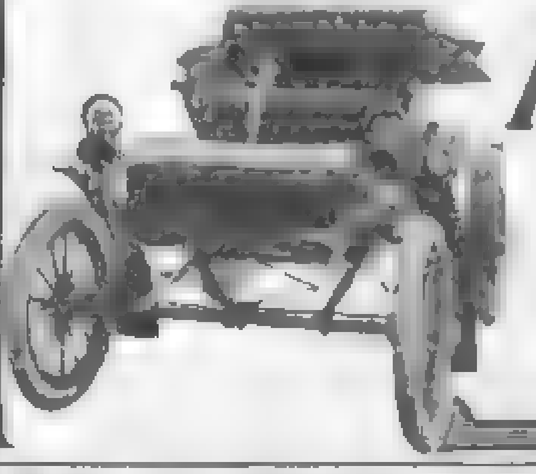

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The Ariadne Records

(Concluded from Page 2)

a straighter path than she had taken for the last few minutes. "But I've not been frank with you," she said nervously; "I know all about John I."

"What?" he asked.

"I know about your ancestor—where he spent those twelve years. Since I saw you the Ariadne Records have come."

"The Ariadne Records!" Half consciously he straightened himself as he searched her face. There could be no doubt that she was in earnest, and his attitude relaxed. "What's he doing in them?"

The ghost of a smile crossed her lips. "He was paying court to Ariadne I."

"How do you know?"

She went to a cabinet and brought out a small, yellowed packet. "The records are made up of his letters," she explained. "I ought to have sent for you when they first came, but I kept postponing. You had made it difficult."

Instead of opening the packet he began to walk about. He knew that he was acting strangely, as no other man would have acted, and he glanced at Ariadne uneasily. She was sitting with her hand on the letters, looking at them as if her thoughts were more with them than with him. He saw her face as it had looked when she granted him the friendship he asked for, denying him none of its possibilities of growth, and he resented the way in which John I had forced his hand. Time was all he asked for, time to be natural and unprecipitate, and time was the one thing he could not have.

He turned and came back to her, more than ever with the look of being in full retreat.

"Miss Frost," he said, "I claim the redemption of your promise. Will you accept me in marriage now that the conditions are fulfilled?"

She looked up in a leisurely way from the letters; she had been reading the present in them as well as the past, and perhaps it was Ariadne I who had whispered to her a solution for the awkwardness into which they had been tricked by their ancestors. Everything had grown clear; it seemed to her that she understood Leffingwell's hesitancy and the certainty of his slowly acknowledged affection better than he did himself.

"When we learn how Ariadne I answered John I," she said.

For a moment he stared at her; then she could see the whimsicality of her idea take hold of him.

"Don't the letters tell?" he asked.

She shook her head. "They tell nothing except his devotion. It seems he had watched her grow up and had loved her since she was a child. He wrote last just before the massacre; he makes her a proposal and tells her that if she refuses him he will go to Virginia. I doubt if she had time to answer him before the trouble came and she was killed. We must think it out for ourselves."

His face brightened still more into its exquisite smile, and she saw that in the pleasure of his reprieve it scarcely seemed worth while to him to take very long for the thinking out. He sat down and drew the letters toward him. "Let's begin at once," he said. "And besides, I want to get an idea of John I."

They were ardent letters, showing how a man could express himself when really in love. It was inevitable that he should read them, yet Ariadne felt a keen pity for him as she watched him scanning the dimmed pages; insensibly, she had pictured John I with the odd appearance and bearing of John VIII, but that only made the difference in their inner temperaments the more extreme, and, if she could, she would have drawn the impassioned pleading of the ancestor away from the cautious descendant. She knew the letters so well that it was almost as if she bent over the pages with the eighth John, and as she saw the changes of expression cross his face she knew that nothing of the contrast was lost on him, that he felt the difference between himself and John I as she had felt it, and that it was John I who seemed the living presence, John VIII the dim, dry shadow from the past.

She gave a little sigh as he finished, and he sighed and leaned back and met her eyes. Out of their perfect understanding of the bolder, more vivid life of the old days, and of their common remoteness from it, the first John was speaking for his descendant, and there remained no doubt as to the answer of the first Ariadne.

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF TO CHOOSE YOUR FUTURE AT ONCE AND ENROLL WITH THIS SCHOOL

LEARN SUCCESS SHORTHAND SYSTEM

AFTER GRADUATION WHAT? OUR GRADUATES ARE EXPERT STENOGRAPHERS AND REPORTERS

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The most expert shorthand known to the profession by the largest and most successful firm of shorthand writers in the world. We can surely teach you expert shorthand, because we write it.

W. E. CURTIS, in Chicago Record-Herald, November 9, 1902, writes:
"Walton, James & Ford is the largest shorthand firm in Chicago, and does more business probably than any other shorthand firm in the world. They do a business which approximates $100,000 annually."

Our Graduates are Successful

because they are taught by the most successful writers. The work of each student receives the close, personal attention of these expert shorthand writers. They include court reporters, private secretaries and competent stenographers in every walk of life.

STENOGRAPHERS, we will increase your speed in writing and train you as we train the experts in our office. Our system is the result of many years of experience with the Graham, Pitman, Munson and other standard systems, giving our improvements.

BEGINNERS, start right and be taught by experts. It will save you years of study.

Send at once for our book, "Success Shorthand System," and be convinced. It tells everything. Mailed Free.

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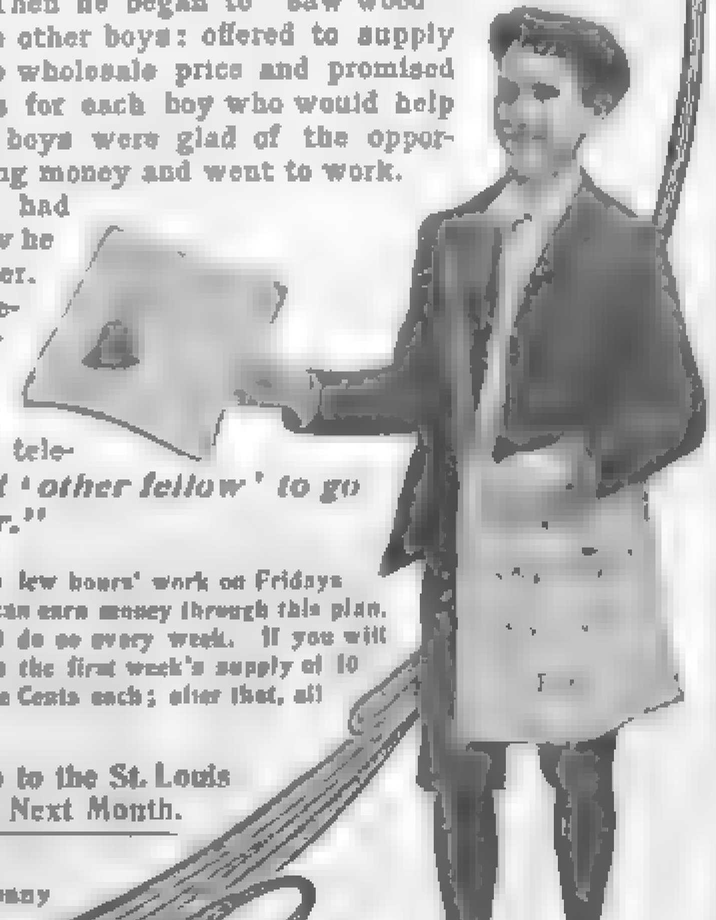
Suite 21 77-79 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

W. S. TAYLOR
Expert Court Reporter, owes success to our [illegible]

"With this course the ambitious young man or woman is sure to succeed."

J. A. CULKIN
Former law clerk. Now expert stenographer. We tripled his salary. He says

"I commend you to anyone desiring to take up the study of shorthand."



The FIRST BOY to go to the St. LOUIS FAIR

You Can Be the Second

CLYDE A. BELL sells The Saturday Evening Post in a town on Puget Sound. One day he received an offer from the publishers promising to send him and any one whom he might select as a guest, to the St. Louis World's Fair next summer, all expenses paid, if he would outsell other boys.

At the end of the first week, Clyde was the "tail-ender" in the race. Then he began to "saw wood." He interviewed some other boys: offered to supply them with copies at the wholesale price and promised to get five new customers for each boy who would help him win the prize. The boys were glad of the opportunity to earn some spending money and went to work.

Rival boys in other States had gotten ahead of Clyde but now he telegraphed to "boost" the order. Each week for a month he telegraphed for an increase. The day following the close of the contest he received a telegram telling him that he had "won out." He telegraphed back: ***"Hooray! that 'other fellow' to go with me will be my mother."***

ANY BOY willing to do a few hours' work on Fridays and Saturdays can earn money through this plan. More than 7000 do so every week. If you will try it, write to us and we will furnish the first week's supply of 10 copies without charge to be sold at Five Cents each; after that, all you require at the wholesale price.

$300 IN CASH and a Trip to the St. Louis Fair Next Summer as Prizes Next Month.

Boy Department
The Curtis Publishing Company
425 Arch Street
Philadelphia

Seventy-eight miles of young people!

IF THE SUBSCRIBERS TO

The Young Peoples' Weekly

stood side by side they would make a line of this length and it is getting longer every day. This gives some idea of the popularity of THE YOUNG PEOPLES' WEEKLY. It fits right into the home life and the day on which it comes is looked forward to as one of the brightest spots of the week. It don't "preach" to the young folks; it takes right hold with them. It shows them how much more fun there is in being strong and manly and womanly than there is in "just drifting."

To get acquainted we will send you THE YOUNG PEOPLES' WEEKLY for three months (13 weeks) for ten cents.

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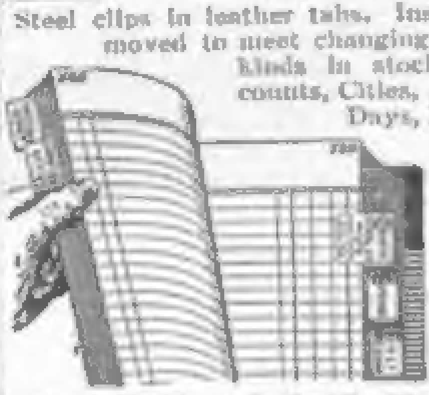

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SAVE 20% OF A BOOK-KEEPER'S TIME

Steel clips in leather tabs. Instantly applied or moved to meet changing conditions. 500 kinds in stock, including Accounts, Cities, Alphabets, States, Days, Numbers, Months and Tags to WRITE on.

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Catalog Free
Sample 5 Cents

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The Protectograph will absolutely secure the integrity of your checks. It impresses a line like this:

NOT OVER FIVE DOLLARS 5

in strictly indelible ink, upon any preferred part of the check, so deeply as to make the line a part of the document itself, rendering successful alteration impossible. It is in use by the U. S. Treasury and thousands of the leading financial and industrial institutions of the country. The entire limiting line is stamped by one movement of the lever. Write to-day for our catalog, which tells many things about check raising and check protection you may not know.

G. W. Todd & Co., 20 Exchange St., Rochester, N.Y.

Canaries

Beautiful hardy birds with wonderfully sweet, clear, musical voices. Imported from the best breeders in Germany and every one is a gem.

TESTED, GUARANTEED SONGSTERS

in shipping cage, only $2.00 each if ordered before December 10th. Females $1.00. Handsome brass cage $1.00. We ship everywhere. Largest mail order bird dealers in the world.

FREE Largest and handsomest catalogue of canaries, parrots, etc., ever issued; 200 illustrations and directions for care of birds, mailed free if you mention this magazine. Complete bird book only 25 cents.

IOWA SEED COMPANY, Des Moines, Ia.

Brown's Famous Pictures

Reproductions of famous paintings by old and modern masters. 2,000 subjects in Black and White or Sepia.

Size 5½ x 8.

One Cent Each

120 for $1.00

Large Platinoprints and Carbonprints, 3 cents each.

Our new 48-page catalogue, with 1000 illustrations, and two sample pictures for 2-cent stamp.

GEO. P. BROWN & CO.
Beverly, Mass.

The Devious Way

(Continued from Page 8)

make your title good by destroying the papers I hold."

"For $24,000," said the Professor. "That would be your share of the $30,000 option price. Why, as I understand it, it would be my deal entirely, and I should be paying out this sum just to remove any cloud on the title. Isn't that the way of it? I'm not much of a business man, but that seems to me right."

"It's a good way to put it," admitted the Senator; "a surprisingly good way for an unbusinesslike man."

"I'll show you," said the Professor with the joyousness of a child who has been complimented, "that I can be very practical when I try." And he proved this the next day by producing a contract, executed by a real-estate man, to take the land at $30,000 the moment the building of the projected road was assured. "I forced him to come right down to facts," he explained jubilantly. "I offered to give him the option if he would state plainly on what conditions he would pay the price named, and he did it."

The Senator did not sleep well that night. He was not at all pleased with himself, and no sophistical arguments could quite satisfy his conscience. He had gone into this speculation innocently, and a man would be a fool not to protect his own investments, but—that troublesome "but", ended all his attempts at justification. He was in a distressing predicament. There was $24,000 within reach or there was $8000 tied up and part of it possibly lost. If any man had attempted to bribe him he would have knocked him down; but it merely happened that he had interests that would be affected. It did seem strange that he happened to have these interests just at this time, but—— Well, there was no use bothering about that. Even if the Professor were not all that he had honestly believed him to be it would not change the situation. He would have suspected any other man, but the Professor never had tried to influence him by argument of any sort—indeed, he had had less to say on the subject of the railroad bill than almost any other man of his acquaintance. True, the last contract was rather surprising, but the Professor's explanation of it was plausible. Anyhow, he would do all that could be expected of him if he refrained from voting. That was a course honorable men frequently pursued when personal interests were likely to influence their judgment, but——

Senator Duncan was still worrying over the "buts" when, by invitation, he went to see the Governor the next day. He was trying not to frame in words the fact that honorable men acted openly in such matters, even when they did not vote. They explained the situation, and he could not explain without killing the measure. The thing would not look right. He might better vote against it than try to explain why he kept silent.

"I would like to have your views on this railroad bill," said the Governor. "I confess that I am in doubt about it."

The Governor was a weak man, and no one knew it better than the Senator. If he had had more courage and force he might have been a dangerous man, but he dared not do all that he would like to do. So he had become known as weak rather than bad, but he was not a man to look for flaws in a measure that was politically or financially expedient, so long as he was properly upheld.

"I do not feel like passing judgment upon it," said the Senator. "I have given it some thought, but there are many things to be considered. The railroad is needed."

"Will it have your vote?" asked the Governor.

"I do not know," answered the Senator after a moment of hesitation. "The road ought to be built. If it is not worth the price asked it seems strange that no one else has offered to build it for less."

"That's just the way I feel about it," said the Governor, evidently relieved; "but it is viciously assailed."

"Unjustly so," asserted the Senator, led to say more than he wished. "Some men are so constituted that they cannot see both sides of a question. There is no occasion for the fierce attacks made upon it as something utterly bad."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said the Governor. "The multiplicity of my

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IF YOU want more pay we can help you get it. For twelve years we have been training men and women for positions and salaries which they could not have otherwise obtained. Mark X before the position you want, fill in and send us the coupon; we will explain our plan by return mail and send you that remarkable booklet "1001 Stories of Success."

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Box 1171, SCRANTON, PA.

Please send me your booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," and explain how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X

—Mechanical Engineer	—Metallurgist
—Draftsman	—Chemist
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—Steam Engineer	—Bookkeeper
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—Civil Engineer	—Show Card Writer
—Surveyor	—Ad Writer
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Linen Lawn

A dainty paper for social correspondence. Five dainty colors in three sizes sheets:

EARL, WINDSOR and VESPER 55c the pound

Envelopes 18 and 20 cents the package.

Engravers Hoskins Stationers
904-906 Chestnut St., Philadelphia
Write for samples to Dept. P.

Art Indian Blankets

Famous Navajo Weavings eagerly sought by collectors and bought at $50 to $250, are not equal in brilliance or coloring or harmony of design to our Indian Blankets. For decorating cosy corners they have historical interest and artistic value rivaling the famous rugs of Turkey; most luxurious for slumber and couch robes, baby blankets, outing, travel and athletics. Price $5—remittance with order. Express prepaid anywhere in U. S. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. *Book C, showing patterns and colors free.*

American Indian Blanket Mills
Jacksonville, Ill.

Travel in Comfort

Trunk and Dresser Combined

"Young" TOLEDO

Let us sell you our celebrated "STANLEY DRESSER TRUNK," with smooth sliding drawers. No Rummaging for clothing. All articles in their proper place. Bottom just as accessible as top. Finest, strongest and best. Cost no more than others. Sold "direct from factory"—returnable if not satisfactory. Ask for Catalog A-1011.

THE HOMER YOUNG CO., Ltd., Toledo, Ohio

THE BUTTON DOES IT

75c BRINGS YOU THIS Press-Button Knife

Simply press the button and knife opens. It locks open—cannot close on the fingers; saves the finger-nails. Has two blades forged from Wardlow's Best English steel, and is in every respect as good a knife as can be made. Ladies' and Gentlemen's sizes in Stag, Shell or Ivory handles, including moisture-proof Chamois Case, securely mailed to any address.

Send today for FREE Descriptive Booklet illustrating other styles for Christmas Gifts.

NOVELTY KNIFE CO.
Dept. A, 426 East 53d St., New York, N.Y.

THE YOUNG MAN ENTERING BUSINESS

A New Book by ORISON SWETT MARDEN, Editor of "Success."

$1.25 net. Postage 15 cents.

The most practical book Dr. Marden has yet written, giving just the sort of timely information that young men need. It is full of specific advice about small enterprises and large ones, and quotes many interesting examples. Illustrated.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 426 West Broadway, New York

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Our 200-page book "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering" sent Free to any address. Enclose 6 cents to pay postage.

LEWIS STAMMERING SCHOOL, 110 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

PATENTS No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for *Inventor's Guide.*

FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Washington, D. C.

MEN Who Do Things

"The great want of the day is the man who can put his ideas into practice."

This thought in an editorial of The Saturday Evening Post of February 28 is the basis of a series of articles on men who have learned how to put their ideas into practice. This is the third article of the series.

Milford B. Martin

IF THE average young man who spends his life in comparative obscurity, because "he has no chance," would study the lives of successful men in business, he would find in a majority of cases that those men have earned their way and have done so by applying themselves to each difficulty. This has forced them above those whose every advantage of position in life is evident.

What defense has the young man who has the comforts of a home, the chance of a common school education and the prestige of friends to encourage the slightest evidence of perseverance, when he sees the wan-faced, ragged little newsboy rise above his station and become a recognized business man?

It is probable that any number of young men of Grand Rapids, Michigan, from the various walks of life, can recollect the subject of this sketch as he was to them a newsboy, standing on his corner crying out the daily papers in eager anxiety, for hours at a time. He thanked them courteously for the pennies they flipped him for the evening papers, as he stood there ever alert for the faintest whistle that suggested a possible buyer. Toiling against odds, in rain or shine — always to be found at his post — determined to make his way in life, realizing that the disposal of the little stock of papers stood between hunger and his next meal. Surely he had no chance.

While carrying papers he was naturally thrown in contact with business men, and he had among his customers great advertisers, who are somewhat responsible for the fame of Grand Rapids. It was through them he was informed that there is such a profession as advertisement writing, and if a young man was qualified he had a fair chance for success. He began to scan the magazines for more enlightenment upon the subject, and forcibly he noticed the following announcement in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST:

> **The Important Part of a Business Education.**
>
> It is universally acknowledged that advertising is the life of the business world of to-day. In these days of keen competition and active rivalry you cannot afford to be handicapped in the race for success. Granted that nature has endowed you with common sense and ambition to make something of yourself, still your efforts will be fruitless unless you learn the vital principles of modern business. The study of advertisement writing qualifies you to meet every condition. If you have common sense and ambition we know that you recognize a knowledge of advertising as an important part in the education of a modern business man. We are the originators of the only successful system of teaching advertising by mail.
>
> Send for 64 pages of information and evidence.

He wrote to them for information, and one of the first things that caught his eye on opening their prospectus was an endorsement of them and all their methods by Isaac Woolf, the merchant prince of Chicago, who had started in life as a newsboy in the streets of London, and who annually gives a Thanksgiving Dinner to all the newsboys of Chicago in memory of his humble start in life.

The inspiration of the newsboy's success and the strong, convincing argument filled him with the desire to master this business of advertising and he arranged to begin his studies at once. He put into his study the same energy and determination that had brought him business as a newsboy. He mastered the work. But even before he had finished the course he was writing advertisements for the local merchants. From that work to the advertising department of Fred Macey & Company, the well-known mail order furniture house, was his next step. Then into the general ad-writing field. That naturally threw him in contact with older men of capital, who soon saw that his training in the advertising business gave him a power in handling business that they had never known of. With this recognition of his abilities came greater opportunities and more responsibilities. Onward and upward he pushed his way, realizing that his future success must be built upon the words "I will make a chance."

He interested capital and to-day we find him the chairman of directors of the Burwick Auto Car Company, incorporated for one and one-half million dollars; also manager for the Superior Food Co., a corporation with a capital of one million and a quarter.

If Milford B. Martin, with no capital but his energy and determination, can accomplish such feats, what young fellow has the right to say "I have no chance?"

NOTE. — If the readers of The Saturday Evening Post write to the original school of advertising, PAGE-DAVIS CO., Suite 1118 — 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, they will receive, free, an interesting prospectus setting forth the advantages of an advertising education. A most profitable and fascinating business for ambitious men and women.

duties does not leave me time for a close study of all measures, and I have to be guided to some extent by those in whom I have confidence. Your silence has led me to think you do not find it entirely bad, and if it had your open support I should feel perfectly easy about it."

The Senator knew that the Governor was trying to justify himself to his conscience, and, incidentally, to acquire the courage to do what he wanted to do. If the bill went through by a good majority the Governor would not hesitate; if it barely got through the Governor might be frightened into vetoing it. The Senator had thought of having important business at home when the bill came up for final reading and passage, but he dared not leave now. Perhaps the bill would have a sufficient majority without him. In that case no harm would be done if he voted "no," and thus kept his record clear, for the Governor would sign it if he dared. But would his record be clear? His silence, so unusual in such a case, had been a tacit indorsement of the measure and had been commented upon as such. Still, the recorded "no" should outweigh that.

Senator Duncan despised himself as he waited for the roll-call. He had become fretful and irritable as a result of the questions of his colleagues; he had told them he did not know how he should vote, and he spoke truthfully. He also told them that he had kept out of the debate because he had been unable to formulate an opinion that justified him in taking a decided stand. Then he stopped answering questions altogether.

"I'll do what my conscience dictates when the time comes," he said, and he knew that he was dishonest at heart, no matter how he voted in the end. He had been corrupted when he had been lured to silence and later to a verbal justification of those who favored the measure. Whether innocently or by design, he had been corrupted, and just before he took his seat he had telephoned to the library to know if the Professor was there. It made little difference, but it would be some satisfaction to know definitely that he had not been outwitted and used as a puppet. If the Professor was engaged in his customary researches at this critical moment it would be pretty good evidence that he had acted innocently in the matter, and that would be some solace to the worldly-wise Senator. He was informed that the Professor was there, writing, and he felt a little better. No one had tried deliberately to make a fool or a tool of him: he was the victim of circumstances. How could he know that the Professor was too good a judge of human nature to appear in the Senate gallery when he most wished to be there?

Two men who preceded Senator Duncan on the roll-call disappointed him. He had expected them to vote for the bill, but one was absent and the other voted "no." This apparent defection might be made up further down the list, but there was no certainty of it, and the Senator would not dare to change his vote. That would be worse than voting "aye" in the first place. Nor could he keep silent now and refuse to vote. At least a fair majority was imperative, and there were some that his vote would influence. Even the Governor had said——

"Duncan!" called the clerk.

It was his property, innocently purchased; why should he sacrifice it? He had come honestly into possession of a deed and a contract involving $24,000; why should he make them worthless? On the decision of the moment rested this sum.

"Aye," said Senator Duncan.

◆

Silent Eloquence

ELLIOTT FLOWER, of Chicago, writer of verses and short stories, was on his way to his office one day recently when a friend in an automobile hailed him and invited him to have a ride.

"I can't do it," said Mr. Flower; "got to finish a story, and it'll take all day."

"Oh, come on — finish your story to-morrow," pleaded the friend.

"I've got a little daughter at home about so high," answered Mr. Flower, holding his hand some three feet from the sidewalk, "and before she started for school this morning she came to me and stood on one foot, raised the other to about the level of her chin and turned her eyes solemnly on her shoe. She didn't say a word, and I didn't say a word, and even the shoe didn't make any oral remarks, but it was eloquent just the same. I'm going down to finish that story!"

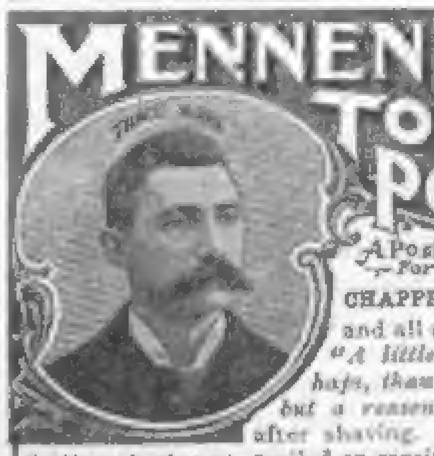
TRIAL BY JURY

Every man is on trial before a jury of his fellows, and his own abilities must determine their estimate of him. Success comes quickest to him that has a knowledge of the Law. It is the controlling element in affairs of moment — the force that pushes a man into positions of great trust, responsibility and emolument. It is the essence of good training for a commercial career. If your time is too fully occupied to attend a law school, you can

Learn Law at Home

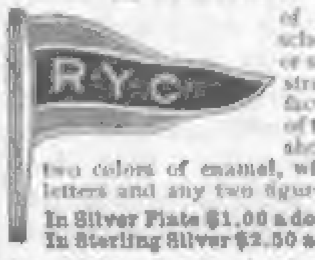
through the system of the Sprague Correspondence School of Law — the first correspondence law school; endorsed by Bench, Bar and Law Colleges; with thousands of practicing graduates in every state. Three practical courses — Preparatory, Commercial Law, College Law. We can prepare you for the bar. Write to-day for free catalogue and book of letters from hundreds of our students in active practice — Let us show you how we have helped others and how we can help you.

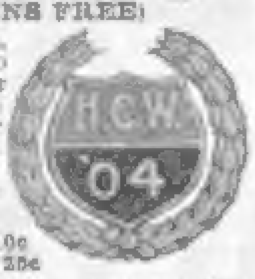
The Sprague Correspondence School of Law, 286 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.



MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING, and all afflictions of the skin. *"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.* GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.





Show Your Loyalty by Wearing the Class Pin or Badge (HUNDREDS OF DESIGNS FREE) of your college, school, class, club or society. Order straight from the factory. Either of the two styles shown, in any two colors of enamel, with any three letters and any two figures.
In Silver Plate $1.00 a doz. Sample 10c
In Sterling Silver $2.50 a doz. Sample 25c
Beautiful catalog showing hundreds of designs free. Satisfaction guaranteed. Will gladly make a special design and estimate free.
BASTIAN BROS., 21 L, South Ave., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DON'T SHOUT! The Morley Ear Drum makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. A miniature Telephone for the Ear — invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises. No case of deafness that cannot be benefited. Write for booklet and testimonials. The Morley Company, Dept. T, 19 South 16th Street, Philadelphia

WHY NOT LEARN SIGN PAINTING? Also Show Card Writing. Only field not overworked. Pleasant and profitable. We teach quickly and thoroughly by correspondence at your home. Easy terms. Write now for interesting particulars. THE DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING Dept. B, Detroit, Mich. *"Oldest and Largest School of its kind."*

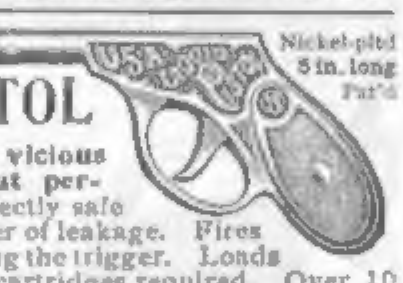
GINSENG $25,000 made from one-half acre. Easily grown throughout the U. S. and Canada. Room in your garden to grow thousands of dollars' worth. Roots and Seeds for sale. Send 4c. for postage and get our booklet A-R, telling all about it. McDOWELL GINSENG GARDEN, Joplin, Mo.

What You Eat You Are, is a true saying. Worthless cereals are fully exposed in U. S. Gov't. analysis, sent free for postal card request. *Be wise in time.* Friends will remark your brilliance in conversation on topics of absorbing interest if you write. The Franklin Mills Company, Lockport, N. Y.

The Advertising World COLUMBUS, OHIO A practical journal of ideas, suggestions and plans for advertising. 8th year; 24 to 32 pp. monthly. Send Today for FREE sample copy, or 10 cents for four months on trial.

PEN AND PENCIL We teach Journalism, Story-Writing, and Illustrating, by mail. On request, we will send you a free booklet fully describing any course, and the achievements of its graduates; or a free booklet telling how we sell MSS. to exclusive publishers or to nearly 2,000 publishers by Syndicate Sheets; and how we criticise, revise, and prepare MSS. for publication. THORNTON WEST, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF; FOUNDED, 1895. NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N, 67 The Baldwin, INDIANAPOLIS

ANAS Thomas Jefferson, philosopher and statesman, relieved the cares of State by keeping a confidential diary, whose spicy, caustic and satirical comments upon Adams, Hamilton, even Washington, would have stirred up a hornet's nest if given to the world at that time. Only fragments have heretofore appeared. Now, these notes, "Anas," as Jefferson called them, are issued by the Round Table Press in a complete edition, containing pages of the Diary never before in print, copied from Jefferson's own Manuscript in the Department of State. The Centennial Edition, handsomely printed and bound, 300 Pages 6 x 9, illustrated, postpaid for $1.50. The Round Table Press, 59 Equitable Bldg., New York, N.Y.



U. S. A. LIQUID PISTOL Nickel-pltd 5 in. long Pat'd Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury. Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over 10 shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Parker, Stearns & Sutton, 231 South St., New York, U. S. A.

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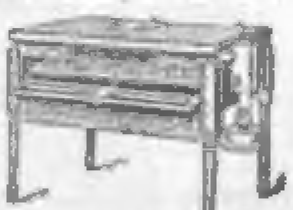

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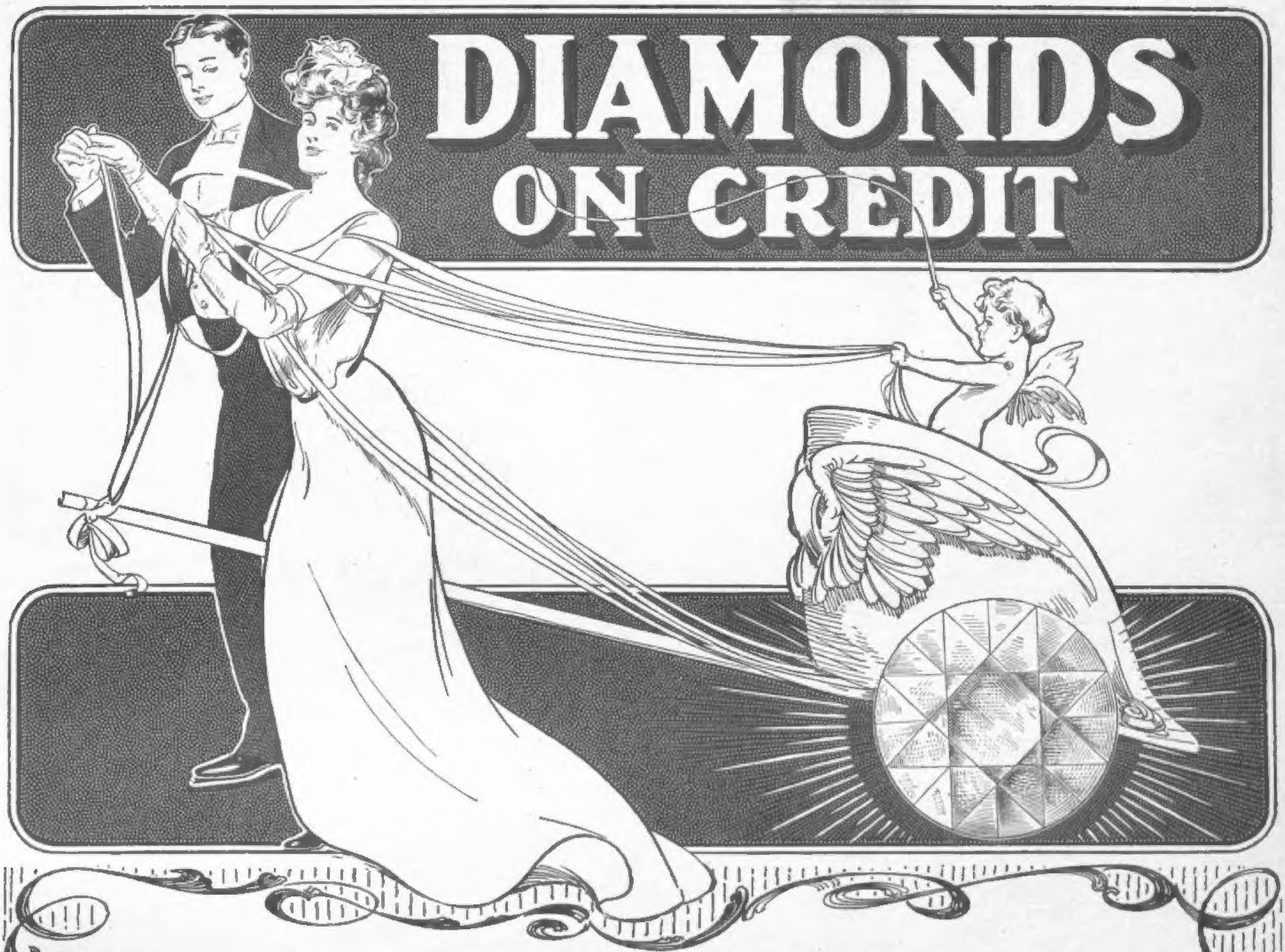

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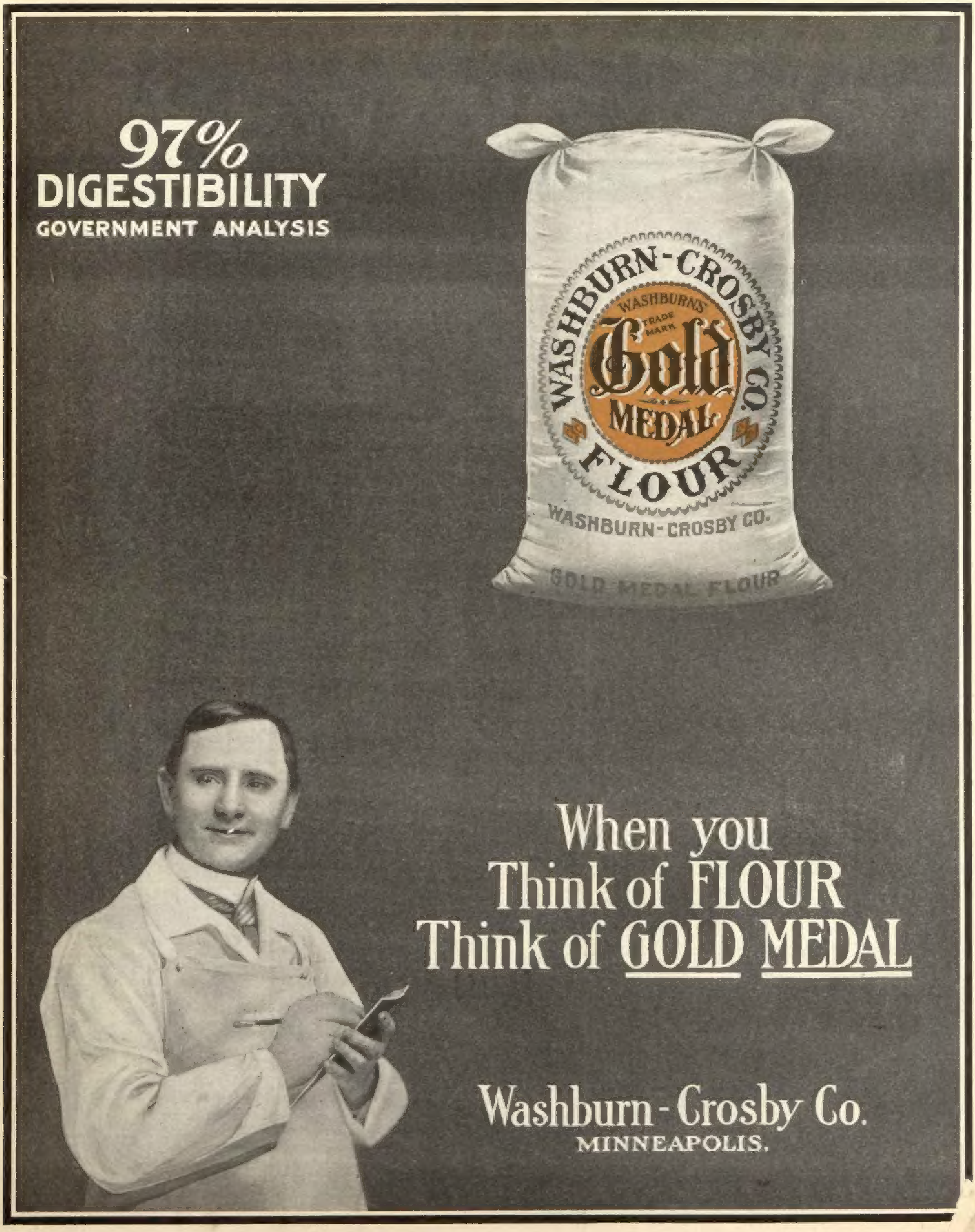
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